









Maudelle

A Novel Founded on Facts

Gathered

From Living Witnesses

BY

J. H. Smith



1906

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PREFACE.

LONG before I conceived the idea of writing a book, I was sure to lose confidence in every author I read who made any apology for what he had to say.

I thought then as I do now, that if one's thoughts have to be propped up with excuses and apologies, better they die still-born.

It is my opinion that truth, though roughly told, needs no apology, and falsehood, ever so skilfully portrayed, deserves none.

Fiction, not overdrawn, may be past, present or future truth, that ought to come to us without the blush of an apology, in right of the moral it means to teach.

What I have here to say, is absolutely true, except such missing links as had to be supplied for the sake of harmony.

Let no one imagine the author domiciled in a brown stone front mansion in a fashionable neighborhood of some large city in the North, East or West, and weaving an imaginative story; but on the other hand, let him fix in his mind one who has had thirty years' actual experience in the South.

One who has mingled with the refined people of the stately mansion and also those of the log cabin in the back woods.

One who has fought with the alligator in the lakes, the bayous and the cypress brakes, and chased the bear, the wolf and deer through the swamps.

One who has carefully studied the social status of the two races (Black and White,) their unpleasant differences, and the reason why.

In writing this treatise, I have been careful to discard all elements which appear in any way likely to be offensive to the most sensitive reader.

Since the hope of fame has by no means been the incentive which prompted this writing, I have aimed at nothing but plain truth in simple dress.

I write because I have something to say which I have never heard said, nor have I seen it in print.

The basis of this story is true, except names and places are only withheld to avoid embarrassing relatives.

This case of illicit commingling is one among thousands which were open and defiant, when Cotton was King, and Slavery Queen of the South.

Senator George Morroe and his colored wife were all we have described them to be—names excepted. Morroe was a relative of one of the Presidents of the United States, and certainly did marry himself to his colored slave woman, and willed or gave his vast estate to her and his child by her.

Strenuous efforts were made to dispossess the child of her property, and it was only after years of litigation that the property was awarded to her by the courts.

CHAPTER I.

THE MIDNIGHT ADVENT OF A SOUL.

ON a chilly, moonless, stormy night in December, the old gray-haired, faithful house servant of Senator Morroe, was seen to mount the back of "Thunderbolt" the five-thousand-dollar stallion, and wait at the door of the private office for orders.

A note thrust into the hand of the old servant, a few hurried words of the master, and a wave of the hand to go forward was all.

Uncle Peter leaned forward in the saddle and gave rein to the restless, champing steed. With a tremendous leap—the iron bound hoofs scooped up, and hurled back earth and gravel full thirty feet in rear; while horse and rider disappeared in the pelting storm like an enraged phantom.

Senator Morroe slammed the door against the intruding cold blast, and, with hands in pockets, took his stand at the window in a kind of semi-conscious mood, watching the fine hail-stones' miniature cannonade on the panes.

The howling and crying of the ice-charged wind that played its doleful midwinter notes on the sharp angles of the buildings, had seemingly sent to shelter all animate nature for the night. The guinea fowls, the chickens, and turkeys with feathers fluffed, and heads beneath their wings, clutched the bare branches of the lawn trees, while being violently tossed about, which gave the appearance of foot-balls playing a game with each other in the swaying tree tops.

Ringo, Lion and the two pups, were ensconced in their bed of straw in the kennel.

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Old short-eared, yellow Tom, and gray Tabby had sworn off wool pulling for the night, and each sat on the kitchen hearth with backs to the fire, watching "Mag" and "Sue" push the hot smoothing iron over the household linen.

The ducks had taken shelter in the brake below the springhouse among the hackberry and cypress kness.

The geese were huddled close together in the horse lot only peeping out now and then from under their wings, to indicate by nodding their heads and chattering in goose language, that so far, all was well.

The hogs were piled up under the old wagon shed, all snapping and quarrelling, and vying with one another for the warm place in the middle. The cattle, with backs humped, stood close together on the lee-side of the barn, and occasionally shook their heads impatiently and locked threatening horns, as though blaming one another for the severity of the storm.

The sheep warmed by their impenetrable suit of wool, lay close under the bank of the ravine back of the orchard, comfortably chewing their cud.

A terrific gust of wind caught and dashed the icicle branches of the weeping willow against the window at which Senator Morroe stood. Startled by the unexpected crash, he stepped back and exclaimed: "My, my! I declare this is a frightful night. Too bad, too bad, for that old man to be out—I wonder if he was well wrapped? One good thing, he need not be out long: he is an excellent rider and I know Thunderbolt will make the five miles in twenty minutes if he's given the rein. But, I expect the old gump will try to spare the horse and expose himself too long to this terrible weather, and perhaps contract a cold in the bargain, which may end his life. A faithful negro, like a faithful dog, never thinks of self-preservation when trying to please his master. But, why did I not think for him? why did I not

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give him my rubber coat and see that he was protected against the storm?"

While Senator Morroe was thus soliloquizing, Thunderbolt was completing the five miles which lay between the Morroe mansion and the town of H. Stung by rain and hail, and fired by the spirit of his rich, Kentucky blood, he refused to be controlled by the old man, who could do nothing but stay in the saddle and be carried over the road a mile every three and a half minutes.

Uncle Peter reined up at the Brantly mansion, leaped from the saddle, and shook the hail-stones from his hat and shoulders and began patting the horse on the neck and talking to him. "Now, Thunderbolt," said he, "You see you's gwine to cotch bad cold, you's so hot. O, you rascal, you is sich a big fool to go so fast. I done tole you so many times 'bout dat hard-headed big fool way you's got. But, you jist won't mind nobody dout you please."

The old man drew off his great coat and carefully placed it on the back of the horse, saying as he did so, "Now, Thunderbolt, don' t you leave me, for I'se gwine to be back in a few minutes." The almost human intelligence evidenced by the horse, was very remarkable. Uncle Peter had taught him to stand anywhere, and under any circumstances, without hitching, and no one dare touch him unless the old man was near and gave his approval in hearing of the horse.

In an incredibly short time, could be heard above the roar of the tempest and the clatter of the rain and hail, the neighing of Thunderbolt as he passed the neighboring farmhouses on his return home. Just behind horse and rider, could be seen lights flickering and dancing in the lamps and the spinning and jumping of rapidly-approaching buggy wheels could be heard upon the gravel pike.

The ponderous lawn gate automatically swung back on its hinges, while Uncle Peter and Doctor Brantly swept

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through and reined up under the archway at the side door of the Morroe mansion.

As Doctor Brantly leaped from his buggy, and seized his surgeon's case, he was warmly received by Senator Morroe, conducted into the house, and resigned to the motherly care of Aunt Millie, while the Senator returned to give Jake orders concerning the care of the Doctor's horse.

"Uncle Peter, are you wet?" inquired Senator Morroe.

"Mighty little sah", said the old servant.

"Mighty little", repeated his master, "I cannot see how you could be otherwise than wet. Let Sam attend to Thunderbolt and you go into the kitchen to the fire."

"No, Marse, I tend Thunderbolt myself, please sah," said Peter.

"O, of course," said his master with a show of impatience, "you would rather die than let anyone touch that horse. Go on, go you old dunce, you have no sense anyway, and I don't care if you freeze to death, you old blockhead goose."

The old servant took the horse to the stall, and devoted a half hour to his care, then came to the house shivering with cold. Once in the kitchen, where a big log fire in a six-foot fireplace blazed and sparkled, the old man drew off his shoes and poured the water from them in the chimney corner, then stood before the fire turning about and drying his wet clothes, from which a dense vapor issued like steam from a pot of boiling soap-suds.

Mag drew live coals out upon the hearth, and set the half-gallon coffee pot upon them, which soon began to sing, then to boil. Uncle Peter filled his big bowl with hot coffee and sat leaning toward the fire, sipping and chatting with the girls. Sam came in with a big, back log, pulled the fire forward and threw it on, making the hot embers and sparks fly.

"Look out, dar, Sam, for dem taters," said Sue.

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"I guess da's dun anyhow by now," said Sam, as he took the poker and carefull drew from the fire and hot embers, a half dozen or more large sweet potatoes, and pressed each one with his fingers saying, "Chillen, da's alright." Sue dusted the ashes from them, while Mag brought out the bowls and a large pan of sweet milk, then the three men and two girls joined in the jolly feast of sweet potatoes and fresh milk.

The Astors, Vanderbilts, and Rothschilds, with all their millions were never happier than those well-fed and well-cared-for servants of Senator George Morroe. He never refused them a ything reasonable, and they in turn, were always delighted to please him, even at the risk of life and limb.

Back now to the inmates of the great house, which have for us a more important story. Aunt Millie, in her usual tender and motherly way, looked after Dr. Brantly's comfort, and the two had gone upstairs, followed later by Senator Morroe. Doctor Brantly could be seen in the bedroom, with coat off and sleeves pushed up, cautiously moving about the chamber and bending over the bed every few minutes. Aunt Millie was the only one of the servants allowed in the room. She passed orders from Senator Morroe and Doctor Brantly to Lize, the waiting maid, who sat in the hall near the door, unless tripping up and down stairs for such things as were called for.

As Aunt Millie quickly passed in and out of the bed-room door, there could be heard the low moan of a woman apparently in great distress. The bed had been drawn to the center of the room for convenience. Senator Morroe sat on one side of the bed holding the hand of the sufferer, who tossed from side to side, pitifully begging for help. The Doctor leaned over the opposite side of the bed, tenderly encouraging her to bear the pangs but a few minutes more. The Doctor summoned Aunt Millie to his side and gave his orders for her part of the work.

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From the earnest expression on the Doctor's face, and the firmness with which each attendant stood at his post, it was evident that the case had about reached its climax, when courage and skill were required to guide the patient in her unsteady approach to the verge of dissolution, where she was to poise for a moment on the danger line, the pivotal point between time and eternity, and no eye, however well trained, could give any positive assurance as to which direction the case would take. "O Lord, Lord: I cannot endure this longer," said the patient, with a half-sobbing death-like scream, with head thrown back, hands nervously clutching the air; with one deep inspiration the bosom rose up, up, as though it would burst. The blood-vessels of the neck filled and stood out in fretted whelks. Then there followed knotty, rigid contortions of the muscles of the face and other parts of the body, until every fibre was strained to its utmost tension.

At last, there came one deep sepulchral groan, which faintly died away to a sigh. The bosom fell and there was a limpid relaxation of the entire muscular system. The hands fell heavily upon the bed and she lay as dead.

A clattering of wheels, of cogs and of cords, and the old six-foot wooden clock struck twelve steady, measured strokes. It was midnight.

Senator Morroe bent over and looked into the pale face of the woman, his lips parted, brows contracted and he exclaimed in terror, "Oh, my God! Doctor, she is dead!" The Doctor either did not hear or was too absorbed in his work to answer, for he paid no attention to Morroe, but, motioning to Aunt Millie handed something to her with which she disappeared in an adjoining room. The doctor gave his attention to the sick patient, whose exhausted system readily responded to restoratives. In an hour Aunt Millie returned with a beautiful little girl, of which the

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doctor and Senator Morroe were proud. By this time the reader has discovered that two opposite natures had been in touch, and a human soul was the result.

This girl child was the first fruit of affection; not the affection of husband and wife, not the affection of two lovers guilty of violating the sacred trust of parental confidence, and the sanctity of pure society, but it was the affection of master and slave. That strange combination of the two races (Black and White), which has discolored more than one-fifth of the negro population of America.

Here was Mary, a beautiful light mulatto, the slave and mother; Senator George Morroe, a rich, cultured Kentucky gentleman, the father and master.

But this clandestine commingling of the races was in no way damaging to the standing of a gentleman, or to the ethics of Southern society of ante bellum days. So long, however, as the rule worked but one way, a white father and a colored mother. But to reverse this prevailing custom, with white mother and colored father, the penalty was a funeral of the father between two suns. If the mother did not meet the same fate, she at once sank to the level of the most degraded of whites and negroes, never again to rise to the notice of the better class of the whites. But the condemnation should come only from those who are worthy to "Cast the first stone."

If it was a crime of so much gravity for the white woman, it was a crime of greater enormity for the white man, who was not only morally the stronger, but who abused his authority as master and owner, to force a slave into submission and then cruelly rob her of all that makes woman sweet and lovely.

If society and public sentiment would brand one with the indelible stamp of condemnation, then brand both by the same mark, and this will be justice, but anything else will be inconsistent prejudice.

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Doctor Brantly took the child from Aunt Millie; "Go to your mammie and get your supper, you pig, you," said he in a playful manner.

At the solicitation of Aunt Millie, in her usual tender, motherly way, the two gentlemen partook of wine and sat down to spend the remainder of the night in a social chat.

"Now, Doctor Brantly, help me to invent a name for the baby," said Senator Morroe.

"Well, let us see," said the doctor. "How is Maud? or Maudelle?" said he.

"That is it," said Senator Morroe, "Maudelle is the name, and a pretty suggestive one, too."

Mary was so totally absorbed in caressing, cooing, and gossiping with the child, that she was not cognizant of the fact that her baby had been named, until Doctor Brantly told her, and she in turn told the child with as much earnestness, as though it was susceptible of comprehension.

Doctor Brantly was silent for a few minutes, looking at mother and babe in a kind of a half-unconscious mood, with brows slightly contracted and head bent forward and to one side, which showed that his mind was evidently at work on some philosophical problem. He was a man of extensive knowledge gained by research, and varied experience. He was carrying the age of fifty-five years upon his brow. His hair was two-thirds white, though rich and heavy. Doctor Brantly, like all sensible men of his age, allowed no thought to occupy a place in his mind, unless it could be made valuable; a fixed, and tangible reality, susceptible of evolving some beneficent truth, for himself and others.

He used to say, that when a man crossed the meridian of life, he should, if possible, make no mistake between there and the grave, for fear that should he return to correct them, death might meet him on the way back.

After a few minutes' meditation, and as the thought seemed to have slowly matured in his mind, his brow relaxed, the

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furrows in his forehead smoothed out, and his eyes lit up and bespoke the birth of a new theory. As he threw his head up and leaned back in his chair, he said, "Senator, have you ever thought that the time of one's birth is a more proper time for tears than the time of one's death?"

"No, doctor, I have never looked at it in that way," said Senator Morroe.

"Well, if we have as much faith in the providence of a God as we pretend to have, and if we mean but one-tenth part of our daily prayers, I believe I am right, that the time of one's birth and not the time of one's death, is the time to weep," said he.

"Why so?" said the Senator.

"Because, if death comes upon one before the years of responsibility set in upon the soul, it seems to me that death is but a timely call to shelter, by the voice of a kind Father Who foresaw some inevitable danger, against which the soul was not well fortified, owing perhaps to some violated law of nature.

"O, I have tears for the child born without life; because I know of no promise of eternal life to one so unfortunately born. But, blessed is the tender being whom God allows to step upon the stage, if but for a minute, or only long enough to hurriedly push aside the curtain and look in upon the world and register its existence on time. This hasty panoramic view of the human soul gives claim to redemption in the blood of Christ.

"I think tears at such a moment would seem to say that we were sorry and sadly disappointed, that the voyager was not made to stay here and suffer all the aggravated pangs, ailments and ills of life, and then, perhaps cross the dead line later in life, and at an unguarded moment, die beyond the reach of God's mercy."

"I do not understand it in that way," said Senator Morroe.

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"I believe that tears at death are a modest and befitting expression of our affection for the departed one. To cry is a protest against being robbed of those we love. I do not mean to say, that not to cry at death, shows us wanting in affection; but, I am not ready to agree that the human heart can ever teach itself to weep at the gift of a child, and smile at its loss. I know, however, that this is true of some tribes and peoples who are uncivilized, and who make the funeral occasion one of great hilarity.

"But, my friend, to a civilized Christian people, whose sensibilities are made tender and quickened by the influence of divine truth, it would be a very difficult to reverse the sentiment of the death-bed and the grave, and for the sacred tears, give us the gay merriment of birth."

"That is very good," said Doctor Brantly. "But, because our finer feelings would rebel against the reversion of the death-bed sentiment, does it obtain that the custom of the present day is correct?"

"I know my philosophy is rather cold and cheerless, yet, I believe the thought has in it some valuable hints, if we can bend our wills to accept them.

"We have here a babe, not yet two hours old. It has taken no conscious part in its own conception and existence; but, two persons have, and these two persons are not only responsible for what it is now, but are also responsible in a great measure, for its possibilities in the two worlds of which it is a part. Now, it is a mere cipher in nature, then comes a draft on the breast of its mother for a supply of the necessities of life on credit, and the wonderful problem of life has begun. It is an automatic problem which must solve itself, aided somewhat by the influence, environments and the caste of circumstances.

"Who can guess, who but God can foresee what the end will be? Whether a life so innocently begun, will likewise innocently end. The dear babe has come with clean hands,

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a pure heart. It comes to us with all the sweet and lovable attributes of an angel.

"But who can knowingly promise that those amiable, angelic characteristics will not change to hateful and repulsive satanic principles after a few years in close touch with sin?

"May not that docile, tender, flexible little heart, through which an impure thought has never passed, and which now pulsates in perfect unison with God and nature, in a few years become as cold and unyielding as hard and flinty as that of a demon of darkness.

"May not those tiny feet which have never made tracks in an unforbidden path, in later years, defy the admonition of mankind and warning of God, and hasten on in the "Broad road" which leads to death and damnation?

"May not those delicate little hands which have never displaced a hair or an atom, in the spirit of anger, further on in life become stained and dripping with human gore, and then the guilty soul swing into eternity by the neck for its crime? I say, my friend, these things are possible. They may never come to yours or mine; yet, they do come to mankind of which we are a part, and in whom we have a common interest, and whose lives began as harmless as did ours. If we have tears at all for the soul at any period of its existence, it does seem to me the time most reasonable to contribute them, is when it enters the field of imminent danger, if we truly feel solicitous for its safety: not when the battle of life is fought and the danger passed.

"Why weep when the soul which has stood picket duty on the outpost of God's army for a half century or more, is called in, after its blade is bent and battered, beating off the assaults on life?

"Does not such faithful services deserve a furlough, or rather a promotion from the ranks in the field to the rank of an immortal generalissimo, to be retired on full pay?

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"I know the solemnity of the death-bed and the grave have been fruitful of much good. Perhaps there have been occasions for the first moments of serious meditation for thousands who have never until then, stopped to think of death and its consequences.

"Perhaps the hopeful testimony of some departing soul, has created in the heart of the spectator, a faithfully kept resolution, to—"Die the death of the righteous."

"No doubt the death-bed and the black shadow of the coffin, falling across the door-sill of an ungodly family, have forced up penitent tears, which result, nothing else could have accomplished.

"But, after all, my friend, I believe these things have more of a tendency to frighten one into supposed righteousness than to persuade or reason them into true godliness.

"I apprehend that the effect produced by fear, has but little, or perhaps no real permanency. It seems to me, that it is time the world had about reached that standard of intelligence, when reason, rather than passion or fear, should be our moral guide."

"I fear, doctor, that discipleship to your new theory will be of slow growth; at least, until the human heart can give up its present Utopia, and school itself to those nice distinctions between love, duty and reason," said the Senator.

"Five or ten minutes' reflection," said Doctor Brantly, "will interpret my meaning as fully as the study of a decade. It does not take a scientist nor a philosopher to foresee the dangers which hang octopus-like, about the pathway of the young and inexperienced. There would be less apprehension for the safety and well-being of the young, were they more disposed to put correct valuation on the advice of those who have grown older in experience. But they, like us, are daring adventurers, and nothing delights so much as to make tracks where tracks were never made before by man."

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"I believe," said Senator Morroe, "It was Shelly who said, 'We are more like the times in which we live, than we are like our fathers.' If this is true, perhaps the young do better not to be governed by our advice, which leads along old beaten paths that do not harmonize with the new condition of things."

"Shelly is correct," said Doctor Brantly, "and that is the trend of my argument; that tears, groans, and long faces belong to an age behind us. These things are out of joint with the age of our boasted intelligence."

"I do not pretend to say with any assurance of truthfulness, that I am physically and mentally strong enough to put in practice the theory which I advance; yet, my weakness makes no change in my conviction."

"I do not believe we can, or should expect to establish an immovable standard of rules, not to be improved upon by succeeding generations. However, the one under discussion, seems to have gone untouched up to date, especially in this country."

"What have you to say, doctor, with regard to wearing black and other tokens of sorrow for the dead?" said Senator Morroe?

"They too, must go at a time not remote," said Doctor Brantly. "I like the monument, the statue, the broken shaft and other durable emblems of exemplary excellence of manhood and great achievements; because, they are great incentives to the young of all ages, and give a pleasing assurance to the old, that they will not be forgotten if they have lived a life worth imitating. But a new thought comes in here. Do you know, Senator, that it is no easy thing for a man to make his life worthy of imitation? But it is said there are only two persons in a hundred, who really do this, and the other ninety-eight are mediocrals. That is a ratio easy of demonstration. Take your pencil and write a hundred names of all classes of people, as they occur to you."

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When you have a hundred, check as many as you would like your child to imitate, without a variation. If you can find two in every hundred so arranged and checked, you will make headway much better than I have been able to do.

"Whom have you in mind, Senator, that you would like our Maudelle to exactly shape her life after?"

Senator Morroe dropped his head and busied his mind a minute, then with a smile, "I give it up," said he.

"I could have done no better should you have asked me," said Doctor Brantly. "I know that books and other influences have much to do with forming one's character; but, by far, the larger part of one will be self, and with that innate touch of personal individuality, which contact and outside influence can in no way restrain, or at least no longer that one's will assumes control of self.

"Our Maudelle will serve to illustrate, because she, like others, has come to create new ideas and new thoughts, to advance new propositions, to change old theories into new doctrines and work out new revelations, to move old landmarks and establish new ones. She, like others of her predecessors, has come to question the authenticity of old conventional creeds, theologies and dogmas, and raise the standard of a new faith. She, like others, comes to join in the race for gain, to battle for bread and territory, to influence saints for heaven, or sinners for hell. We all have disciples to follow us, if not all the way, at least a part of the way to the grave.

"When a panoramic view of the beginning of a human life passes before the imagination of one of fifty-five years of close observation, it is not strange that a birth should impress us with more solemnity than a death.

"Is it strange that I can find more solace in the closing hours of a life, than in the beginning as we see it?

"If a life has been one of failure, of mistakes, of crime and infamy, then why wish to prolong such a life? On the other

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hand, it has been one of honor, of usefulness and moral purity, why not join in the grand symphony of all nature, with our benediction upon a life so happy and fortunately closed?

"Why not rejoice when the calm evening of life has come with an unclouded horizon, and with the full round face of our last setting sun, encircling nature with a halo of glory?

"Why weep, when the weary soul reclines at the close of a long day, breathing out its last life force, sweetened by odoriferous flowers garlanded about the couch by angelic fingers? O how sweet, as the feathered families of the grove touch choice chords and chant a chorus, while the soul simply sleeps away its last moments of the time."

Thus the discussion pleasantly ended as the cocks in the lawn trees flapped their wings and announced the approach of day. The old wooden clock in the corner struck six, as Liz rang her first bell for the family to prepare for the usual early country breakfast.

The two gentlemen took a friendly glass of wine, and in another half hour were enjoying a warm breakfast of fresh, wholesome dainties, common to the household of the Southern planter. The storm had spent its force sometime between midnight and day. The empty clouds were hurrying Eastward on a brisk wind, while the moon and the stars looked through the broken places and lit up the bedrenched dead grass and dripping branches of the trees.

Breakfast over,—just as the sun rose and looked through the branches of the Magnolia and bespoke the promise of a fine day. Fine weather, nine times out of ten, follows a storm in the Southern climate in winter. It comes, and appears to atone for whatever damage the people have sustained by the visitation of the inclement weather.

Doctor Brantly gave Aunt Millie instructions how to care for mother and child, ordered his horse, bade a pleasant adieux, and set out for the beautiful little town of H.

CHAPTER II.

GENIAL COMPANIONS.

THE unconscious babe whom we saw come into the world in Chapter I., on that stormy night in December, has now lost much of her baby identity, and is rapidly rounding out into a beautiful and well-developed girl of seven years of age.

She inherited her mother's keen, unerring perception, and nervous, sensitive nature, combined with force of character, modesty, grace and ease; also, that of her father's lofty mien, dignified bearing, high sense of honor and great mental power. Such a combination of qualities are seldom found in one person.

Maudelle was the constant companion of her father at home and abroad. Never were there father and daughter whose affections were more closely entwined, than were the hearts of those two beings. They seemed to be equally dependent on each other for all those tender amenities to be found only in the mutual love of two confiding and contented souls. Any pleasure in which both could not share, was seemingly worthless to both. Any distress of mind or pain of body in one, touched the sense of sympathy in the other so intensely, that both appeared to suffer alike. Maudelle was intuitively bright of mind. She had the capacity of taking in and quickly comprehending an abstruse thought which would have puzzled one twice her age.

She evidenced a great liking for books, a delight in study at a very young age. Her father's library was her school room, he the teacher, and she the only pupil. Her lessons were carefully prepared and thoroughly understood. The

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recitations for her, had as much attraction as the games in the parlor, or sports on the play-ground.

He and Maudelle spent their Winter evenings principally in the library and laboratory, surrounded by all the necessary appliances for study and innocent games. Every game played was in some way made to teach a moral, as well as a mental lesson.

On the return of Spring, and as the sun had warmed the earth sufficiently to coax the violet and yellow jonquil from their Winter retreat, father and daughter were on the go with magnifying glasses and botanical dissecting instruments.

The lawn, the open field, the forest and brooklets were explored in search of information. Thus the young mind fed and grew upon the rich and varied products of Nature, under the careful tutorage of a learned, loving and cultured father.

Never had a parent drawn a more extravagant picture of mental culture and moral finish for his child, than had Senator Morroe for Maudelle, notwithstanding many of his friends had endeavored to dissuade him from his intention.

On several occasions he had been taken to task and severely handled by ladies of his circle, which often brought the color of resentment to his face, that was mistaken for blushes of repentance. The last attack of this kind was at an evening social. The following is an abstract:

Several ladies cornered Senator Morroe with mischievous winks, and threatening gesticulations, saying, "Now, sir, we have that same old crow to pick with you, and unless you have a large sack to hold the feathers, you will be overwhelmed and forever lost."

Senator Morroe was naturally courteous and tender toward ladies, and he had always tried to avoid sharp argument in defence of his conduct, which his friends considered no sin, except the fact of his kind and fatherly treatment to his child by a colored woman.

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One of the ladies who had more to say than the others, was the wife of a prominent man who had fathered and sold three children by a black woman. Up to date, Senator Morroe never defended himself in the spirit of retaliation; but had thought it much better to let women believe they had achieved a victory, than to incur their life-long displeasure, by exposing their weakness.

On this occasion, he could no longer beat down the spirit of resentment; every fiber of his nature, cried "to arms, to arms", against the unrelenting enemies of the child of his bosom. He felt his manhood rise within him and measure the ground for an uncompromising war with a people who were stained with the same sin as he. Fight was depicted upon his brow. This the ladies saw, but, they either lacked discretion to avert the storm, or were confident they could carry the day and crush him for all time.

"I tell you, George," said Mrs. Burdow, shaking her little misshapen, bony fingers in his face, "the way you indulge that little nigger Maudelle, is not going to be tolerated by us ladies any longer.

"It is a burning shame that she is to have every attention and learning like a white child, and made to believe that she is better than other slave niggers. It will never do, sir; one educated nigger could plunge the state of Kentucky into insurrection and murder us all."

"You are right, Mrs. Burdow," said Mrs. Truman. "A nigger is a nigger, if they have but one drop of nigger blood in them. I don't see why George don't sell the little brat like any decent white man would have done long ago. Why goodness sake, George, don't you know that if you let a yellow nigger get the start of you, you will have to kill him or he will believe that he is as good as white people?

"Look at Col. Henderson's Tom, who was a house servant and treated nicely; but when Col. Henderson died and Tom fell into the hands of his son, Richard Henderson,

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he refused to be whipped, by his young master, and if the other niggers had not overpowered him, no doubt, he would have killed his young master. After all, the yellow devil ran away and carried eight or ten other niggers with him.

"Don't talk to me about a yellow nigger, they are ten times meaner than a black one."

"That is certainly so, Mrs. Truman," said Mrs. Stansberry.

"Of course it is so," said Mrs. Truman, "I know a yellow nigger like a book. They are always watching a chance to take the advantage of you, and advising others how to do so. I hate them. Why I have noticed that Maudelle will sit up as straight and look you in the face and talk smart, and really expect you to treat her with as much consideration as if she were white."

"O, of course," said Mrs. Burdoe with a scornful toss of her head while mimicking Maudelle. "It will not be long before she will want to associate with our daughters, and be addressed as Miss Maudelle."

"Why not show her the same respect I do your daughters?" said the Senator, which was the first chance he had gotten to speak, so rapid were their assaults upon him.

"Why, goodness sake," squalled Mrs. Stansberry, "our daughters are white and she is a tarnal nigger slave, that is why she should not be respected like our daughters. Respect her, indeed, that is a pretty howdy do, respect a nigger as you would a white person, ah! not Mrs. Mary Stansberry, I assure you, sir."

Senator Morroe's face grew red and his eyes flashed the inward passion of his soul. Forbearance had thrown off all restraint, and the spirit of bitter retaliation pushed hard for vent. The unbearable crisis had come. The ladies had dashed the gauntlet to the ground, and Senator Morroe took it up—

"But, ladies, does the few drops of colored blood in her

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veins make her any the less my daughter, and should not a true manly father have the same affection for his child by one woman as by another, where the choice was all his own way?" said the Senator. "Moreover, is not my daughter as fair and as pretty as yours?" said he, with a tantalizing smile which fired the ladies to indignation.

"Fair and pretty, your granny," said Mrs. Burdoe, with lips curled and eyes flashing vengeance; "the idea of a nigger being pretty. Who ever heard of such a thing? It is enough to make a dog blush. I don't care how white they are, when you know they are niggers, it destroys whatever good looks they might otherwise have."

"Think of me and my child as you choose," said the Senator. "I have this to say once and for all time to come—Maudelle is mine, and I am wholly responsible for what she is. She is part colored, I admit; but, that is the result of affection which I bear to her mother, the only woman I have ever loved."

"I would never own it," snarled Mrs. Stansberry.

"Would you rather I should live a truth and name it a lie, Mrs. Stansberry?" said he.

Mrs. Stansberry looked daggers, but made no reply. Senator Morroe continued—"Come what will, ladies, I shall never make my child the scape-goat to bear away my sins, which threaten to break social ties between me and my friends. If society demands an atonement and a sacrifice at my hands, of course I am ready to make it."

"Will you allow your friends to dictate the terms on which you shall make the atonement?" said Mrs. Truman.

"No, madam, I shall be judge and jury of my own case," said he. "I shall manage my own case, because I perceive you ladies are not disposed to be just to all parties concerned."

"We see, you want to dodge the duty you owe your friends," said Mrs. Burdoe.

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"If my friends would impose upon me any obligations which tend to compromise my manhood, and make me anything less than a dutiful father, we shall never agree," said the Senator.

"The only obligation we would impose upon you, sir, is that you sell that little nigger brat and her mother, and marry a decent white woman, and live as becomes a Southern gentleman," said Mrs. Burdoo.

"Ladies, if to sell my child and her mother, is the price of my place in society, I shall always be society's debtor. My home shall be their home, and if my friends cannot be their friends, then I shall find means to live without them," said the Senator, in a voice as stern and full of intense meaning, as a judge delivering a sentence.

"Then you defy the mandates of society and the admonition of your friends, I suppose?" said Mrs. Burdoo.

"Just so long as my friends are inconsistent, and society rotten, I shall adhere to the dictates of my own conscience, which I believe is a much safer moral guide," said he.

"Look out, sir, look out," said Mrs. Truman. "When you say society is rotten and your friends inconsistent, your language is decidedly too strong and insinuating. Unless, sir, you can give satisfactory reasons for your attack on society and the insult to your friends, we shall hold you responsible," said she, in a voice tremulous with excitement.

"Very well, ladies, I shall explain myself," said the Senator. "You do not censure me because I am the father of a child born out of wedlock, nor, because her mother is a colored woman, for there are hundreds of gentlemen who have done likewise, many of whom are preferred leaders in your circle, well known to you and me.

"Have you ever admonished them to do better? Of course not, and why? Simply because they have made common merchandise of their own children—children whose

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faces were the exact duplicates of their father's flesh and blood, a living, thinking and speaking counterpart of all a child can be of a father.

"A man who would sell his own offspring is as brutal and void of conscience as a sow which would eat her own young.

"It is passingly strange to me, that a mother, with a mother's heart, could look on the separation, the final parting of mother and child, without feeling a touch of humanity for the sufferers. But, perhaps those who sell their children, and those who sanction the inhuman practice, may never have thought, that they sell a part of themselves, and make themselves debtor to God for the possibilities of what that fettered soul might have been.

"But, did these evidences of parental affinity, awake in the bosom of such a father any sense of mercy for his child? No, they were sold to suffer all the affliction of Southern oppression. I have seen them, and so have you, ladies, torn from the arms of their black mothers by the ruthless hands of their white fathers, fettered as a pig, and hurried off to market. That was sufficient atonement for society, and you good ladies, who condemn me because I will not do likewise, are eminent exponents of your boasted society.

"Ladies, I am opposed to amalgamation of the races, especially clandestinely; but, it is an old custom established by your fathers and mine, and we should end the custom, or accept its consequences in good grace."

"We will never accept it as such," said Mrs. Stansberry.

"Very well, you should incorporate a new element in your social code, if you would maintain it inviolate," said the Senator. "You should fix your social standard on moral worth and justice, which should as strongly protect the virtue and good name of a black woman as well as that of a white woman; anything less than that, is a hollow, soulless mockery of moral purity, and is not entitled to respectable notice."

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At this junction, Mrs. Col. J. C. Wilber, who was the fourth lady of the group came into the colloquy as an arbitrator for peace.

This circle of friends, like all others, high or low, good or bad circles, had its head or leader, its ruler and its court and judge of authority, from which no appeal could be taken and the circle remain intact.

Mrs. Wilber was all this to one of the highest cultured circles in the town of H., Ky. Her white hair dressed back under a little shell of a white lace cap. Her plump, short neck draped with a white silk scarf, which fell a little way over the shoulders, which inclined the least bit forward, and upon which sat a classic head and beautiful round face. A remarkable face, not particularly for its beauty, because beauty is common to Southern women. But the face of Mrs. Wilber was more than mere beauty, although her age was beyond fifty, yet there was scarcely a trace of time upon her brow; aside from this, in her face was vividly and plainly photographed every feeling and emotion of the mind, every thought exposed, was balanced with light, shade and shadow, and seemed to stand out in unmistakable realistic parts. Those who sought her advice or opinion on matters pertaining to themselves were sure to get the truth as she saw it. In fact, Mrs. Wilber's face was an open book, and a synonym for all that is pure, good and just.

A word from her was the signal for respectful silence. "Come, come, my friends," said she. "I fear you are pushing this argument too far."

Senator Morroe bowed his head in graceful obedience. The three lady combatants adjusted their skirts and put on sweet acquiescent smiles, preparatory to give an attentive audience to the little queen of the city of H.

"Now, friends, let us calmly and dispassionately look at this vexed question from a view point of reason," said Mrs. Wilber. One of the ladies made an attempt to speak,

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but Mrs. Wilber quickly raised her authoritative hand, and gave one of her smiles of modest disapproval, with a polite bow to the lady, which meant, you have had your say, please be quiet.

"You all know," continued Mrs. Wilber, "that I am an uncompromising, a pronounced and bitter enemy against amalgamation of the races, either by legal process or illicit co-habitation. I firmly believe that it is a sin against God, and if it is not checked, or stopped altogether, it will surely bring our people to grief. I firmly believe that commingling with the niggers will be ruinous to the exalted status of the white race, not only in this country, but will lower our moral standing with other civilized races of the world.

"We should profit by a careful review of the Jewish history. Those people were admonished not to commingle with other races, and by their strict adherence to racial selection, that, after several thousand years of climatic wear out of their native country, they still carry the Jewish cast of features, and a clean-cut type of ancient identity.

"But the thing which I dread most, and it is that which every mother should dread; is, the possible result of reactionary force of this morbid, moral crime, should it return upon us.

"I fear that this unwarranted illicit co-habitation will in time, assume such extensive and dangerous proportions, that it will recoil upon its origin, or to be plain; I fear that our niggers will attempt to imitate their masters, and will not stop with the freedom of their own kind, but that our daughters will be unsafe from nigger brutality, unless guarded with gun and dogs.

"When this comes, we cannot blame anyone but ourselves. It will be our sins finding us out.

"Our statesmen, and even our ministers of the Church of God, are utterly silent, or, if they speak at all relative

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to these matters, it is rather in favor, than against the sin of co-habitation. They preach the doctrine, that our property right in niggers allows us to make any disposition of them we please.

"Of course we all believe that the only mission in this world for a nigger, is to labor for the aggrandisement of the whites. But if we go on abusing our God-given rights, by commingling with them, and they thereby lose their native identity, what may we expect but retribution?"

"We are told that there are no laws against the crime, hence no legal law is violated, I am sorry to say, that we women seem to be powerless to create popular sentiment sufficiently strong, either in church, state or social circles to break it up. Since this is the case, I take this independent position and that, too, without any hope or expectation of followers.

"I believe it is the duty of every honorable gentleman to give his children the care and protection of a father.

"Notwithstanding their slave mother and illegitimate birth, they are half their father's body and soul.

"I believe such children should be educated by all means, and allowed to take their place among free niggers of the North. This would in some sense be a partial atonement for their father's conduct, as well as to enable the children to make good use of themselves, and also to take care for their white father's flesh and blood."

At this point, the announcement for refreshments ended the colloquy, with an almost, open endorsement of the position of Senator Morroe.

CHAPTER III.

A FATHER'S LAST ADVICE.

ON the next morning, Senator Morroe, sat in his library watching humming birds flitting from flower to flower then dancing away in the cool, soft air of one of Kentucky's most beautiful and refreshing November mornings.

When not amused by the tiny spirit-like birds, his face wore an expression of serious meditation. Whether it was the effect of the social storm of the previous day, or whether he felt (as some do) a premonition of an approaching misfortune, is not known. It was one of those periodic partings of soul and body, as it were, which come to us all and beget gloomy feelings which we cannot explain.

One is neither ill nor in bad humor; but, it seems one has lost himself and dropped into a state of irresistible depression. These unaccountable moods often move women to tears and men to the intoxicating cup. It may be, in such moods, that the ever watchful and wakeful spirit foresees an uplifted shaft of threatening fatality, and our affrighted humanity seems to stand on the sharp edge of dissolution, dreading the downward stroke; the soul sounds the alarm along the nerve centers to our sensitive nature; to up, up! and fortify against the onslaught.

Such was one of these spells which held Senator Morroe as securely as the unfortunate victim in the arms of an octopus. But a close observer might have seen a gradual waking of the sensibilities and a far-off resolution, concentrating its fragmentary parts into tangible shape, until it burst out in these words: "It is right, it is just

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and honorable, and I will do it, so help me God," said he, as he sprang to his feet with a snap of the finger. "Yes, I will marry Mary, and I will make Maudelle one of the most accomplished ladies in Kentucky. She has the capacity, and I have the means. Let the people do their worst, if God is pleased let the world howl itself hoarse. It is my duty to provide for my child, and duty is a part of my religion which has a stronger claim on me than anyone's friendship."

Just then the library door swung back on its silver-plated hinges, and Maudelle came skipping in with a tastefully arranged tiny bouquet which she pinned on the lapel of her father's coat. "You shall look pretty to-day," said she.

"You look pretty without them," said her father.

"Well, people say I am like you, so you must be pretty too," said she.

"You are a great philosopher, my dear," said her father.

"You are my teacher, and that too, I have gotten from you," was her ready reply."

"This reminds me, Maudelle, that you are old enough and sufficiently intelligent to understand a secret which I have kept from you all these years," said her father.

"And am I to keep the secret for you, papa?" said Maudelle.

"O no," said he, "everybody knows it."

"Then you have told everybody but me, I suppose," said she, with an injured look of childish disappointment.

"No, Maudelle, I have told no one," said her father.

"Then I cannot see how it can be a secret, if it is already known by the public," said she.

He then told her that her mother was a colored woman, which slightly identified her with the colored race, but," said he, "I love you just as dearly as I would were you white."

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"You are my daughter, and only child, and if you live, and I live, it is my intention to give you every opportunity to become an accomplished lady." He drew the child close to his bosom and lovingly patted her cheeks, as though that hour was to be the beginning of an atonement for her illegitimate being and the inevitable indignities sure to be inflicted upon her, by the people of his race.

Maudelle was greatly puzzled to fully comprehend the meaning of that strange combination which gave her that parental stroke of color.

What had her mother's color to do with hers any more than the color of the dog or the cat with which she played. She saw that she was much whiter than her father, and how could she be part colored? Of course her mother was not as white as she or her father; but, what had that to do with her case?

Her father gave no further explanation; but waited in silence, that her mind might have time to work its own way to a solution of the parental enigma.

During the few minutes silence his imagination pictured Maudelle into a handsome, intelligent, cultured woman, with no visible sign of negro blood in her. He saw her subjected to severe temptations. He saw her battling like a little giant for her character and her good name. Can she hold her ground? thought he. Can she stand on her feet and give back blow for blow to the enemy, or will she be driven to the wall and forever crushed?

God forbid that her fate should ever be that of her mother, and yet, what better can I expect, than that my life should be stereotyped in that of my child?

These thoughts brought up sighs of intense pain from the heart of that great man.

He resolved to strengthen her mind as much as possible, while it was yet tender and susceptible.

"Maudelle," said he, "you are now but a little girl,

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and may not understand all I am going to tell you, but it may come to you as you grow older, and at the time you may need it most."

After explaining to Maudelle the relation the colored and white people sustained to each other, the abject, helpless condition of the one, and the absolute autocratic power of the other, he gave her some wise and fatherly advice.

It was the last lesson—the lesson to last for a life-time.

For several days previous he had been preparing to go on a long journey, and having in mind, the dangers incident to the life of a traveller, he felt it expedient to say more to Maudelle than he otherwise would have done on some other occasion.

It was fortunate for Maudelle that he did so, and that her father told her so many things which became very useful to her further along in life; for such an opportunity never came again—but, little did he or she think so at the time.

"Maudelle," said he, "I have now made you better acquainted with yourself, now it remains for me to give you a few words of advice which may be useful to you, for the establishment of an unblemished moral character, my daughter, be temperate in all things.

"Remember, to eat too much, to sleep too much, to talk too much, to assume to know more than you do, is only a little less sinful than to lie, and to steal.

"Talk when you have something to say, say it in the best and most simple way you can, then stop. Never use a big, double-jointed word when one more modest and simple will serve you. Weigh your words with as much care and nicety, as a druggist weighs poison; for, one is no less dangerous than the other.

"Never make the fatal mistake that thousands do daily, impart all your secrets and business affairs to friends,

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and expect your friends to keep them as sacred as you would yourself. They who are warm friends to-day, may be deadly enemies tomorrow; then your secrets will be forged into two-edged swords to cut and wound you to the death.

"Look out for danger when you are over-praised, petted and flattered; it is the estimate a fool puts upon character.

"Shun the dealer who offers you too much for your money; he intends at some other time and in some way, to steal the difference in his favor.

"Justice holds an even balance; other weights and measures which tip too much in your favor, are signposts to the down grade of human character.

"Never allow yourself, my daughter, to be long indebted to anyone for favors; but, always pay for values received, in the shortest possible time.

"Never ask anyone to do for you, what you can conveniently do for yourself, unless it is merely to give employment to the deserving needy; because, it will take the earnest effort of your heart, your hands and your head, to make life a success.

"When you believe you are right, stand your ground against the world; you may lose the object for which you battle, but you will win what is better—a name for truth and fidelity, which is inestimable.

"Some may advise you to select some person as a model after which to shape your life; it is well enough to imitate great virtues of the pious and good, but, my daughter, by no means go so far to be merely an echo of others.

"This will do for the mediocre; but, not for one capable of reaching great excellence by individual exertion of mental power and moral worth.

"You should create for yourself, explore new fields, and hew out new routes, leave the old, beaten tracks when you have discovered a by-path which leads a nearer and safer way to a great principle, or a newly-discovered truth,

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and let the world follow you, and not you the world, unless it leads to assured righteousness.

"Never repulse one who gives you advice; but, before you put it into practice, thoroughly analyze it, turn the light of reason and truth upon it, strike out and amend until it is reduced to common sense. Be virtuous, upright, honest and just.

"Never forget, nor neglect to pray—whether you are a professed Christian or not, prayer can certainly do you no harm, but, on the other hand, it will fortify the soul against temptation, strengthen the moral sensibilities, keep up your credit with your Heavenly Father, and entitle you to His protection in times of danger.

"No doubt, when you round out into womanhood, you will be what the world calls handsome. But let me assure you, my dear little girl, that beauty is a dangerous thing to own, without a firm decision of character, and a well-matured resolution to do right.

"Maudelle, be a womanly woman, and fill your corners in God's world with such adornments as Providence has placed within your reach. See to it, my daughter, that your part of the great field of duty and usefulness, may evolve something for humanity, purer and better in the future, than what we have in the present age, by the devotion of your life to great and good works.

"Accept no offer to marry a man who is not identified with the colored race, nor one who is, unless he is worthy of you, and in full sympathy with your efforts to better the condition of the colored people.

"Keep my advice, and not only my love, but all my material worth shall be yours when I am no more."

At this point both embraced, and both were moved to tears; but why? no one could tell.

No doubt Maudelle partially realized that the advice given her in some way pointed to a day when there would

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be a final parting from home and parents, and a going out into the broad world all alone, to rely upon her own judgment and moral strength.

She knew that her father's advice had more in it than she could possibly understand, and that she would have to wait for age and experience to more fully explain.

But to leave parents, home, and home comforts at any time of life must not be.

It was a thought too dangerous and too distressing to toy with, for fear it might in some way, take the shape of positive reality.

Why Senator Morroe should feel sad, no one can tell, neither could he.

True, he was going away for a week or ten days; but he had been away before without any serious misfortune, but there was a solemnity on this occasion, for which no reasonable account could be given, except that in an expression behind the veil, which was telling the story to be felt and not heard.

It was evidently to be the last journey, the final separation of father and daughter, and all that was dear to him on earth was to be torn asunder from him by an impassable gulf.

Little did he think that he was so rapidly nearing the end of life, especially a life so full of promise and physical vigor as was his, which could but cheer one with the fond hope of many years ahead.

Little did he think that the warm, throbbing heart, within twenty-four hours would make its last stroke, and like a great machine, slowly come to a stop, and to move no more, to feel no more pity, no love, no pain for itself or others.

Little did he think that his ideal woman in Maudelle, the child, was so soon to have an unrealized ending, and a father and father's hopes would be buried together in an untimely grave.

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But, such was the fate that hung over him like a black cloud heavily charged with a thousand bolts, vying with one another for the first blow upon the unsuspecting head of its marked victim. Only a few more unbroken moments moored the soul to the body, then would come the dissolution, the leap to eternity.

O were it possible for man to know his end but a few hours ahead—if some supernatural finger could but slip the veil aside, which obscures the mortal vision from the inevitable blade of death, he would crowd the work of a life-time into an hour, make peace with God and man, and die out of debt to the soul.

But we must no longer delay the painful story of Senator Morroe's end by philosophising on a subject which might be admissible on some other occasion.

A few minutes after Senator Morroe had finished his advice to his daughter, footsteps of a man were heard in the hallway, approaching the library. A tap on the door, admitted the Rev. Noah Adams, who was making his usual call. Maudelle, who had always given the Rev. Adams, —the preacher of her father's church, a warm and friendly welcome, on this occasion was rather shy and reserved. Not that the child had taken any dislike to Mr. Adams, who heretofore appeared to head the list of her friends, but the lesson of the morning had been a startling revelation to her, and she saw the world as never before. She had seen the mask fall, and the sins of a great people exposed.

Was Rev. Adams no better than the race whom he represented? Did he, too, wear a deceptive covering over a heart full of hatred and prejudice against the negro, whose only sin, was that of being a helpless slave?

Was he a mouth-piece for God and yet a living lie, a black-hearted hypocrite, a dissembler, a white sepulchre full of rottenness?

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Was he, too, a dealer in human flesh, in the blood and bones of a defenseless people?

Was this man whom she had heard preach from Sunday to Sunday with such burning eloquence, and elucidate so clearly and touchingly on the mercy and goodness of God to all men, only a mocker of God, only a gilded, delusive, beguiling sign-post along the "Broad-road" to hell and was his entire race tending that way?

Such was the silent inquiry of Maudelle. She felt herself every moment losing faith in the great divine of the town of H. She trembled when she found herself not only losing faith, but respect for every white face among her acquaintances, many of whom she had truly loved.

It was the custom of Rev. Adams to spend a few minutes in devotional exercise with Senator Morroe before leaving him.

As the two gentleman kneeled in prayer, Maudelle stole out of the room, a thing she was never known to do before.

The two gentlemen had not more than bowed in prayer, when the screams of a woman and the cries of a child for help, brought them to their feet from an unfinished prayer. Senator Morroe dashed out of the library, through the archway, and into the hall and thence into the parlor, closely followed by Rev. Adams. The first object which met the sight of Morroe, was Mary, the mother of Maudelle, prostrated on the floor, struggling beneath the heavy blows of a large man, to whose arms Maudelle clung and frantically crying "Papa, papa, Oh, papa!"

Senator Morroe seized a chair, and with a powerful swing brought it down on the man's head with a crash. The blow felled the offender to the floor; but, in an instant he regained his feet, and with eyes blazing with rage, sprang upon Morroe like a wounded tiger, grappled with him, and plunged a keen knife into his body a half dozen times

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in rapid succession, and would have hacked him to pieces on the spot, but for the interference of Rev. Adams.

The assassin broke away from Mr. Adams and sprang out at the parlor window and was gone before any one of the servants could reach the bloody scene.

The Senator sank down on the floor in a swoon from the shock and loss of blood, which flowed copiously from seven severe ugly gaping wounds. He was removed to his bed-room, and there given all the attention within the knowledge of those present, while Uncle Peter made all possible haste to the town of H. on Thunderbolt, for medical skill.

Doctors Brantly, Osgood and Draper, with panting horses, answered the call with incredible dispatch. Poor old Aunt Millie, bent under the age of sixty-seven years, felt that life was only valuable to her, so long as she could serve her master. She had nursed him from the time he was but one day old, when his good, pious, Christian mother lost her life by giving him his; and Aunt Millie assumed the duty of mother and nurse.

Aunt Millie met the doctors at the door with eyes suffused with tears, and outstretched arms tenderly and imploringly begging, "O doctors, for God sake, for Jesus' sake, save my Georgie; O Lord, he must not die, I can't stand it; O, Jesus, please let me die fust; do, Lord, har yo' child dis one time, and spare my boy a little longer."

The doctors promised the distressed old woman that they would do all in their power to save her master.

Hoping the reader will excuse a minute's digression, although in the immediate presence of death, but we must record the thought before it takes wing, perhaps forever.

Only those who have lived South long enough to understand the social relations between the colored and white people, can fully appreciate that strong tie of friendship between the two.

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The case of Aunt Millie and her sincere affection for her master, is the case of tens of thousands. Not that the mothers of the white children have died, and black women have mothered their babies, but because it is true that there are hardly ten original southern whites out of a hundred, who have not been nursed at the breast of a black woman, and these people point to their "Black Mammies" with pride, and the black women love them with a mother's tenderness.

Such nourishment given by the black mammies to the white babies for eighteen months or two years, was not only the direct contribution of first elements for body building, but has blended the flesh and blood of the two races, which has interwoven traits of character in the nature and constitution of the two, that is really phenomenal.

There are ties of genuine affection on the part of the blacks for the whites, and a sincere, tender regard on the part of the whites for the blacks, which will be as lasting as the recollections of the relation of master and slave exists.

Back to the sick-room in haste. A careful diagnosis of Senator Morroe's case, gave him less than twenty-four hours to live. His condition was kept a secret from the servants, that they might not disturb him by wailing aloud.

Rev. Adams who had waited at the bedside of his friend until the doctors came and passed on the wounded man's case, now returned home with a heavy heart to tell the sad story to his household.

At this time the Adams family were entertaining Doctor Joseph Gillispie from Boston, Mass., who was an old school-fellow of Mr. Adams at Harvard College. These two gentlemen generally agreed on such topics as science and religion, but differed widely on the slavery question, which was then being agitated and excitedly discussed on both sides of the Atlantic.

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It was now just one year after the publication of "Bible Defence of Slavery," by Rev. W. S. Brown, of Kentucky.

That book against the negro, was the "most unkind cut of all;" but it brought to the negro's defence some of the best talent of pen and speech, this or any other country ever produced. Mr. Brown not only gives the negro a jet-black origin through Ham, whom he says God caused to be born black in the house of Noah, but he labors hard through sacred and profane history to prove that the negroes were especially created for servitude in menial positions.

But worse yet, he questions their title to salvation through Christ. See "Bible Defence of Slavery" by W. S. Brown, Glasgow, Kentucky.

Doctor Gillispie and Rev. Adams had already held several warmly-contested arguments on the slavery question, and now that Senator Morroe was struck down for defending a negro woman, the occasion gave a new impetus to the subject.

Not that it was anything new in the South for the owner of a slave to challenge his white neighbor to meet in deadly combat, because of the unauthorized chastisement of a slave. However, this particular case was something more than merely defending one's property right in man or woman; it was a white man—a Senator of the United States, distinguished for learning and wealth, striking in defence of the woman he loved, and with whom he had for eight years lived as her husband.

The cause which led to Morroe's misfortune might have been avoided by a little preservation of temper and patience on the part of Mary, which can be explained in a word.

Morgan Sanders, a painter, was employed by Senator Morroe to do some work in the parlor, and by some means, the scaffolding gave way, and in its fall broke several things of value, among which was a bust of Judge Morroe, the

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Senator's father. This was a costly and highly valued piece of art, which could not be reproduced or repaired for ten times the first cost.

Mary boiled over with rage, and not only gave Sanders a severe scolding, but made at him and belabored him with the broom-stick.

For a negro to strike a white person in Kentucky, was a thing so very unusual, that Sanders forgot to make any allowance for her authority in the Morroe mansion. He retaliated with a heavy blow and was punishing her in the manner stated, when Morroe came in upon him, and the reader knows the result.

When matters pertaining to the social standing of Morroe were talked over in the Adams family, Mrs. Adams was very severe in her vituperations upon Morroe for his choice of a negro woman, for his connubial partner.

Mrs. Adams was one of those high-toned Southern women, who was distinguished for piety and a strict adherence to morality, and under no circumstances, would she come in touch with anyone whose morals were the least tainted. For this reason she was loved and respected by old and young. Her advice was regarded as something not to be questioned—she was always right in the eyes of society, and the standard she set was the one to which the good and pure subscribed.

Mrs. Adams was rather old-timey in her expressions; but her frank, open face was a true index to her honest heart.

"You may all try as much as you please," she said, "to make excuses for that ramshackling way in which George has been living with that nasty hussy; but I have not one bit of sympathy for him. He has brought it all on himself by tarnal foolishness. Lord O messy! Lord O messy! what can a white man be thinking about to go and dash hisself away with a tarnal ape of a nigger woman?"

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"It is but natural, Mrs. Adams, that a man should defend the woman he loves," said Doctor Gillispie.

"The woman he loves, your granny," said Mrs. Adams. "You might talk to me till doomsday and I would not believe that a white man could love a confounded nigger trollop. No sir, it is all a doggish notion that some men have. Maybe if a few more get stabbed, they will learn some sense."

"Mother, mother," said Mr. Adams, "I would not be so cruel as to wish anyone else to meet George's fate. No doubt George likes Mary, and—"

Here Mrs. Adams cut him off. "Likes Mary, the cat's foot—no decent white man is foolish enough to like a nigger strumpet so well as to get killed for her—if he does let him go."

"Why Mrs. Adams, it is a blessing to love," said Doctor Gillispie. "Do you know that love is a law of God? it is God, and he or she who exhibits the larger measure of love, evidences the fact that they are made up of more of the elements of God, than they are of animal."

"Love recognizes species; but not color—custom may make a difference in color; but neither the law of man, or custom can dig a chasm so deep, nor build a wall so high, so as to make the way impassable for determined love."

"I can't see any good sense in all your fine fang-dangle philosophy, unless you can show me what a thick-lipped, shine-eyed, spraddled toed, nappy-headed, flat-nosed, kidney-footed, sheep-shanked nigger woman has about her that a white man, with a thimbleful of sense, can love. It is all nonsense to talk to me," said Mrs. Adams.

"Why, Mrs. Adams, there are many considerations which bring the species together, that are various," said Doctor Gillispie. "I will not say it is beauty, because beauty is fragmentary and is never found replete in one person. It is difficult to fix a standard, to satisfy the

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public's ideal picture of beauty; because we look at it from our own point of observation, and our point of sight can never be that of another, since our picture is movable.

"Our tastes differ as well as our sight. I have often heard remarks made thus—'What did he see in her to love or what did she see in him?' The fact is, that he or she saw something attractive that was never seen by anyone else, and for that something, the two gave themselves to each other.

"This mutual correspondence of souls is sometimes blind to color or creed, and of all love, that kind is the most pure and trustworthy," said Doctor Gillispie.

"O well, Doctor," said Mrs. Adams, "it is no use to talk to me about nigger beauty, and nigger love and all that. I am out of patience with the whole mess. Lord O messy! Lord O messy! I, I—" A knocking at the door saved Mrs. Adams from saying something ugly. Cindy, the servant girl, admitted Mrs. Burdoe who had "run in to get the news," she said, from the Morroe mansion.

The two ladies repaired to the parlor for a secret chat, and left the two gentlemen in the study, who gradually renewed their argument on the political and social status of negroes, should they once become free. The picture Mr. Adams drew was frightful, and this led up to some sharp cuts for and against the negro race, and the solution of their final outcome. The bark of a dog, and call of a man at the gate, put an end to the discussion.

"A late caller," said Doctor Gillispie, as he glanced at the clock which marked twenty-three minutes past eleven P. M.

CHAPTER IV.

A DYING MAN PERFORMS HIS OWN MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

A MAN crawled down off his horse and came shuffling up the lawn, and walked toward the Adams residence in great haste.

"Why, father, it is Uncle Peter," said Mrs. Adams, who stood holding the door open that the lamp might reflect its rays on the late visitor.

Mr. Adams hastened to the door to meet the old faithful servant of the Morroe family, who came to bring the latest news from his wounded master.

"Peter, how is your master?" said Mr. Adams.

"Marse George wosser sah, worsser he is," said the old servant.

"I expected it," said Mr. Adams.

"Me, too, sah," said Peter, as he turned away his head and drew his coat sleeve across his eyes to brush away the tears which were tracing the furrows that age had chiselled on his honest cheeks.

"Have you any message for me?" said Mr. Adams.

"Yes sah, Marse George saunt me fur you to come over sah, uf you please sah. He say fur you to fotch de gemmin wid you, what come from Boston, sah," said the old man.

"All right, Peter, you may go back and tell your master that Doctor Gillispie and I will be there in a few minutes," said Mr. Adams.

The old servant hurried off, while Mrs. Adams bustled about and got the hats and canes for the two gentlemen, all the while quarrelling to herself. "Lord O messy! Lord

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O messy! poor George! O, well he brought it all on hisself by tarnal foolishness."

With lantern in hand, the two gentlemen set out on foot, for the Morroe mansion; it was near midnight. The moon had gone down and thereby seemed to have left the night much darker than if there had been no moon in the first part of the night.

It was one and a half miles to the Morroe mansion, to follow the pike, but, by going across the plantation, the distance could be shortened by a half mile.

The gentlemen took the short route, picking their way, walking close to one another, and said but little. No doubt they were impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, as we are when summoned to the death bed of a friend, especially at a late hour of the night.

Somehow, there is a strange feeling which creeps upon one when in the presence of death, that the bravest cannot shake off.

I know that it is man's nature to assume great bravery, and to boast of his proof against that timidity which sensibly affects women and children when about the dead.

I know that death becomes a common thing on the battle-field; but, that wholesale departing of souls is not the subject now.

We are not exactly afraid of the dead, of course not; because any fool knows that the dead have no power to injure him, or at least, he reasons that way and contradicts his reasoning by acting differently. Because there is something back of all the reasoning which alarms one. "Death makes cowards of us all," says Shakespeare.

It must be that dreadful thing which produces death. It must be that visible effect of that invisible sting, which no human skill can stay, no power can beat back, no lock, no bars of iron and walls can turn.

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We are not afraid of it, of course not; but, somehow, we have the most respectful reverence for its presence. We converse in an undertone, and move on tiptoe about the dead, and wear a face as solemn as they. Not that we will disturb the dead; but, somehow, we feel and act for the time, like holy, pious saints.

But yesterday, we met our fellow with whom we joked, and lied, and swore with careless impunity; but to-day he is dead, and under no circumstances would we repeat ourselves of yesterday, over his dead body, and why? Because that invisible stroke of death has come uncomfortably near us.

Again we know, or at least we believe, that there are two parts of man, the one we see lying cold and stiff, then there is that unknowable, mysterious, invisible part which has taken on a supernatural character, with which we cannot commune. Whether that character has departed, or whether it is in the chamber with us, we know not. Whether that thing called the soul, that wonderful intelligence, is not gazing right down into our innermost souls, and reading our every sin and crime against God and man, which we have kept covered for years, we know not.

Whether there is one, two or as many thousands, such spirits about the dead, we know not—better we did, to be more at ease.

Not knowing, we feel a kind of solemn panic, about as though a number of ill-designing persons were in the dark peeping at us through our window lattices.

At such times, our souls are very sensitive; we are on the watch for danger. Not that we strong men are afraid, of course not. But, somehow, we earnestly inquire for the cause of a strange noise, and peer out into the darkness, and are not in a particular hurry to rush out and handle an object whose outlines cannot be readily determined.

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But, mind you, we men are not afraid; but, somehow, we always feel decidedly more pleasant in the room with a companion who is napping, than one who is dead.

You will find it much more comfortable to meditate in the garden at midnight, than in the most artistically arranged cemetery.

Yes, we all tread lightly upon the ground where soul and body part.

We doubt not that these were some of the thoughts which crossed the minds of Mr. Adams and Doctor Gillispie as they groped their way toward the home of the dying man.

Twenty minutes' walk brought them to the house, as the crowing of chickens in every part of the neighborhood told of the middle of the night.

Aunt Millie met the gentlemen at the door and led the way upstairs to the sick-room, which presented that confusion, and usual appearance of distress common to all such rooms.

Senator Morroe extended his nervous hand, hot with death's fever, which was rapidly burning away his last vital energy.

Although it had only been fourteen hours since he was struck down, the features had undergone a great change, so there was little left of the man, except a well-proportioned frame-work, which tossed about on the bed.

These fourteen hours of vital waste, had been one steady outpour of life force through seven deep, ugly gashes; until now, the end was near.

The temples had fallen in, the nose had become thin, the eyes enlarged, and the neck elongated.

Two other gentlemen were in the room who were just finishing a document—perhaps a will.

Mr. Adams showed signs of disappointment at not being present when the will was made; but, he no doubt con-

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soled himself with the thought that he had been made legatee of fifty or sixty thousand dollars, as well as executor of the Morroe estate.

He thought this could not be otherwise, since Morroe was not only one of his disciples, but a warm personal friend and genial companion.

This pious, Christian gentleman, was not without a liberal share of faults as well as those he so often reproved.

First—he was ambitious, a great lover of money and fame, never refused a place of honor when offered to him, and very often sought high positions with the push and zeal of a politician.

Secondly—he was a man of great self-esteem and radical firmness, without the necessary balancing elements of discretion and judgment.

He prided himself on quickness of comprehension, and was thereby as quick in decision of character, which had grown to be a serious habit with him.

He often made answer before he had thoroughly understood the import of the proposition, and when he had once spoken, no matter whether he or others were the sufferers, he would under no circumstances, recant. He was seldom without a hot theological warfare on his hands, either with some minister in his own,—or some other church.

He was a profound scholar, and no one seemed to know it better than he. Nothing appeared to give him more pleasure than to hear himself lauded. He was a fine speaker, close reasoner, and logical debater, and generally carried the day in an argument, because, aside from his ability to speak and think well, he had the rare faculty of anticipating the course of his antagonist, and thereby answered all points of attack in advance. Two things greatly detracted from his fame—his voice and physical appearance.

When under mental excitement, his voice was sharp and shrill, which wounded the ear and gave one a sense

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of sympathy rather than pleasure at what he said, or rather how he said it.

His speech, like his step, was quick. His anatomical construction was after the greyhound fashion, long and lank, six feet, one and a half inches in height, with long, sharp, thin, compressed lips, small gray eyes, three-story head pointing a little backward, light hair, thin on the top.

His face was always smoothly shaved to a little below the chin, with a tremendous growth of beard about the neck, which lay over a high standing collar bound with a black stock. His age was sixty-three; but he was wearing so well, that he would have readily passed for fifteen years younger.

We have said this much about Mr. Adams to give the reader an idea of the man who will play an important part in the remainder of this, and the next chapter.

Senator Morroe looked into the faces of his friends who stood about the bed, deeply touched with sorrow for his violent ending. "I am going, going, fast gentlemen," said the dying man, as he cleared his throat so as to make himself heard.

"Yes, you are going, my dear George," said Mr. Adams; "but you will only be a few steps in advance of us.

"I am glad man is born to die. I thank God that this life can be exchanged for one far better and without end. I am thankful that in the beyond, we shall not be human beings, nor even angels; but we shall be more exalted than either, we shall be sons of God and brothers of Christ, eligible to the untold riches of our Father.

"Disease and its consequence can never follow us across the river of time and invade eternity: once across, we are absolutely safe."

Mr. Adams spoke these words with such pathetic tenderness, that it had the effect of making those present feel a desire to exchange conditions with the dying man.

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"O, I am perfectly resigned to God's will," said Senator Morroe. "At first I thought my misfortune was hard, to be struck down at the age of forty-five when I was trying to be of use to others. It seemed to me, I should have been granted a few more days for charitable deeds.

"This of course was the mortal part arguing. That was the part which belongs here, and which was making excuses to stay here. But that immortal part which belongs to another kingdom is ready and even anxious to get away. There is only one thing about which I am concerned; with that off my mind, I want to be gone."

"Thank the Lord for such a testimony," said Mr. Adams. "If there is anything dear George, within my power to do for you, or to assist others to do for you, I hope you will command me at once, and it shall be my pleasure to serve you."

The sick man looked long and earnestly at Mr. Adams, then said in a voice tremulous, and as it seemed full of uncertainty for a favorable answer, "Brother Adams, you will not deny me then?"

"I will not deny you anything that is possible for me to do," said Mr. Adams.

"It is possible for you, or I would not ask it of you."

Mr. Adams extended his hand—"You may rely upon me, my dear boy, put me to the test; I am anxious to make proof of my friendship for you, and my interest in all that is dear to you."

"Thank you, my dear brother, I am glad that I can die with your blessing upon my soul," said the dying man.

"Please prop me up a little higher, gentlemen," said the Senator.

He was brought to an almost sitting posture. After resting a while—"Come here, Mary," said he. Taking her by the hand said, "Now, Brother Adams, I want you to marry me to this woman, and then I am ready to die.

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I have the license, and these three gentlemen will witness the ceremony."

He looked Mr. Adams full in the face and waited for the answer. The eyes of all present, were turned on the minister. He felt their gaze burning into his very soul. His face turned red and then deathly pale. His long, thin fingers twitched and drummed on his breast, then on his sharp knees. His lips parted as though he would speak, which gave the spectators a feeling of relief, but hermetically closed again.

The suspense was painful. Nothing but the deep breathing of Morroe was heard. Mary's head slowly sank upon her bosom, and the tears gushed from her eyes and fell heavily upon the floor.

Little Maudelle, who sat on the bed fanning her father, not understanding the meaning of the death-like silence, burst into sobs which seemed to break the spell.

Mr. Adams who had been sitting, sprang to his feet, and with a violent snap of the finger, and wild toss of the head, then said, "I will not do it, were it to save your life or mine. I will not bring a curse so infernally black upon my race and my calling. I would not break the laws of my country, and commit a sin so shameful against God, by marrying a nigger woman to a white man—no sir, never, never while God lives."

He strode back and forth across the floor, biting his lips and mumbling something between his teeth.

The disappointment to the dying man was pitifully depicted upon his face. His eyes imploringly followed Mr. Adams; but that reverend gentleman avoided the appealing gaze, which would have moved him or the most hardened demon to compassion, had he met it.

Doctor Gillispie and the other two gentlemen could not stay their tears; they feared that the violent shock to the dying man would carry him off at once.

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Mary sank down on the bed sobbing. "Then, Brother Adams, you refuse to grant my last request?" whispered Morroe.

"Yes I do," snapped Mr. Adams.

"Well it is all right, all right," said the dying man.

"All right or not," said Mr. Adams, "it will go so. I have no respect for the white man who would marry a nigger woman."

The sick man motioned for water—he drank, cleared his throat, although but a few minutes of life left, voice almost gone, yet there was a visible sign of resentment upon his brow.

"Gentlemen," said Morroe, "I have lived with this woman for more than eight years. We have sustained all the relations of husband and wife, and I—"

Adams broke in abruptly. "That was your right, your right, both moral and legal right, and it was your right to make any disposition of her you choose."

"My dear brother," said the sick man, "I beg you not to interrupt me. Life is too near gone, to argue our difference. I have a statement to make, then you may have the world. I say I have lived with this woman, and this is our child—my own daughter," placing his hand on Maudelle's head.

"Gentlemen if it is so great a sin to marry the mother of my child it must have been a greater sin to have lived with her so long without a moral or legal right to do so. She is a colored woman it is true; but she was compelled to sacrifice her virtue to my will, and—"

"Virtue, virtue, indeed," squalled Mr. Adams. "When you buy a nigger, you buy her virtue, (if a nigger can have such a thing.) I say you buy virtue, body and all, and one is as much at your disposal as the other."

"That may be true when looked at in the light of prejudice and the Southern custom," said Morroe, "but some-

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how, gentlemen, I have never believed that any man has the right to take away both the liberty and virtue of a woman without at least making her some kind of repara-tive indemnity for the privation of liberty, and irreparable loss of virtue.

"Twenty years a member of the church of which Brother Adams is pastor, and twenty years has Brother Adams been my spiritual adviser, and not a word of disapproval as to the life I have lived. But now when I propose to do what I consider to be honorable and just, I am insulted."

"If you are insulted when I would protect my honor and standing as a gentleman, and save you from shameful disgrace, then be insulted and be—" snapped Mr. Adams.

"Ah, Brother Adams, Brother Adams, am I to be disappointed in you at last?" said the dying man. "I fear you have led me a blind captive these twenty years by your spiritual teaching, until now I stand on the verge of eternity, and you cruelly forsake me—here you leave me to go alone without your benediction. Had I no other hope what a poor substitute is all your teaching to offer a just God for eternal life. Thanks be to God for another source of grace, which I have always had and which you never knew.

"It was pure, simple truth that did not mystify and lead me into abstract theories for the meaning. It begun when my life begun; it grew purer and stronger, as I grew older, until it became one unchangeable hope upon which now I rest the future destiny of my soul. She—gentlemen, has been my spiritual teacher," (pointing to Aunt Millie, who sat on the foot of the bed with his feet in her lap, which she was tenderly rubbing to keep up warmth.)

"It was through her I got my first taste of eternal life. She was the only mother I ever knew, and she has filled her mission well—God bless my black mammie, who has

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never ceased to follow me with her prayers. She is ignorant, and a slave. She has no knowledge of your learned theology, and long polished, studied sermons; but she is wise, and most eminently rich in the grace of God. In her hope, I hope—her faith, is my faith, and in her God I trust.”

The sick man rested a while and gathered breath, then said, “come here my dear old saint, and stand up with Mary. Come forward, gentlemen, and witness a ceremony I shall perform for myself.”

He then took Mary by the hand and went through the marriage ceremony himself, and then said, “Mary, I have cruelly robbed you of your character and your liberty. Can you forgive me?”

“I do with all my heart,” said she.

“O yes, of course you do—that is the God-like principle of the negro, always forgiving and always being wronged. My dear Mary, by marrying you and willing to you and my child, all I have is the only atonement I can make.”

Mr. Adams looked on with a scowl of contempt upon his face. After some changes were made in the will by Attorney Lawson, through the suggestion of the sick man, (those present thought the parts struck out, referred to Mr. Adams as one of the legatees; but were changed, owing to his conduct), Senator Morroe requested the lawyer to read the will and execute it as soon as he was dead, and not have it go through the process of probating.

The will bequeathed to Aunt Millie and Uncle Peter, a farm of one hundred and sixty acres of land, with all equipments to cultivate it as long as both or either one should live. Also, to Uncle Peter he gave Thunderbolt, his fine horse. Next, the one hundred and sixty slaves were freed, and two hundred and fifty dollars in cash was given to each family and fifty dollars to each single person.

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The balance of the entire estate, with notes, stocks and cash, amounting to more than three hundred thousand dollars, was left to his wife and daughter Maudelle.

In the event of the death or marriage of his wife, it was then to be kept in trust by Mr. Lawson, until Maudelle's majority; then the entire amount was to go to her. In case both died before Maudelle was of age, then the property was to go to H——University.

By the time the will was read, the dying man was almost gone, except that his mind was clear and working vigorously.

Turning his eyes on Aunt Millie, the sick man said, "Mammie pray with me the last time." All present, except Rev. Adams, dropped to their knees. The old woman with face buried in her hands at the foot of the bed, began her prayer rather timid and hesitatingly. Embarrassed, perhaps, by the presence of Rev. Adams and the other gentlemen of high-classed culture.

Proceeding slowly, step by step, like one on dangerous ground, in the dark, until it seemed her soul became warm with an electric spark of grace from God's altar. Then with head erect, as though looking in the face of her God, and hands extended as though to receive the things for which she asked, the words rolled out in beautiful round periods, so correct, and so full of pathos, and so unlike the old woman's every-day language, that Doctor Gillispie turned on his knees and gazed in wonder at her.

Of course her petition was strong and tender for the restoration of her master, whom she spoke of as though he was her own child.

One sentence only, we will reproduce: "O Lord, for fifty-three years we have walked together and communed; I have worn myself out in Thy services, and my days of usefulness are past; take me this hour as a sacrifice, and let my dear boy, my Georgie live to do good in the Name

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of Jesus." After her appeal, she sent up a touching prayer for Rev. Adams, whom she had known long, and loved well.

She begged with such motherly tenderness for Mr. Adams—that God would not be displeased, with what appeared to weak humanity, a breach of his duty. Mr. Adams quietly kneeled down, and was heard to say "Lord be merciful," mingled with the responsive "Amen," from the other gentlemen.

When Aunt Millie closed her prayer, Senator Morroe's face wore a smile, to be seen only on the face of one in close touch with the Holy Spirit.

He tried to raise his hand; but his strength was too near gone, and he could only raise his fingers, to bid good-bye to all present.

Mr. Adams came forward with the others and warmly grasped the hand of the dying man. "Now, mammie," whispered the sick man, "I want you and all—the servants—in the house—to sing. Sing my dear old—spiritual—guide,—while your—boy—goes—through the valley—of the—shadow—of death."

Aunt Millie, Uncle Peter and the other house servants gathered about the bed. Aunt Millie led this song through her tears, "Jesus meet me at the river, here is another soul to cross." Then the others joined in the chorus: "Come over the river, boatman," etc.

His eyes were turned heavenward, and his hands were clasped over his breast. As the last verse came soft and sweet from his devoted servants, his hands fell heavy at his side and all present knew that the end had come.

Rev. Adams and Doctor Gillispie returned home.

Attorney Lawson and his clerk remained until Uncle Peter went for, and returned with the undertaker.

Two days after the death, the funeral came. Beside a very large attendance of white friends, he was followed

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by one hundred and sixty-five ex-slaves, who were bewailing the loss of their indulgent master.

Although those servants were now free, and with sufficient means to start life for themselves, they hung about the old homestead like children, as though they expected their master to return to them again, and give orders for the beginning of their new life. Poor little Maudelle was wholly undone. She often slipped away, and spent hours at the grave of her father, which was in the old family graveyard, a few hundred yards from the house. But the loss of her father, friend "and genial companion," was comparatively nothing, to the life which lay before her, to be told in the next chapters.

CHAPTER V.

A PREMONITION OF DANGER.

A FEW days after the death of the Senator Morroe, Mary took the timely precaution to place all her valuable papers in the hands of Mr. Lawson, her attorney, as a means of safe guard against fire or robbery. (It was well she did.)

For forty-eight hours, Mary had been arranging her business with all possible haste, preparatory to leaving the plantation, and moving North, for personal safety, and educational facilities for Maudelle.

Moreover, Mr. Lawson had informed her that the white people were greatly excited, and highly incensed against her, for being the almost direct cause of Senator Morroe's death.

He also said that the sentiment among the common people for revenge by lynching, had gone beyond the control of the cool and more considerate citizens.

True to that instinctive forewarning of a woman's sensitive nature, which seldom, if ever, gives her the wrong information, on matters of self-preservation, Mary felt the approaching danger which she knew that nothing could avert if she remained within reach of its fury.

As another proof of apprehension, she had seen a great many half-intoxicated men running their horses on the pike, and flourishing their pistols as they passed the house, and making those wild exciting whoops, and yells, which were common to the reckless roughs. She had seen, and heard these threatening demonstrations before, when some human life was to be sacrificed.

But until then, she was sheltered safely behind the strong and formidable arm of a master, whose power was seem-

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ingly invincible, and whose authority in the community was never questioned. As a man of means and influence, he was one of the most important factors in that part of the state.

But now, her defender was dead, and her condition had reversed itself, and she was not as secure from imminent danger, as a common field-hand.

Her previous advantage as mistress of the Morroe mansion was all the more the cause of hatred and attack by the lower element of the whites.

This was her share of the sin of an immoral life, returning to strike back at her with deadly aim, or like a wounded serpent in the act of self-destruction.

Vice has its reward as much so as virtue, each of which will come back to the individual in exact measure for measure.

After hurriedly packing such things as were absolutely necessary for the journey of her and Maudelle, she sent word to Mr. Lawson, her attorney, at five o'clock in the evening, that she was all ready, and would leave the plantation at daybreak the next morning.

Mother and daughter felt as though the next day was removed from them by months, rather than but twelve hours.

Mary had made Maudelle her companion and trusty confidant, as had her father also, so that the girl of seven years of age, understood all the inward and outward working of the household as well as her parents.

In addition to this, her father had told her of the relation she sustained to the white and colored race, and the information had become of practical use to her, much sooner than either expected.

Thus Maudelle was enabled to enter into her mother's fear of foul dealing, and was cognizant of the irritating cause of alarm. These wonderful revelations and rapidly,

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changing scenes and varied conditions, following so close upon each other within the last few days, had removed the little, merry, prattling girl, with all her childish notions, to calm reflections which more properly belonged to those many years older.

Serious meditation had taken the place of merriment, sighs of distress, that of laughter, despondency, that of hope, fear, that of ease and contentment. So that Maudelle was never a child again.

As the day drew to a close, and the sun slowly settled below the horizon, to be gone twelve hours—twelve hours leadened with consternation for Mary and Maudelle.

Mother and child bid the friendly King of Day good-bye through tears, with but little hope of ever seeing the light of another day.

They watched the last touches and tints of high lights, penciled by nature, upon the broken outlines of the distant foliage. Then when all had faded out and left only a black line between earth and sky, it was like being left alone on a depopulated island in midocean; when the last friend had departed not to return.

As the darkness grew deeper and blacker, and familiar objects began to part with their definite outlines, and assume fantastic forms with hideous disproportioned parts, which seemed to come on with threatening gestures, their breathing became faster and more labored, and their hearts beat quicker in response to the affrighted soul.

Now that it was dark, Mary reproached herself that she had not taken Maudelle and gone to the forest for the night.

She felt that the forest offered more safety among wolves, bears and wild cats, with one friendly dog, than to be pent up in a room which seemed more like a human slaughter-house, than a place of safe guard.

But the thought of going to the forest had come too late to be of use, there was no better place now than up to

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that dreaded room, and watch, wait, and hope for another day.

There seemed to be an unusual stillness pervading the apartment.

Of course the merry laugh and bird-like song of Maudelle had not been heard since the death of her father.

But somehow, on this particular evening, there was a suppressed and death-like hush never felt before.

The only thing to be heard in the room was the cluck, cluck, cluck, of the wooden clock, and the noise of whose machinery, seemed to be intensified ten fold when it struck the hour.

Mother and child sat in the dark room, rather than have light to give notice of their presence in the house.

Their communication was carried on in whispers.

At the bark of a dog, they were startled and drew closer together as the two sat on the same chair in breathless silence, expecting something worse to follow the friendly warning of the watch dog.

Worn out by the hurry and fatigue of the day's packing, and then weary of watching for an attack at any moment that night, the two dropped off to sleep in each other's arms, and awoke only when alarmed by the old clock which hammered out half the night, with twelve strokes. Safe so far, they decided to go to bed and watch there, until near morning, and then steal an hour's sleep.

The two then fell upon their knees and resigned themselves to God's care.

The evening devotion was customary under all circumstances; but on this particular night the affrighted souls gave up new and pathetic impulses from the deepest recesses of their hearts.

On the part of the mother, there was a clean, open unfoldment of every known sin, (and mother-like), willing to be sacrificed if her child could be saved. The prayers

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of mother and child were made without words. The prayer consisted in the sweet, trusty, truthful, confiding, silent language of heaven, of which God was interpreter, and not a thought, or the smallest fraction of a thought was lost.

Once in bed the two were soon lost in sleep, and also lost to each other forever in this world, despite all effort to ward off sleep and watch through the night. I say "lost to each other," because Jake, the negro traitor, was at that hour, skulking about their bedroom door, watching them off to sleep, while the two assassins were on their way—and nearing the house with implements of death in their hands, and mother and daughter embraced, kissed, and bid good night and never saw each other's face again.

CHAPTER VI.

A FAVORABLE NIGHT FOR A DARK DEED.

As the full moon looked out above a dark, uneven outline of the forest trees, and poised gracefully between the tree tops, and a dark blue bank of slowly creeping clouds, which stretched across the eastern sky, two men were seen to emerge from a bit of woods and cautiously peer out right and left, and then drew back a step or two. After whispering to one another for a few minutes, they stepped quickly from the woods, and like cats crossing an open street, they dodged across the two hundred yards of open land to a clump of bushes and secreted themselves beneath the low boughs of a birch. A minute later, a third man was seen hurrying along half bent under the bank of a ravine, and then to suddenly disappear in the deep gorge. He was next seen to climb up the opposite side, and slip along the undergrowth and join the two men under the birch. The three men could be heard mumbling together for a minute, then all was deathly silence. Next was heard the approaching footsteps of a fourth person on the hard road. When he came near the clump of bushes he stopped, gave a low hiss through his teeth, which was in like manner responded to by one of the men under the birch. He was evidently expected and the hiss was the signal agreed upon. He leaped the fence and joined the other three.

Just then the moon broke away from the embrace of the clouds and shoved her broad, full face through the thin places of the foliage, and poured a silvery flood in the faces of the four men, three of whom were white and one black. Two of the white men were of rather low build,

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poorly dressed, and had the appearances of hard usage. The third white man who was the last comer, was a well-dressed, tall, straight, graceful and scholarly-looking gentleman, evidently an ill misfit for his comrades. The black man was one of the lowest orders of his race, ready to engage in anything mean. He was the bass note in the quartette. One would be forced to judge from the great disparity in the gentlemanly appearance of the one, and rough garb of the other three, that it was a case in which mental and moral superiority had surrendered its rights and descended to the lowest strata of humanity, in order to become accessory to some dark plot. A few minutes' interview, and the black man was motioned aside, while the three whites held a whispered council for ten or fifteen minutes.

The tall man drew from his pocket a document which he read to the other two by the light of a wax match. Then followed a few minutes more of low mumbling, which often approached to angry growls. There was evidently some sharp points of disagreement, or stern hitch in the paper upon which they radically differed.

At length, as though all restraint of secrecy was thrown off, the tall man snarled out between his teeth, "By George, boys, you are devilish hard I think."

"I think not, Mr. Adams," said one of the men in the same tone. "Ten thousand dollars is a very small portion of three hundred thousand dollars, since we have all the bloody work to do, and take the chance of exposure and getting our necks broke."

"That is true enough," said Mr. Adams, "but confound it, I am to pay five thousand dollars in advance, then take the risk which may end in total failure."

"Your risk, sir, is not so great as ours. We risk our lives and liberty against your money, and by thunder, may lose both," retorted the man.

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"O well, what does a poor white man's or a nigger's life amount to anyway?" said Mr. Adams.

"I know that we poor dogs have but little claim to life, but that has its value while it lasts," said the rough.

"Four thousand down, and four thousand when everything is completed, what do you say to that?" said Mr. Adams.

"How does that strike you, Jim?" said the other rough.

"It is too d— cheap; but let her go," said Jim.

Another wax match was struck and the paper signed by the parties. Mr. Adams drew from his pocket a large roll of bank notes, sat down on the grass and motioned the other two to join him. He then counted the money and passed it over to one of the men who recounted it.

"Is it all there?" said Mr. Adams.

"It is," said the man.

"Very well," said Mr. Adams, "you have my money, and I want your unwavering service. Success depends wholly upon the skill and daring adventure of you fellows. Look well to the secure covering of your tracks. You must move as noiselessly as a ghost, and with the determination of a demon chasing a soul. Report to me if the plans miscarry. If you are caught and condemned to die for your crimes, you are not to betray me; if you do—mark my words—I will turn it on you and will laugh in your faces when your necks are to be broken. If all goes well, report to me at once and I will pay the balance agreed upon."

"But suppose—," was all that could be understood, the balance of the sentence of the man Jim, fell below the ear and was lost, but one may guess what it was by the audible answer of Mr. Adams.

"O, of course, of course, dispatch them both sooner than fail. The papers are worth more to me than the lives of two niggers are to the world."

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"Good night, boys. Don't let the sun rise on an unfinished job." Looking at his watch by the light of a match, "You have more than three hours yet before you go on your mission. Good night, and success to you," said he, as he strode away and disappeared in the shadow of the bushes.

A low hiss by one of the men was answered in person by the black man, who had been waiting a hundred yards away.

"Look here, old nigger, can we depend on you to do your part of this job?" said one of the ruffians.

"Yo' sho kin gemmin, and dat's squar' goods," said the negro.

"Do you think you have got your part of the work straight in that darned old woolly head?" said the rough.

"I sho is fo' de Lo'd. He, he, he, and dat's squar'," said the negro.

"Rehearse it over to us," said they.

"Hurs you say? What's daf hurs mean gemmin?" said the negro.

"Tell it over to us, you old cuss," said one of the roughs.

"O yes, I see, I see. He, he, he, well sah, dat's what hurs mean. Ha, gemmin, you must sho talk old Kentuck to me or I'se no whar wid you and dat's squar'," said he.

The negro then went over in details that part of the work he was expected to do. It was so cold blooded, and utterly inhuman to one of his own race, that one of the men whom they addressed as Jim, looked on the negro with a scowl of contempt on his face. The other white man who was as heartless and as low in the scale as the negro, shook his finger in the negro's face and said, "now old coon remember well, there is no go back and live. Let heaven smile or hell frown and flash its hot flames in your face it is onward, onward, though we swim through blood and tears, there is no return. If you feel any childish compunction of conscience, speak now."

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"Dar yo' go wid a nudder high flutin'. What's punction mean boss?" said the negro.

"You d— old wooden-headed ape," said the ruffian. "I mean away with all feeling of pity for man, woman or child. I mean away with all fear of God or the devil. I mean we are to have neither hearts nor souls of men that can be touched by appeals for mercy, until our work is done and done well. We are from this hour, wild beasts sniffing the midnight air for blood, warm blood, child's blood, whose sinless soul needs no forewarning for its taking off. We will, if we must—nicely and gently cut its throat, and return its spirit to its God before it becomes contaminated and defiled like its old mother. In that we will be benefactors deserving of the benediction of the world. Ha, Jim, ain't that so, old boy?" slapping his comrade on the shoulder. The speech was made with wild vehemence.

"Bravity O! bravity O!" said the negro, "Dat was a sho nuff speech—I doggy; gemmin, uf I cud spoke like dat, I wood be in congoss afo chrimus, or I'd be president ub de hole Kentuck nation. Does you har me gemmin? dat's squar' fo' de Lo'd. Fust place, gemmin, I'se gwine to sho' yo' why I'se gwine to stick wid yo'. Yo' see Mary is a stuck-up yellor nigger, and she thinks she's better'ern we blacks on's. Dat makes me mad and jist hate a yellor nigger, gemmin you kin see dat sho."

"Hold on, hold on, old rack," said one of the men, "you are lying like a dog. You have had four wives in seven years, and each one was a yellow woman. How do you account for that?"

The negro scratched his head, and wiped his mouth with his sleeve and then said, "Well, gemmin, yo' see, yo' see, I, I, well, I was getting 'venge, don't you see? he, he, he, dat's squar' goods sho."

"You black devil, you are ahead. Go home and be

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on the lookout for us. It is now half after nine, we will be there on time," said one of the men.

"All right, gemmin, I, I, habs things ready for you as sho's my name's Jake Cobb, and dat's squar' goods sho."

The two white men went their way and the negro man to the Morroe mansion.

As the fowls bespoke the turn of the night, and all Nature relaxed again into a death-like slumber, Sam Dobson and Jim Bowler, the two white ruffians, were seen to emerge from the log hut which stood on the bank of a bayou, overgrown with cotton wood, upon which climbed the wild grape and muscadine. The night was cool enough for frost, which made heavy clothing comfortable.

"A favorable night for a dark deed," said Sam, as the two walked out into the yard with faces partially muffled and old blankets about their shoulders.

"Yes," said the other, "It is just the night for our mission and I feel as brave as the devil."

Jim carried a spade under his arm and swung an unlit lantern in the other hand. Sam carried a bottle of chloroform wrapped in a dirty towel, and a dangerous looking knife sheathed in a leather belt about his waist.

As the two hasten along down the west bank of the bayou, conversing in an undertone, and then were silent as though each one was busy with his own dark thoughts, until Sam broke the silence.

"Do you know, Jim," said he, "I believe that old nigger will crawfish when he begins to reflect on the enormity of the crime in which he is to take part."

"Never, never," said Jim. "I know the nature of a nigger too well, to apprehend any danger of that kind. When niggers are once enlisted on your side, they are the most trustworthy people in the world for a white man to take into his confidence. No consideration can induce them to betray him; if they were as true to their own race,

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as they are to the whites, no power could long suppress them. Of course this does not apply to all. There are negroes who have as much race pride, and as high a sense of honor as white men have. Jake is of a low type, and removed from a wild tribe of Africa by but one generation. I believe that the further off the nigger gets from his native wild, the more he will become like the white man, and in the distant future, will lose his native African identity altogether. I say this because I grew up with negroes; in fact I was nursed at the breast of a black woman, and knew her as my mammie and with all the tender affection of a child for its true mother."

"Then you think Jake will not give us away, do you?" said Sam.

"Give us away, no, my life for it," said Jim. By this time the two men had reached the outside fence of the Morroe plantation, over which they leaped and walked rapidly towards the house.

"I hope the moon will stay behind that cloud until we get across this open field," said Jim.

At that time the moon was thirty minutes or thereabout past meridian, and seemed to be laboring hard to work her way through the dense black cloud in order to light up the world and warn the unsuspecting inmates at the Morroe mansion of their approaching danger.

In twenty minutes more they had reached the orchard and were skulking along on the shady side of the hedge fence, with blankets drawn closer about their shoulders, and their slouch hats pulled down over their faces. Then picking their way cautiously and carefully to the garden. They crept along the pailings half bent, until they had reached the smoke house, in the shadow of which they stopped to listen, and to assure themselves that the dogs were out of the way, as Jake, the negro, had promised they should be.

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"All seems to be clear and is still as the grave," said Sam. Just then a big thing jumped through the picket fence behind Jim. "Damn the thing," he said, as he sprang forward.

"Hush you fool, it's nothing but a damned old cat."

"Ah, by the gads—a murderer, Sam, is the biggest coward on earth, he looks through his blood-stained conscience and a mouse becomes as alarming to him as a lion would to an innocent man," said Jim.

"To h— with such talk and on to business," said Sam.

The two crept cautiously along on the dark side of the kitchen to the gallery which lead to the private office. Here they stopped again. A groan was heard. Jim shuddered. Sam punched him in the ribs. "It is a cow in the lot, you cursed fool," said he.

"I know it," said Jim, "but,——"

They stepped upon the gallery and soon gained the office window on which Sam gave three little taps. The door swung back and Jake pushed his head out. "I told you that the nigger would not fail us," said Jim.

"Dat yo' gemmin?" said Jake.

"It is us," said Sam. "How are things?" said he.

"Things squar', gemmin, de old gal and de young on', dead sleep, so dey is. Come in," said Jake.

The two men stepped into the office, pulled off their shoes, laid off their blankets, and lit their lantern. Sam took from his pocket a handful of goose quills, which had been cut square at each end. These quills he telescoped together, which made a tube thirty-five or forty inches long. He motioned to Jake to lead the way. Jake, with brace and bit in hand, lead them through the archway into the main hall, ascended a flight of winding stairs, thence along the upper hall a few paces, when Jake stopped, and pointed at the door of a room.

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Jim put his ear to the keyhole in the door. He listened a minute, then whispered, "All is well." Jake applied the bit to the thin panel of the door through which he soon made a hole one-fourth of an inch in diameter. Into this hole, Sam ran the quill-tube and poured chloroform into it by means of a small funnel. The vapor of the drug was gently blown into the room. This was kept up until the air in the room was heavily surcharged with the drug and a deep distressed breathing was heard. Then came a whining and a struggling as if one was being choked. Another charge of the chloroform was poured into the tube; then there came from the inmates, death-like moans, which continued for a few minutes and then died away to nothing.

"They are safe," said Sam. Jake thrust the blade of a chisel between the door and casing, and with a wrench, the lock gave way and the door swung back to admit the assassins.

There lay Mary and Maudelle, her child, as though dead, wholly at the mercy of the villains.

Sam walked up to the bed and threw the light in their faces. "Ah, ha, by gannie; we have got you, you old Hessian. You are our meat, and unless we find your papers, we will send you and your brat skyward this night," said he.

"Bravity O! bravity O! dat squar' sho," said Jake.

"Now, boys, get about your work, while I feed this calf and her old mammie on chloroform. Go through the house from garret to cellar, explore inch by inch as you go. Quick and thorough work is the password. Away boys, and report to me any cause for alarm," said Sam.

Jim and Jake began the search for Morroe's will and other papers of value.

Sam kept watch at the bedside, and kept up the administration of chloroform to the two victims.

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Drawers, trunks, boxes, closets and every available place likely to conceal anything of value, were burst open and searched. Even beds were ripped open and their contents emptied on the floor. Carpets were torn up, plastering broken off, and the cellar floor dug up from end to end.

But alas, it was a two hours' fruitless search and Jim returned to Sam to report his ill luck.

"Well, what news, Jim?" said Sam.

"Bad news—not a d— thing can be found," said Jim.

"The h— you say," said Sam, whose eyes flashed the fiery venom of disappointment. "Then to hell with them," said he, as he jerked a knife from his belt and with teeth gnashing, and a stamp of the foot, he sent the keen blade seething into the breast of the child. Jim turned his head away as he heard the blade grating against the bone, as he thought which made him shrug his shoulders and sigh deeply.

This showed after all, that there was a tender chord of sympathy for the negro which could be touched when punishment became inhuman. Jim was a Southern man and Sam a Northern man. Sam was as cold blooded and unfeeling as a bull dog. Both men were rough and uncouth; but Jim had a warm zone in his nature to which his manhood appealed and got a response. Jim had shared the milk of a black boy, at the breast of a black woman and he was manly enough to be grateful.

When the knife struck a hard substance, the blade was broken off. "D— the luck," said Sam, as he sent the bladeless hilt crashing through a window pane.

Having no weapon at hand with which to dispatch Mary he seized a chair, swung it back and brought it down, aiming at the face of the woman, with all his might.

Fortunately the legs of the chair struck the head-board of the bed—and was crashed to pieces, but which broke the force of the blow before it struck her face.

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The boisterous conduct of Sam had disturbed Aunt Millie and Uncle Peter, who slept in the kitchen loft. As the two old people came hurrying up the back steps, Sam grabbed the child and stuck it under his arm and motioned to Jim and Jake to take Mary. Jim seized her by the feet, dragged her off the bed and made a mad dash for the door but as Jake had extinguished the light, Jim fell backward over a chair and lost his hold.

By this time the old folks were entering the back door of the room with light in hand.

The men made their way down the front stairs, jumping three or four steps at a time. "That's h—," said Sam, who stood in the private office with the child hanging limp under his arm.

Jake suggested that he, run upstairs and pretend that the disturbance had just awakened him, and that he had just come from his cabin in the yard.

"Good enough," said Sam, "go, and let us hear from you tomorrow night at the ravine."

"I'll sho do dat, gemmins," said he and then hurried up stairs, while Jim and Sam made off with their load.

We must now leave these scenes at the Morroe mansion for a few minutes, and follow the two murderers to the forest in haste, to note the disposition they proposed to make of the child's body.

It was now two o'clock in the morning, the moon was just going behind the tall forest trees, which cast their long, lank shadows that were broken by the dull, dim light of the lantern, which Jim had lit as they entered the underbrush.

As the two men left the open field and plunged into the black frowning forest, breaking the dry brush beneath their feet, the cat owls were disturbed and set up a hideous "Hoo, hoo, hoo, are you?"

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Then came the answer from hundreds of feathered throats which would have made the hair stand erect on the head of one unfamiliar with these birds. Jim led the way, swinging the dim lantern in one hand, and carrying a spade in the other. Sam followed with the child's body hanging limp under his arm. Her hands dangled among the long hair which hung loose, dragging briars and brush along, or was pulled out by the roots, by the more obstinate obstructions. Her pale face, her half open eyes, and blood-stained night dress, made a picture which would have struck horror to the bravest heart.

Having gone a mile or more into the thickest, and most unfrequented part of the forest, the men stopped. Sam chucked the body down beside a dead log on which he sat chewing away at a cud of cheap tobacco. Jim turned up the light in the lantern, set it on the log, and began digging a grave on the opposite side of the log.

"It beats the devil, Jim, we did not get that old nigger wench as well as her kid," said Sam.

"Yes, that is so, since the stipulations were that we were to get the papers or both the child and mother dead or alive," said Jim.

"By gannie, we will have that d—n old hen yet unless she has got a better pair of wings than her brat," said Sam.

"Well li tle gal your bed is ready for you," said Jim, as he stepped out of the finished hole in the ground.

Just then a low, smothered moan was heard—seeming to proceed from the ground at the feet of the men. "What in the thunder is that?" said Jim.

"A d—n hog, I guess," said Sam.

Another whining, gurgling noise was heard and the child raised her hand, it clutched the air, trembled, and fell at her side.

"Look, look," cried Jim, as he drew back in alarm pointing his finger at the child's body.

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"Well, I'll be d—n," coolly said Sam, as he rose to his feet. "Just wait a minute and see me help the cursed little pig to die." He stepped aside and broke a big club and came back where the child lay motionless.

He firmly planted his feet in position, raised the club with both hands high in the air above his head, with clenched teeth and demoniac scowl upon his face, taking deliberate aim at the child's head. Just then the trembling little hand went up again.

"Papa, papa, O papa," came piteously from the child, as the voice died away to a fretting cry, and the hand fell again.

Jim turned his head away and drew up his shoulder as though the blow was aimed at him. Standing thus, with head turned, expecting every passing second to hear the club go crashing into the child's skull. The suspense while it lasted, was awful to a man with a human heart.

Seconds, and then minutes passed, then Jim peeped out from under his slouch hat at Sam, who stood in the position of striking. "Strike, Sam, strike, and be done with it," said Jim, showing his impatience at the terrible suspense which had lasted for several minutes.

"O my God, I can't strike," said Sam, muttering through his clenched teeth like one seized with a congestive chill.

"Can't strike, why what is the matter?" said Jim, as he looked Sam in the face, whose eyes were still fixed, staring at the child's head while not a muscle of his face moved. "Sam, what ails you, man?" excitedly inquired Jim.

"I am seized by invisible hands which hold me as firm as a steel vice. Great God, Jim, I believe I am turning to stone—I am colder than death," muttered Sam.

The words did not appear to come from the mouth, but rather from the whole body, for the pale, ashy lips

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were motionless and firmly pinched together. The face had lost its features, and wore a blank, lifeless, pale hue, like petrified substance. The hands had turned black under the terrible pressure. His hat slowly raised from his head and rolled down his back, and fell to the ground like a lump of lead.

There stood the man with uplifted club in the attitude of striking the deadly blow, but was firmly grasped in the clutches of a powerful apparition.

The lantern which sat on the log beside the child, burning brightly, began to sputter, sputter, and hiss, then flickered and finally flashed out.

The moon which seemed to be in a tangle with the forest trees, at once slipped in behind a black cloud and left nothing visible but Sam and the body of the child in a circle of light perhaps fifteen feet in diameter.

Jim trembling with fear, dropped his spade and took to his heels.

"O Jim, Jim, for God's sake don't leave me, don't leave me," piteously cried Sam. Jim halted fifty yards off and crouched down behind a big tree trunk, peering out at Sam through the inky darkness.

The entire forest became one universal hush, one sepulchral stillness which was wofully painful, that made the ears ache and sense recoil.

This awful oppressive ten or fifteen minutes of quiet was at last broken by the thump, thump, of Sam's heart, which was plainly heard from Jim's hiding place. The heart mauled, mauled, mauled, lower and faster as though it would break through the breast. Then came deep moans which seemed to proceed from the internal center of the earth, and then to slowly work its way to the surface of the ground, then all was again silent for a minute. Next could be heard a distant roaring like the breaking of billows on the banks of a remote sea.

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The noise came nearer, nearer, and more terrific, until the great bulky earth was felt to sway and trembled like a great animal in the throes of death.

Every leaf, every blade of grass, bush, tree and limb was thrown into violent commotion.

The bats and small birds swarmed out of their hiding places and cut wild, frantic evolutions in the darkness, chirping and screeching as though seized with pains of death. Owls dashed pell mell through the trees with eyes spitting fire and with hideous yells.

The bear, the wolf, the wild cat and other forest animals, with nostrils distended and hair erect, dashed by headlong, kicking the leaves and brush behind them, howling and bellowing as they went.

Great tongues of fire shot up from the troubled earth to meet the fiery, jagged points which were hurled down from the black sky. Long, keen-looking blades flew thick and rapid through the air. One seemed to cut Sam in half literally. The parts went asunder and exposed his black, murderous heart, which gaped and strained as though it would speak. It then began to heave, heave, and then vomited black blood and the mangled remains of a child in every respect like the child which lay on the ground. Then came a frightful wailing of Sam's gaping heart—"My God! my God! O Lord, Lord, have mercy! O, forgive, forgive me for the awful crimes! pardon, O God, pardon me for the bloody assault upon this innocent child!"

The cold sweat ran down Jim's face and fell like leaden bullets at his feet. He was holding fast to the tree trunk and sobbing bitterly.

Sam, or rather Sam's heart, continued to cry in a voice that resounded away out into the deep, distant, blackness of the night. The wailing was then caught up by the whirling gust and tossed heavenward. At once there came a peaceful, calm hush. Sam's body reunited. The

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lantern which sat on the log began to sputter and hiss, hiss, as though blown with a blow pipe.

At first a spark snapped, snapped, and then hundreds like those from a sky rocket, followed by a brilliant light which lit up the forest for hundreds of yards around.

The club dropped from Sam's hands, his arms fell at his side and he sank down on his knees, as helpless as a baby. His head hung upon his breast, which rose and fell violently, agitated by heavy breathing.

Jim crept from his hiding place and ventured back to Sam, who was by this time dragging himself to his feet.

"O my God, Jim, let us get away from this dreadful place," said Sam.

Jim grabbed the lantern and spade, while Sam tenderly took the child's body in his arms, and the two men disappeared in the deep bosom of the Kentucky forest.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GHOST OF SIN.

THE pen picture in Chapter Six, which is so highly colored, and filled with supernatural objects thrown upon the innocent right, at the grave of Maudelle in the forest explains itself to an intelligent reader.

These terrible sights seen and felt by the two assassins, were only inward tortures of mind and conscience, which could have no reality, or an outward expression to the vision of an innocent person.

These men had already received a portion of their blood money, and they were greedily thirsting for the other half, which depended on successful robbery, or the sacrifice of two innocent human lives.

The contract between the two ruffians, Rev. Noah Adams and hell, had been written, signed, and sealed, and all the powers of the Universe were dared to attempt to stay the execution.

From the moment these men designed in their hearts to commit the crime for which they contracted, they were guilty of murder. At the grave in the forest, the conscience only gave an outpicturing of the crime; in fact the blood-stained conscience could evolve nothing else but a true likeness of its own sin.

The black shadows and leering demons which fill up the field of distorted vision, are the self-created offsprings of the dark deeds of the heart and hands, which materializes in the mind.

The criminal, would up and flee from his own blood-bespattered conscience, rather than stand and fight the

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frightful ghost of his own black sins. But conscience is the inseparable and largest part of self. It is the judge, the heaven or hell within, and not without, as many persons so much dread.

The conscience is the tale teller of the human soul, it has eyes within and without; it never sleeps nor dozes; it does not go off duty until life is wound up.

Macbeth saw, or thought he saw, a dagger tipped with blood suspended in the air, in the room of King Duncan, whom he was going to kill. Also he saw the ghost of Banquo enter the banquet hall, and take Macbeth's seat at table; yet the ghost was visible to no one but Macbeth.

There are those who believe that judgment and retribution for sin in all its phases, is suspended until after death, or at a final parting of body and soul, which will bring them face to face with their God.

But what a reasonable person will dread most, is that eternal *vow*, while the consequences of all the secret dark deeds of life, take frightful shape, and gaze down into the innermost soul.

That ever-present *vow*, which moves with man on parallel lines, whether he would have it so or not, and carries along with him the thoughts and deeds of every hour.

That inseparable *vow* which bears one's sins upon its naked bosom, so that each actor may translate for himself the evil things recorded against him.

Mankind may repent with faces in the dust, and feel the better for it, but the memory will retain the impressive recollections through life.

Or, like a severe burn in the flesh, the wound may heal, the pain cease, but the ugly scar will remain as a trophy of misfortune.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HEART BROKE.

WE can follow Maudelle no further into the lonely forest. The fact is we are truly glad to get away from those dreadful scenes which almost unbalance the mental faculties, and render the human mind a worthless blank through life.

We are glad to come back again into the open field, where we may breathe a purer, and more genial atmosphere. We will hasten back to the Morroe mansion for the purpose of informing the reader what has developed during our absence of a few hours.

When Uncle Peter and Aunt Millie entered Mary's room, and found her lying on the floor in an unconscious condition, the sheets stained with blood and the child gone, they were struck with consternation. Jake came running up stairs with hat and coat off, puffing, gasping, and feigning great alarm and surprise.

Uncle Peter ran down to the quarters which were situated two or three hundred yards from the mansion or "Big House," as the negroes called it,) and roused the hands.

The house was soon alive with more than a hundred anxious, inquiring men and women, who with clubs, hoes, axes, and knives in hand, went through the house and out-building searching for, and threatening vengeance upon the robbers and murderers.

What surprised them most, was, that the dogs were locked in the barn, and the keys in their proper place. Upon a rigid investigation, everyone could give an account of himself, except Jake. He, like most all guilty persons, trying

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to lie out, told two tales on a close cross-examination, which would have cost him his life, but for Uncle Peter, whose counsel was always taken.

Jake saw he had no one's sympathy, and could expect no quarters from his accusers, in whose stern faces he read his death warrant.

Uncle Peter, and two or three of the older and wiser heads, took Jake aside, and gave him his choice, either to tell the truth, or be given into the hands of the mob. Upon his knees appealing for protection, he made a clean breast of the whole affair.

"Now, Jake, I 'vise you to git off de plantation quick as you kin," said Uncle Peter.

Jake made off for the woods, while the old folks returned to the house to report their findings.

"No', child'en," said Peter. "uf Jake done jine robbers to do all dis meanness agin Marse George's folks, and him done dead, den I tell you de Lode will shoo punish Jake quick nuff. 'Vengeance mine,' say de Lowd. Jake done fall in powefull hands, and we better gin him up to God, but uf you go cotch Jake, kill him, you den be murderers, and is bad is Jake, so God will have that agin you, so child'en, let Jake go and God will find him, and shoo deal wid him better'en you kin."

The advice had its effect, and Jake was allowed to escape until overtaken by the hand of One Who never loses sight of an offender.

It was not until seven o'clock the next evening that Mary had partially recovered from the overdose of chloroform, and had begun slowly realizing her condition.

The first inquiry of course, was for Maudelle, and when she was told of the attempted robbery, and the murder of the child, she sprang to her feet, and bitterly cried, "My God! my God! is it possible?" Then she rapidly paced the room a dozen or more times, and then with

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one and only one, deep, distressed, internal moan, and she was silent.

Her steps became faltering and unsteady, she finally stopped, staggered backward, as though stabbed in the breast, then the body swayed forward, then with outstretched arms, she dropped into a seat, with eyes wide open, seemingly gazing at nothing through the open window.

There was a tremendous muscular tremor which violently shook her body, and involuntarily jerked it forward to an erect and rigid posture.

The hands were clenched so tightly together, that the nails of the fingers cut deep into the flesh.

Neither the movement of a muscle, or the pulsation of the heart gave any visible sign of life.

The face slowly assumed a pale, ashy, bloodless pallor. The eyes, wide open, had changed from that animated lustre of life, to a dull, leaden hue, seemingly as fixed and immovable as if cut from stone. The lips were pinched together, as though hermetically sealed, while the teeth were heard to grate and gnash under the terrible pull of the facial muscles.

A flood of tears might have relieved the heart of that congestive and unbearable crisis.

But the grief was too intense for tears, the fountain of the soul had become suddenly engorged, collapsed and closed forever.

The surcharge of agony was too much for the capacity of woman's heart, it could not longer sustain the overdrawn tension it strained—it broke, and the beautiful mother of Maudelle was dead.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LOST FOUND AFTER SEVEN YEARS.

IN the year of 1859, or seven years after the tragic ending of the Morroe family, a tall, fine looking gentleman of perhaps fifty-five years of age, was seen slowly striding back and forth in the massive pillared rotunda of the St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans.

It was the day after the usual Spring Mardi Gras.

The city was full of strangers, many of whom were spending a day or two sight-seeing after the festivities of the occasion.

"What will you do with yourself to-day, doctor?" said a smooth-faced gentleman to the other.

"I have about decided to take this one hundred and eighty pounds of avoirdupois to see the French Market," said the doctor.

"Good place to kill time I guess," said the smooth-faced man.

"Where will you go?" said the doctor.

"To Lake Ponchartrain," said the smooth-faced man.

The two gentlemen promised to give each other a detailed account of their day's finding, and thus went their way. Circumstances so arranged it, that it was several years after that morning, before the opportunity came for the doctor to give an account to the smooth-faced man, (Rev. Dr. Brownwell), of his observations in the French Market.

His adventures will be told in his own words, as near as memory can reproduce them:

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"It was perhaps half after nine o'clock in the morning when I reached that much-talked-of French Market.

"Either people have overdrawn the wonders of the place or I was not in the proper mood to appreciate what I saw.

"To me everything seemed to be in a hopeless, bewildering confusion. I say hopeless confusion, because it appeared to me to be impossible for the numerous proprietors with stalls so closely jammed together, to know their goods one from the other.

"All classes, colors and conditions of people were buying, selling, eating, drinking, talking bad English and many jabbering worse French.

"However, there was somehow, an inviting neatness and open-hearted friendliness pervading the place, which is not usually seen in some of our markets in the East.

"Women with clean, white aprons and neat headdresses, from under which beautiful, dark brown eyes peeped out at the passers by.

"If I made the least halt before a stall, those Southern beauties were on the alert to sell me something, and when I declined to buy, they would pout their pretty mouths in modest disappointment, and seize the next victim at hand.

"My attention was particularly attracted to a very richly dressed, and remarkably fine looking lady, whose speech and address bespoke for her rare culture and refinement. She was buying the choicest dainties of the market, paying for them from a well-filled purse, and dropping them into a large basket which hung on the arm of a shabbily and sparingly-dressed girl, whose hair was cut boy fashion. Why, I said to myself, is this great disparity in the apparel of the two?

"Why, I said, does that lady keep piling provisions into the basket without any apparent thought of the load being too heavy for the child.

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"While I was busy with my thoughts, trying to solve the cause of the relative connection of the two, I was somewhat embarrassed to find that I was closely watched by the girl.

"I said to myself, I hope that poor, little ragged thing has not mistaken my sympathy for admiration.

"True enough, hers was not a face for one to pass unnoticed. The sharp black eyes were arched over by heavy semi-circles of well-developed brows, and hemmed about with evenly-adjusted lashes. The nose, the mouth and contour of the face, balanced with such nice exactness, it was a near approach to what the world calls beauty.

"Undoubtedly, there was some kind of an inexplicable, supernatural influence which radiated from that remarkable face, and appeared to fasten itself upon my soul, that struck me with a panic. There was something away back beyond the eyes that wanted to speak out, some tale to be told which had waited long for an audience.

"So earnestly did her eyes follow me, and with such an appealing, forlorn, forsaken expression upon her face, that I was not only embarrassed, but really alarmed. I felt like an escaping criminal under the scrutiny of a detective, who was ready to grab and manacle me.

"Summoning all my self-will, I turned on my heel and walked rapidly away, determined to break the charm and free myself from the meshes of an unwarranted attraction.

"After all, I said to myself, her little heart may be crushed and bleeding under some terrible fate, then it would not be strange, nor out of place for the child to long for one word of sympathy from anyone whose face shows signs of kindness.

"Who knows but the child is deserving of sympathy, and even more material aid?

"Who knows, but what there is beneath that dirty face, those rags, and perhaps sore abrasions of the lash, good

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blood, noble blood which is warming and feeding that little body, and rounding it out into womanhood? Yes, womanhood, which may some day assert itself, and break up through the flinty incrustation of human oppressions, (if oppression it is), and come to the front a victorious heroine. Such has been the case, and such may be the case again.

"But why, said I, give myself any concern about the little stranger? I do not know her, I never saw her before and may never see her again.

"True she has a common claim to my human consideration as one member, (a distant member) of the world's great family, and no more.

"If she is fatherless and motherless, and has fallen into cruel hands, I am sorry for it, and that is all of it; so good-bye my little one, and for aught I know, forever.

"I walked away—as I did so, I looked back over my shoulder and was pained to observe the poor little creature wiping away tears with her sleeves. I walked on; but somehow my amusing thoughts did not chase away the haunting image of the little ragged spectre.

"Not only that, but I felt that I was followed by some disembodied spirit, or invisible intelligence, which seemed to say to me 'Return, return, O return;' I looked back over my shoulder with no other expectation than that of seeing an apparition at my heels, with outstretched arms extended imploringly.

"Seeing nothing, I felt ashamed of my weakness for giving credence to such foolish impressions.

"I hastened away from the spot where I had stopped, supposing everyone in sight was gazing at my foolish actions, and had adjudged me to be insane. I turned a corner, feeling satisfied that I was once more in possession of a man's strength of mind.

"I thrust aside the influence which was wont to control me, and walked defiantly on. Was the spell over? No,

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I had gone but a half a dozen steps, and the opposition to my progress became sensibly more formidable than before. I heard, or thought I heard a stern voice in front of me cry 'Halt!' It was so real and commandatory, that I stopped as readily as though confronted by a thousand drawn bayonets.

"Then there came a deathlike whisper which seemed to come from my own heart, saying, 'For God's sake, and that of a helpless, suffering soul, go back.'

"I sensibly felt a gentle pressure of a hand upon my arm pulling me back; but I saw no hand.

"Surely, said I, my mind is off balance, I am going insane. I opened my mouth to give the alarm, but I was restrained—I sensibly felt, or thought I felt a cold finger press my lips. I drew back and thrust my hand out before me, as though to push back the thing with the cold finger. I felt nothing—I saw nothing. I wielded my cane horizontally about me, and tried my uttermost to cry out, but the invisible finger had sealed my lips, and I could only speak within myself.

"Either in a whisper, or a mere thought—Dear Lord, said I, what shall I do? 'Go back,' said my own heart. I answered aloud, I will go with you, so help me God.

"Why I said with you, I do not know; unless it was I recognized the presence of an invisible something with more than ordinary power, which I was willing to obey.

"I wheeled about to retrace my steps—believe me, I have never had such a feeling of absolute relief since the hour of my conversion, as I had then. I said then, as I do now—

"To obey, to obey; is heaven's law, and the greatest virtue of the human heart.

"Back I went to the French Market in search of the poor little soul, about whom I was now so deeply concerned;

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but, why, I could not tell, or even guess. I only knew that I was following an almost tangible influence.

"When I reached the spot where I last saw her, she had gone. Strange as it may seem, I made no halt, nor even looked right or left; but walked rapidly through the market-place, guided as it seemed by the same influence under whose control, I acted without any apparent effort of my own. I saw and felt my feet and limbs moving onward, but I did not realize the least fatigue. I could have gone one hundred miles as easy as one step.

"Although the streets and the market were uncomfortably crowded, but, somehow, everybody appeared to give me the right of way without my asking them, and I pushed forward without the least hindrance.

"Once through the market, and out into the open streets, I hurried on, turning sharp corners and going through strange streets without hesitating as to the right or wrong course, or where I should finally end.

"Of one thing I was confident, that the child was on before me, and that I should overtake her; but what I should then do, was not thought of. Five blocks had been traversed and I felt myself aglow with expectant excitement of seeing her every moment. Turning the corner of the sixth block—there was the now sacred object of my earnest research.

"She was bent over under the heavy load and half trotting to keep up with her proud mistress, who carried nothing but her portemonnaie swinging on her jeweled wrist.

"I kept at a respectful distance behind them, so as not to be observed.

"The thought then came to me to locate the child, and at some other time find out why there was such an affinity between us.

"Three blocks more, and the lady ran up the stoop

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of a brown stone mansion, which presented the appearance of ease and comfort.

"The girl went down a couple of steps to the basement door, and while the two stood waiting the answer of the bell, I walked by and looked the girl full in the face.

"I knew this was a mark of low rudeness for a man of culture, but I felt excused from a sense of a pure motive. I was now the aggressor. I was over-anxious that the distressed little soul might have some comfort in the thought that her interest for me was not altogether without its reciprocation.

"When she saw me, there was a spasmodic tremor in her whole body. Her quivering lips parted, her brows contracted, her eyes filled, and she would have fallen to the ground had she not so quickly balanced herself against the basement wall.

"The lady stood with her back toward me, which gave me a chance to note the number and location of the house without exciting suspicion.

"As I passed on, the poor little thing followed me with her longing eyes suffused with tears which seemed to say, 'Don't leave me.' 'Cheer up, little one,' said I to myself; 'help is nigh.'

"Yet I had no idea what I meant, or what I was going to try to do. All I knew was, from a sensible impression, that she needed help, and that God had somehow assigned me to the work, and I had now determined to stake my life on the effort.

"It was twelve o'clock when I got back to the hotel. I went to my room and spent several hours trying to devise a plan to communicate with the girl. At first, I thought I would buy a stock of books and visit the house as an agent; but said I, the reception of a book agent is not always cordial, and I may not see her at all, and I certainly could not go a second time without being suspicioned.

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"After suggesting a great many impracticable plans and as many times discarding them, I finally dismissed the subject, or at least tried to do so.

"Just then the proper and feasible plan flashed across my mind. I will do it, said I. I will go early tomorrow morning and take my stand within a block of the house and pretend to be busy reading the morning paper, and watch my chance of seeing her come out to sweep, or scrub, or run to the market.

"I knew very well, from her neglected, careworn and distressed appearance, that she was the drudge, the burden bearer, the pack horse for the family, and would be up and at it early.

"Sure enough, when I got in sight of the house next morning, I saw the little bunch of rags down on its knees busy scrubbing the stone steps. I walked boldly toward the house, fired up with indignation and thirsting for war upon the inmates, whom I had pictured as the most cruel and heartless monsters that lived. I noticed that the windows of the house were still closed, which assured me the family were not up.

"By the time I had reached the house, my fighting temper had cooled, and was closely followed by a sensible rebuke of conscience, that fighting was not part of my mission. I suppressed the spirit of combativeness and felt the stronger for it.

" 'Good morning, my little daughter,' said I, in a tone of voice as tender and affectionate and fatherly as I could, that she might not take fright and run from me.

"She wheeled about on her knees and faced me; then quickly tucked her short gown about her bare feet and ankles, and slyly drew her sleeves over her remarkably round, plump arms, bespeaking for her a mark of real, genuine modesty, despite her woful condition. When her eyes met mine, there flashed from them a vivid expression

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of unspeakable joy, which never was my pleasure to see before nor since. It was an expression too full of intense meaning for human interpretation—it was that extreme and last emotional sounding of the soul's greatest depth, either of joy or sorrow, which so often break the heart. But the current of joy flooded, and then ebbed so quickly, that the little heart was unable to sustain the surcharge without an eruption. The countenance changed, and plainly told me of the inward anguish of her soul.

"Tears flowed down her cheeks. They were not tears of sorrow, not tears of joy; neither were they the effects of pain, but they were tears of earnest appeal, tears of hope, tears which were the distillation of seven years of oppression, which now plead with me for mercy.

"I felt all that she felt; but have never yet found words to describe my feeling, and perhaps never will.

"I was moved to sympathy too deep for utterance, and too full for reciprocal tears, but my face bespoke my feeling plainer than words. When the tempest in our two bosoms had partially subsided, she tried to speak, but her throat filled and the effort was lost.

" 'My dear little girl, do you know me?' said I.

" 'I do, sir,' said she.

" 'Who am I?' said I.

" 'Doctor Gillispie,' said she.

" 'Yes, Gillispie is my name, but where did you become acquainted with me?' said I.

" 'At the death-bed of my father,' was the reply.

"She covered her eyes with her hands and was silent, until I broke the stillness with another question. 'Who was your father, my dear child?'

" 'Senator George Morroe, sir,' said she.

" 'Senator George Morroe, and are you Maudelle, his daughter?' I earnestly inquired.

" 'I am, sir,' was the ready reply.

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"Nothing could have astonished me more, for we who knew of the exciting circumstance at the time of Morroe's death, supposed the child to be dead and secreted in some lone, out-of-the-way grave, seven years before. It was too much like a dream. I was inclined to discredit the child's statement as truth. Indeed I opened my mouth to say as much, but somehow, unexpectedly, I said, 'My dear child what can I do for you?'

" 'Please, sir, take me away from these cruel people,' was her choked reply.

" 'Take you away—the Lord being my helper. I will take you away, and the time will not be long when I will do it.'

"With this promise I felt the strength of ability rise up within me, capable of beating back ten thousand opposers, should they come. Reader, try it if you will; form within you a strong resolution to do good, and all heaven will come to your assistance, you will feel it as sensibly as though you saw ten thousand angels encamped about you.

"I was to undertake a mission of mercy, and I felt impressed with a firm belief that God was using me.

"She tried again and again to thank me through her tears, until I forbade any further effort—the trial was enough.

"I saw the dead father's features in the living face of his daughter, and I saw gratitude depicted on her face, as I had seen it in his, on the night of his death, when he, too, tried to thank me for the part I had taken in approving his marriage to Maudelle's mother. 'My dear Maudelle, we can not stand here, we will attract attention, and it might be the means of defeating any plans I may have to get you away from here.' I saw that she expected me to take her with me at once, and when I told her that she would have to wait until I matured plans, she showed signs of sad disappointment.

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“‘Shall I ever see you again?’ said she, in a voice tremulous with fear that the present interview would be the last.

“‘You shall certainly see me again, not longer than to-night. I will write you a letter in which I will fully explain how, and when you are to act,’ said I. ‘I will pass along here to-night at eight o’clock, and if I see you at the basement door, I will drop the letter and pass on; should I not see you, I will know that you have been detained—in that event, I will pass again tomorrow night; in fact, I will pass here every successive night until I do see you,’ said I.

“‘But, doctor, I can’t read writing very well,’ said she. ‘Since I have not been allowed to read or write all these seven years, I have forgotten a great deal my father taught me.’

“‘Can you read printing?’ said I.

“‘O yes, sir,’ she replied.

“‘Then I will have the letter printed,’ I said.

“‘With a positive assurance that I would keep my promise I bade her good-bye.

“‘Somehow I felt satisfied in the thought that God had thus far guided me, and would further the mission of mercy.

“‘If it is true—as some say it is, that the spirits of the dead, in some way exert an influence over the living, I certainly must have been under the control of the spirits of the child’s parents, from the time I saw her in the market, until we met.

“‘My first thought was, after parting with the child, to find some good trustworthy family in whom I could confide, and who would be willing to execute such of my plans as it would be unsafe for me to undertake alone.

“‘The entire forenoon was spent in an indirect way, looking for such a family or friend. With nothing accom-

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plished, I went to my hotel for dinner. My feelings of disappointment must have been plainly imprinted upon my face, for I saw the head waiter eyeing me as I sat at the table balancing my knife upon the end of my fork while waiting for my order to be filled.

"The thought flashed through my mind that he was the man to whom I should unbosom my trouble.

"I gave him a Masonic sign of distress, he responded, and worked his way cautiously among the guests to me.

"I knew it would be unwise to engage him in any lengthy interview under the gaze of so many suspicious spectators; so I merely made an engagement to meet him at his house after the dinner hour.

"Promptly at three o'clock and thirty minutes, I rang the bell at a neat little cottage, into which I was admitted by my friend Sorie's wife, a lady of culture and pleasant address. Mr. Vaurtrine Sorie was an extraction of an old well-known French family, and like Maudelle—was tinged with negro blood.

"He met me warmly and placed himself at my disposal. I requested him to have his wife present, that she, too, might be let into the secret. I told him that in cases like the one in hand, which required great stratagem, I had more faith in the sagacity of woman, than I had in the physical strength of man.

"When I explained to them the condition of the child, who she was, and what I proposed to do for her, they heartily joined me in my project.

"In my letter, I was to direct the child to their house, where she would be taken charge of by Mrs. Sorie, and dressed in a complete suit of boy's clothes. I put sufficient means in Mrs. Sorie's hands, to purchase not only the needed supply of clothes, but also travelling satchel, umbrella, watch and chain, on which I had fixed the name of George M. Gillispie, Boston, Mass.

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"My friends were to take the child (now transformed into a boy), to the depot at twelve o'clock at night and meet the arriving train from the East. They were then to get her among the passengers, and then in the hurry and bustle of the crowd, see that she took the omnibus for the St. Charles Hotel.

"With these arrangements perfected, I returned to the hotel to write the letter to Maudelle, with full instructions for her part of the work.

"It was now after six o'clock in the evening, I dashed off the letter, giving a careful and minute description of the Sorie cottage, the kind of light that would be in the window and the number of taps she must give on the door, what street she was to go through, and how to act, and what to say if stopped by police.

"With everything seemingly satisfactorily finished, I leaned back in my chair to meditate and wait for eight o'clock, which was still an hour and twenty off.

"I must have dozed off and dreamed that I promised to have the letter to Maudelle printed, for I sprang to my feet before I realized what I was about. I seized my hat and dashed out upon the street without so much as a fragment of a thought, or aim or purpose of what to do, or where to go for information.

"What job house in New Orleans could I trust with such an important and dangerous document? Especially dangerous in that year of 1859. I walked on. Go I must, said I, somewhere, anywhere; and perhaps nowhere at last.

"Just then the clock in the city hall struck seven—seven cruel strokes, which added new terrors to my already panic-stricken heart, as it reminded me of the beginning and wasting away of the last sixty minutes which I had to fill my promise with the poor little soul whom I knew would shiver in the cold March wind of that night, and anxiously await my coming.

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"I hurried out St. Charles St. on Canal, and mingled with the motley crowd of laborers who were bent homeward for their night's rest.

"I envied the calm, placid faces that passed me and not even noticing me, while they were chatting merrily with their comrades. I looked eagerly for a face expressive of sympathy for me, in my distress, and really half expected some word of kindness, since I was enlisted in a worthy service. But no one spoke to me, or even so much as shared the least part of my misery by a kind look.

"I opened my mouth several times to ask some one what I should do, and was restrained only by trying hard to keep the one thought uppermost in my mind, that God would not leave me to solve the difficulty alone.

"After retracing my steps several times on Canal Street, I inquired of a little ragged boy who was trying to sell me a paper, if he knew where I could find a job printing office. He squatted, and pointed to an alley which intersected Canal Street, and was about to be off to sell another paper. I seized him by the arm—put a silver quarter in his hand. 'Go with me to the place,' said I. It was a case of the drowning man and the proverbial straw.

"The boy skipped along before me up the alley, and in a few minutes we came to a narrow door-way over which a sign swung with the words "Office du Soleil," meaning in English the office of the sun.

"I relieved the boy and entered. The place was a little 8 x 10 room, poorly furnished and badly lighted. The proprietor was a young Creole of perhaps twenty-five years of age, whose care-worn brow gave evidence of the hard and steady race for bread from boyhood up.

"I closely scanned every line and feature of the face, for signs of trustworthiness; but I saw little to encourage me. Like the doctor administering the last known remedy

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to a hopeless patient, it was my last hope, and I had decided to take the risk at any cost.

“‘Can I get a small job of printing done, sir?’ said I, and at the same time kept turning the silver dollars in my pocket as an incentive to a favorable answer.

“‘My typesetter has gone home and I am unable to accommodate you, sir,’ said the man.

“‘I felt my heart sinking, my knees gave way, and I sat down without being invited, or I should have exposed my distress.

“‘With all my efforts to be composed, pleasant and jocular, a profusion of perspiration gushed out upon my face and I felt the last fibre of my courage strained to its utmost tension under the disappointment.

“‘I had one more—and only one more proposition on which to hang my last thread of hope.

“‘I told him I had learned to set type while at school, and that I would be his typesetter if he would work the machine. I looked him hard in the face with an expression—if it was in keeping with my feeling—that I must not be disappointed. He smiled his unbelief of my ability to set type, and answered all right, I suppose expecting to see me back out.

“‘I was so overjoyed at my good fortune, that I did not ask what he charged; but put a twenty-dollar gold piece in his hand and threw off my coat for the work.

“‘He looked at me inquiringly, and began to feel for change, and asked me what kind of work, and the number of copies I wanted. ‘But one copy and no change back, only let us get this work through before eight o’clock,’ said I.

“‘I was very nervous and excited; but I threw the type together in haste.

“‘‘Here you are, sir,’ said I, as I finished.

“‘The man adjusted the case and with one revolution of a little hand press, he struck off the copy as the town

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clock hammered eight times. I clenched my teeth to prevent an outcry of painful regret. I had yet to take down the form, in order to prevent the printer from making another copy and thus get my secret. I poured out my soul to God in silent prayer, that He would in some way hold the child to her place of waiting, until I could reach her. Fifteen minutes past eight, I left the printing office and hastened out on Canal Street—beckoned a hackman—put five dollars in his hand, and told him to take me to the place I designated, in the shortest possible time. He laid the lash to the horses and they bounded away in a sweeping gallop.

“At twenty-five minutes past eight, the driver reigned up his panting team. ‘Here you are, sir,’ said he.

“I leaped out, waved him a good night with my hand and disappeared from him around the corner of the block and a half, which brought me to the hiding place of Maudelle. As I approached the spot, I saw the poor, little ragged figure, crouched down in the shadow of the stone steps, faithfully waiting, and confidently hoping for the verification of my promise.

“I was impatient with the slow developments of my plans. I wanted to run to the child and take her in my arms and flee to a place of safety. I crushed down the desire to hasten matters in that way, and dropped the letter as I had agreed, and looked back over my shoulder to see that she got it.

“She sprang out and seized it with the avidity of a hungry spider pouncing upon an entangled fly.

“I walked around the block and back to my hotel. I left orders at the office of the hotel, as to how they were to care for my son, whom I said would arrive on the midnight train. I complained of being weary, and retired, or at least led the clerk so to believe. In my letter to Maudelle, I had instructed her to bandage her right hand, and

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feign a wound as an excuse for not writing her name on the hotel register. She was to take the name of George M. Gillispie, Boston, Mass., and make anxious inquiry for her father—take the room assigned her and see me next morning.

“It was now half past ten o’clock, and I knew by that time Maudelle had read her letter and was all aglow with excitement for making a break for freedom.

“She had to wait till the family retired, and then take her chance to escape. I knew it was a very hazardous undertaking for a girl of fourteen years of age, and with her limited experience. Yet, I had implicit confidence in her moral courage to undertake it, and her sagacity to accomplish her part of the work to the letter, with a clear road before her.

“Notwithstanding the discipline of her cruel task masters which was of the most stern and unrelenting kind, it had only the effect of bending, but not breaking her positive will.

“She very well knew that her birth and heritage entitled her to better treatment, and that nothing but intrigue and foul dealing had reduced her to a helpless condition.

“Now hope for something better appeared to be so near, she was anxious to take either extreme of the choice, between life, liberty or death.

“My room at the hotel looked out on St. Charles Street, from where I could see the passengers arrive and depart.

“It was yet more than an hour before train time, and before I would know the outcome of our undertaking. I tried to pass the time by reading, but the taste for reading had left me. I could neither lie, sit nor stand at ease. My imagination created all sorts of distressing scenes of attack upon Maudelle. I saw her overtaken, captured and beaten by police as they dragged her back to her owners, bruised and bleeding.

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"I could hardly restrain myself. I wanted to run to the route which I had directed her to take, and help her beat back her captors, for I was sure I heard her screaming for help. I abused myself for not going at first and standing guard on the street she was to pass. Sure enough I heard a scream—it was undoubtedly Maudelle. I ran to the window, threw up the sash—listened eagerly. I heard it again, this time more plainly than before, but it was not the child, it was a pedler crying late hot lunches for sale.

"I sat down and sought solace in the Bible. I read those wonderful passages of the deliverance of Paul, of Silas, of Peter and the Jailer. Then I gave myself up in prayer to that God, Who never knew defeat.

"Midnight came at last, and I took my station at the window, to hope and wait.

"Twenty-five minutes more and I heard the feet of horses, and the jumping of wheels upon the street. Another minute—the four horses and stately bus swung around the corner of Canal and St. Charles Streets—dashed down to the hotel and backed up to the door of the rotunda.

"The porter threw the bus door open and the passengers began slowly leaving the bus, one by one.

"No pen or tongue, can ever describe my anxiety and suspense during those few minutes it took the passengers to clear the bus, which seemed to me like decades.

"Eighteen to twenty had already gotten out. I felt my heart sinking in despair, when so many had left the bus and the child was not among them.

"Lord God, said I, is it possible that she is not there? Am I mocked by a failure? Have my plans miscarried? O! that I had worked on another line.

"Just then I saw the child descending from the bus. Yes, that is Maudelle, said I. I knew the hat, the suit, the satchel, the umbrella, and the bandaged hand.

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"The sudden transition from anxiety and apparent disappointment to a realization of my hopes was almost too much for me. I could no longer contain myself under the baptism of joy.

"I sank to my knees—blind with tears of thanksgiving to God, that he had so richly honored me with the rare and sacred trust of relieving a human soul of its suffering.

"Now with the burden thrown off—the mind once more at ease, and Maudelle safe so far, I retired and enjoyed a refreshing sleep. Next morning I was up early and at the office. On looking over the registration of the late arrivals, I saw the name of George M. Gillispie, Boston, Mass., room No. 49. I went to room No. 49 and tapped on the door. 'George,' said I. 'Sir?' was the ready response of that voice which for twenty-four hours had hung upon my anxious mind like a gift from heaven.

"'Get up son,' said I, 'and dress.'

"'I am already dressed sir,' said she. The fact is she had sat up all night—the hope of freedom had driven sleep off. The door opened on a fine looking substitute for a boy, who was trying to suppress a blush for the transformation from female to male attire.

"I took the child to my arms. 'You are no longer Maudelle Morroe, but George M. Gillispie, until we are safe in Boston,' said I.

"Her handsome black eyes overran with tears of gratitude as she looked in my face and said, 'Since I lost my father and my home, I have had no chance to learn anything but hard work, so I don't know much; but I will try very hard to be a good girl all my life, for your kindness to me.'

"I told her that we had no living children, and that I knew Mrs. Gillispie would like her if she would be a good girl.

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"We sat down and I gave her a minute description of Boston, its public buildings, parks and names of streets, as well as our home and names of friends and city officers.

"I gave her this information so that if any one should ask her about Boston, she would be enabled to answer correctly and thereby make the disguise more complete.

"We spent most of the day in sight-seeing about the city, expecting to take the train for the East at eight o'clock that night. The poor, little silly goose was ready to faint if any one dared to look at her; then to make matters worse a circular came out in the afternoon, describing the runaway, and offering a thousand dollars for her capture and delivery. She suggested and urged that we should go off the street and hide away until night. 'No, never,' said I. 'Let us take just as much interest in the excitement as anyone. Again the more bold and daring we are, the less we will be suspected. Moreover, this circular does not describe you as you are; it describes what you were yesterday.'

"She agreed, but I saw it was only to please me—it was evident that another thought disturbed her, which needed a better explanation than I had given.

"Finally, she said in a voice full of suspicion, 'Doctor, you have a good chance to make a thousand dollars by giving me up.'

"I saw the point; she feared a thousand dollars was too great a temptation for me to resist for her sake. I put my hand on her head. 'Why my dear George,' said I, 'I would not take all the money in New Orleans for my son. God has blessed me with more than three hundred thousand dollars; now do you suppose I would dare insult Him by selling the soul He has commissioned me to rescue from slavery and degradation? Why I believe God would strike me down in my tracks, should I be so unworthy of His trust.'

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"She seized and kissed my hand as a token of implicit faith in my promise.

"On our way back to the hotel for tea, I made it convenient to go by way of the city ticket office, in order to secure our tickets and avoid the jam at the depot at train time.

"It was not yet seven o'clock, and we still had more than an hour on our hands. I stepped into the ticket office, supposed Maudelle was close behind me; but she, child-like, remained on the sidewalk attracted by a rough crowd of noisy men and boys.

"Amid the hurrah and tumult of the mob, Maudelle heard her own name loudly called, just as they reached the place where she stood.

"The discipline of seven years of servitude, had taught her the virtue of prompt answering when called, and twenty-four hours of freedom was too short a time to become unschooled in the habits of seven years of slavery.

"Without thought of the danger of being apprehended, she cried out, 'Here I am, sir.' The next moment it flashed through her mind that she had betrayed herself, and what would be the inevitable consequence? It was too late to recall the mistake, for the crowd had plainly heard the answer, had halted, and were looking in every direction for the one who had spoken.

"She stood for a minute with hands raised as though to push back the mob, exclaiming, 'O, go away, go away from me,' while upon her face was a woful expression of consternation.

"The small boy, like the small dog, was first to discover, and first to cry out, 'Look, people look,' with finger pointed at Maudelle. 'I golly, I'll bet that is the gal,' said the boys.

"She wheeled about and ran into the ticket office screaming for help, like one stung by hissing flames of fire.

"'Catch her, catch her,' yelled a hundred or more voices of men and boys, wild with excitement as they pushed and

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jammed one another, all trying to get into the door of the ticket office at the same time.

"The agent shouted to the mob to go out; but his voice was drowned by the uproar.

"Dr. Gillispie was not cognizant of Maudelle's mistake, and the cause of the excitement, therefore he concluded to be reticent for fear of making matters worse.

"Notwithstanding the ticket agent threatened to shoot, and called loudly for police, nothing for a minute deterred the slave catchers, who were drunk with the hope of a thousand dollars, and pushed on in defiance of all threats.

"Maudelle ran through the front ticket office and thence into what appeared to be a cashier's private room. This officer sprang to his feet and met the mob with a drawn pistol, demanding their business. Some one cried "a runaway," others clamored "go in boys, go in," but it was such a conglomeration of oaths and wrangle that no one could intelligently understand the cause of the excitement.

"Stand back, stand back; I will shoot the first man who enters,' said the cashier.

"The mob halted, swayed back for a minute, as they looked into the muzzle of the pistol, while those in the rear were still yelling, 'Go in, by G—,' and at the same time they gave a tremendous surge forward, and jammed those in front of the door into the room. The cashier pulled the trigger, but fortunately the weapon missed fire—it went up again in the face of the mob; but he was seized, unarmed and pushed aside. Then on came the mob in hot haste. Desk, chairs and boxes were overturned, and every place large enough to conceal a cat was searched.

"A small plunder room adjoining the cashier's office shared the same fate, but neither disclosed the runaway.

"Next, the yard and outhouses were ramsacked for five or ten minutes, then a boisterous cheer went up and told the story of their finding.

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"Dr. Gillispie, who had followed the mob to the door, and was on tiptoe trying to see over their heads, was heard to exclaim, 'Merciful God, protect that poor, little, helpless orphan.'

"The child was dragged out of the box, screaming for help. It was prostrated on the ground, and its clothes madly torn off. Then came a groan and a loud laugh from the mob, as the child got up and went off pulling on the scanty remains of its garments.

"It was not Maudelle, as the mob at first had thought, it was an Italian boy who had come into the back yard to pick up old rags, papers, etc., and when the unexpected mob burst into the yard, the boy took shelter in a box of waste paper as a place of safety.

"The mob cursed its disappointment, and rushed out of yard into the alley, searching every place it was possible for them to enter.

"By this time it was getting dark in the alleys, which necessarily made pursuit slow.

"Some one cried 'Go get old Ben and his dogs.' In a half hour or more, ten or fifteen blood hounds were on the ground, and with a great deal of trouble, of sniffing and switching about, took the trail.

"They trailed along down the alley, opening their wide, flat mouths, crying when on the right track. They ran down the alley for a block or so and then retraced their steps. Carefully feeling along and poking their heads into every opening, box and ash barrel. The lead dog came to an open court which communicated with the street, she raised her head, sniffed the air a second, and then bawled out as she dashed through the court, followed by the long train of hounds, yelling as they went.

"On the next street they lost the trail again for ten or fifteen minutes, and just as the mob began to despair of further pursuit the lead dog cried out and bounded away

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on a warm trail, followed by her associates with their uproar.

"By this time Maudelle was a mile off, running through back streets and alleys, but she could hear the howling mob hurrying and encouraging the dogs.

"Exhausted and shuddering with fear, she crept into a dark court between two old wooden buildings, and leaned her head against the cold, damp wall, gasping for breath. 'O my Lord, what shall I do? I am chased by dogs and unmerciful slave hunters. I wish a thousand times I had never taken the advice of that man Gillispie. I might just as well have borne my punishment as to be torn to pieces by blood hounds. Shall I go back to that heartless, cruel woman, and bend my back to the lash all my life? Must I so soon give up all I had hoped for, and go back to the condition of a hated dog?'

"She stood erect with upturned face as though expecting an answer from the upper darkness, and then with eyes blazing with a firm resolution, she cried out in a voice full of firmness, 'Never, never, no never; so help me God. These twenty-four hours of freedom are worth all my life. I have made a step for freedom—I will stand my ground and die in my tracks a free girl.'

"She sat down on the ground and folded her arms across her breast, closed her eyes, and waited for the inevitable fate.

"The dogs could be heard yelling, and the boys and men clamoring but a few blocks away. She knew that the dogs had her unbroken track and would be upon her in a few minutes. She hugged her body closer together and sighed deeply. Perhaps her imagination drew a tragic picture of what appeared to be her speedy end. She seemed to feel the sharp fangs of the dogs tearing the arteries, veins and flesh of her body, and crushing the bones in their strong jaws. She saw herself torn into shreds and the

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bloody fragments scattered about the streets, and the dogs shaking the lifeless parts, while mad men and boys, profaned and gloated over the remains.

"On came the blood-thirsty dogs, nearer, nearer, nearer. Her head grew dizzy from the uproar. She felt herself reel over toward the ground and would have fallen in a swoon, had not just then, a small bird, frightened from its perch, flew into the court chirping, dipped down and flapped its little wings about her head, and sailed out the opposite end of the court crying as though in great distress.

"Maudelle, either encouraged or alarmed by the antics of the bird, awoke from the stupor, sprang to her feet, made her way to the rear end of the court, climbed a high fence and dropped into the alley, just as the dogs came into the other end of the court, filling the air with their hideous yells.

"They dashed down to the fence which Maudelle had climbed, and tried again and again to clear it by tremendous leaping in the air. Failing to leap the fence, and maddened by the disappointment, they bounded out of the court, redoubling their efforts to round the block, and gain the alley and seize their prey.

"Maudelle would have met them but for her presence of mind, to step quickly into a doorway until they ran past.

"As soon as the last dog had cleared the door, she sprang out and ran toward the river, with all possible haste, which was about two blocks off.

"As soon as the dogs reached the spot where she got over the fence they sniffed about a minute, struck the trail again and doubled back up the alley.

"Now the race to the river became one of painful excitement. The poor girl fleeing to save her life by the narrow chance of a plunge in the Mississippi, and the blood-hounds gone crazy with their true instinct to catch and kill, had

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caught sight of their victim, and were crying and leaping over the ground with gaping mouths, like maddened demons.

"The lead hound overtook the poor little panting fugitive within fifteen feet of the river, she sprang forward with fangs glittering in the gas light, which she drove into the back of the child's neck. Maudelle screamed, threw back her arms and left her coat with the dog.

"The aim of the dog had not been what she expected. Her teeth had been driven into the collar of Maudelle's coat, which the dog stripped from her shoulders, producing only an abrasion on the girl's neck. The pack of dogs coming up tore the coat into shreds in an instant; but on discovering their mistake, were intensely furious, and they lunged forward again for blood.

"Just as the lead dog squatted to spring upon Maudelle again, the child leaped into the air with a wild scream of utter despair, which rang out sharp and shrill upon the rippling bosom of the Mississippi.

"'Dear God, be merciful unto my soul,' she cried, while into the river she plunged, and the chase was over.

"The dogs disappointed again, looked wistfully down at the agitated water, howled and bayed, until the mob came up.

"'By Jingo, boys,' said Ben Bosley, 'she has gone to h— by water, and we can't afford to follow her there to-night.'

"'Why in the h— didn't she take the trip after we had got the thousand dollars reward?' said another.

"After fifteen or twenty minutes of slang and profanity, the disappointed rabble departed for their homes."

CHAPTER X.

THE PURCHASE, DEAD OR ALIVE.

It is hardly necessary to say that Doctor Gillispie spent that woful night in bitter tears of disappointment and sad regret. He censured himself a thousand times for being responsible for bringing upon Maudelle such a sad and unfortunate end. He paced his room through the long weary night, which seemed to be lengthened by many hours. The city clock struck five and reminded him the night was about gone at last, to give its place to day, which would bring with it still sadder intelligence, which would wound the heart of that great and good man afresh.

Anxious to get the news, at the earliest cry of the news-boy, which told the tale of Maudelle's fate. Until then he was ignorant of her whereabouts. He had thought that the worst that would come to her, would be a return to her owners, which made her chance for freedom not altogether hopeless.

But now that she was dead, all hope fled on speedy wings. He went to his room, threw himself on the bed and gave vent to his distressed soul.

The tears of a sorrow-stricken woman can move the stoutest heart to sympathy; but when a strong man breaks down in tears, it seems that sorrow and pain of mind have reached their extreme limits, and the man is separated from death by only a weak thread.

"O dear Lord," said he, "why didst Thou impress me to attempt to free a soul and then mock me with this terrible disappointment? What have I done that Thou hast made me accessory to the horrible death of an innocent child?"

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"Was slavery so much worse than death, that Thou hast ended the torture by making me the cruel agent?"

"O Father, show me Thy wisdom by permitting the premature death of one so innocent and promising. Did not that motherless child deserve to live and enjoy some of the comforts of life, as a partial requital for the seven years of toil and suffering?"

"O Father of mercy, give me some token, some slender thread of hope that Maudelle still lives—saved by some miraculous intervention by Thy all-powerful arm." Then remaining a long time in silence, then as though he had matured a resolution, he rose to his feet, bathed his face, dressed his hair and left the room.

He was next seen on Canal Street where he entered a hack and drove off. In a half hour the hack stopped at the door of Major Shafendore. Doctor Gillispie stepped out—"Await here, driver, until I return," said he.

He ascended the steps and pulled the silver-knobbed door bell. He was admitted by rather a heavy set old gentleman of perhaps sixty years of age, who carried a cane in one hand and a large bundle of notes or bills in the other, he was just about ready to leave the house on his way to business at the bank, of which he was president.

In a few words Doctor Gillispie told his business.

The two gentlemen stepped back into the library, which looked out upon the front street. Major Shafendore was seen to be writing a document, while Doctor Gillispie looked over his shoulders and appeared to suggest some change or additions now and then.

When it was finished they both read it over together, which appeared to be satisfactory. Doctor Gillispie took a check book from his pocket, filled out a blank check, and passed it to Major Shafendore, who gave the document to the doctor with the remark—"There, sir, she is yours, dead or alive."

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Then the two gentlemen came down the steps together chatting in a friendly manner.

"I am very sorry sir, to see you lose your money," said the Major.

"Having the same concern for you sir, is one of the reasons why I called on you this morning and proposed to purchase the girl dead or alive," said Doctor Gillispie.

"Since you are satisfied my dear doctor, I ought to be, because I have got your money, and you have got absolutely nothing to show for it," said the Major with a hearty laugh.

"Yes, but I have got something for my money; I have a clear conscience, and this brings me to the opportunity for an explanation which I fear will make our friendship short-lived.

"I met Maudelle, your servant, yesterday, in the market-place. I made it convenient to meet her after that, and found out that I not only knew her, but her father also, who was a very prominent statesman. I could but feel that the child deserved something better than the destiny of a slave. I induced her to run away."

"You did?" said the Major rather sharply.

"I did," responded the doctor in a spirit of good-natured defiance.

"Do you think your advice to her was for the best?" said the Major.

"I fear it was not, and my whole life-time, long or short, shall be one continuous atonement, if she has lost her life through my interference."

"She is undoubtedly a dead gal," said the Major.

"God only knows," said the doctor.

"God knows nothing about her, no more than He does about me or you. The fact is, I have very little faith in God Who can't be defined, and Who had no beginning, and will never have any end. Away with such foolishness," said the Major.

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"My opinion is quite different; but I will not attempt to defend my opinion by argument, since the nature of my business does not particularly warrant it. By advising the child to leave you, somehow, I felt then, as I do now, that I had greatly wronged you—not so much by inducing the girl to run away, but wronged you by robbing you of the value you put upon such property. I abhor slavery and its ruinous consequence; but my way of thinking does not license me to steal that for which you have paid your money.

"You valued her at a thousand dollars—I have paid it, and now I feel I have atoned for the loss you sustained. My next and most important duty, will be to make a diligent search for her remains, and if recovered, to give it a decent burial, as one so exalted by birth, deserves," said the doctor.

He motioned the hackman and was about to be off, but just then a crowd of men and boys swung around the corner of the block, heading toward the Shafendore residence; the leader of which led an object tied with a rope. The crowd following was made up with roughs and rag-tags of the back alleys and gutters.

Coming nearer, the object was seen to be a girl with an old cotton sack tied about her waist as a substitute for a dress.

The crowd halted before the door of Major Shafendore, and faced about toward that gentleman who stood on the steps beside Doctor Gillispie. "Ah ha, I see you have brought in my runaway nigger. Or, I should have said your nigger, Doctor Gillispie," said the major, good-naturedly.

Doctor Gillispie made no answer; but bounded off the stoop, threw his arms about the object—exclaiming, "Thanks be to God! Is it possible my dear Maudelle that you still live?"

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It was Maudelle, come back as one from the grave.

Doctor Gillispie, with pocket knife, cut the rope which bound her hands, and which were blue and badly swollen under the pressure of the too tightly drawn cords. He tossed the rope at the feet of the leader of the mob, with the remark, "The rope sir, is yours, but this young lady is mine."

"Jimeny crimeny, boys, that are is the fust time I ever knowed a nigger gal could be yong lady," said the ever present small boy, whose one-legged pants were stayed with one gallows, and the lower end of his shirt hanging from a large hole in the seat, as an emblem of poverty.

"She is yours, boss, when you pay us the one thousand dollars reward," said the man.

"I was not aware sir, that I am indebted to you for anything," said Doctor Gillispie. "This young lady was advertised for sale as she ran, or to be returned for a reward. The choice to return her or buy her, was optional with the public. I have paid the purchase money and have here the bill of sale. Since she became mine, I have offered no reward, and propose to pay none. If Major Shafendore is generous enough to reward you for returning my child I shall not object."

"Men," said Major Shafendore, "I offered a reward of a thousand dollars for this girl's capture and return when she was my property; but this gentleman bought her, and took his chance of finding her dead or alive. Twenty minutes ago she passed out of my hands into his, which frees me from my obligation and imposes none on him."

"That is dogged hard luck for us, gentlemen," said the crestfallen leader. "If you beat us out of the reward, you ought to give us something for risking our lives to save hers, when she was drowning."

"You rescued her, did you?" said Doctor Gillispie.

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"Yes, sir. We were just coming in from our fish traps and was only a few yards off from her, when she jumped into the river. We caught her and took her to our cabin, and made her tell who she was, and about the reward and so on," said the leader.

"What became of her suit of clothes and her watch?" inquired Doctor Gillispie.

"O, well," was the answer of the man who shrugged his shoulders and peered around at his comrades with a dog-gish look.

"That means you appropriated the goods to your own use. The watch cost one hundred and sixty-five dollars, the clothes seventy dollars. This, my dear sir, was robbery, and I shall not increase the spoils of men guilty of such a crime," said Doctor Gillispie.

Major Shafendore becoming impatient with the men, who were attracting a large crowd before the door, said "Now, you fellows have been told that there is nothing for you, more than you have stolen, which is a penitentiary offence, and now be off, at once, or I will put you in the hands of an officer of the law, and have you punished as you deserve"—with a waive of the hand he dismissed them. They knew enough to go, because a poor white man in those days had but few rights the rich whites were bound to respect.

Doctor Gillispie placed Maudelle in the hack, and the two bade the major good-bye and were off.

CHAPTER XI.

WHO IS LAWRENCE?

THE writer will now let Doctor Gillispie complete his New Orleans narrative in his own words.

Says he, "I drove from the residence of Mafor Shafendore direct to the cottage of my good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Sorie.

"They were as much surprised to see Maudelle alive and well as I had been an hour before. We were not long in fitting up Maudelle with a neat and rich wardrobe, in keeping with her new station in life.

"When everything was in readiness for our trip North, I put my hand on Maudelle's head—'Now, little girl, have you any other friends beside Mr. and Mrs. Sorie you wish to bid good-bye?' said I.

"'No one, sir, but Lawrence,' said she.

"'Who is Lawrence?' said I, somewhat surprised.

"'Lawrence is Judge Deleno's servant who lives on the other street, just back of Master Shafendore's, said she.

"'You mean Major Shafendore's, Maudelle, he is no master of yours,' said I.

"I put several questions to the child, in order to indirectly find out the nature of the friendship between them.

"Nothing could have been more pleasing to one grown old in experience, than that frank and open confession which she gave of her affection for the one she called Lawrence. Hers was not the confession warmed by the passionate blush of a mature woman.

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"She had never learned any reason for concealing her love for the opposite sex. She loved as an innocent child loves a kind friend, or as a refined nature loves a bird or a beautiful rose. It was a spontaneous outpouring of her innate nature, as it came pure, fresh and simple from the bounteous hand of God, down through her heart.

"It was the springtime of feminine selection, the putting forth of early buds, preparatory to the full fruitage of conjugal affection, to be harvested by the mutual blending of two souls.

"Her confession was to me an interesting study, from which I coined a new thought—a thought which entirely revolutionized my life-long opinion of the enslaved people. I had always thought that oppression had a tendency to embitter one's social nature.

"I was of the opinion that anything like love, under such circumstances was rather mechanical—was more of the animal instinct than of the warm, tender, emotional passion of the soul.

"I had always thought that the young heart, inhumanly crushed by severe, tyrannical owners, became a deadly enemy to everything human, and incapable of responding to the divine touch of connubial affection.

"I have been told by those claiming to be well versed in the characteristics of the enslaved, that they made the most cruel masters, when fortune favored them with slaves, cruel fathers, cruel husbands, wives and mothers.

"I was surprised to discover a sanctuary away down deep in the heart of Maudelle, which was as yet untouched by violent hands. A sanctuary which was full of the sweet and hallowed trust of a pure and simple nature, wholly consecrated to the first impulse of love.

"A sanctuary in which—to her was enshrined the sacred image of one destined to rule as a king, one which defied invasion unconsciously.

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"Was that little fourteen-year-old girl really in love?

"Yes, most undoubtedly in love; but neither she or the boy knew it, nor did they even know the meaning of the word.

"Nothing to my mind can be more fortunate for young people, than to love early in life—I mean that innocent, child-like love. It is a safe-guard to both sexes.

"To the boy whose tendencies are naturally downward, love reminds him that he owes a pure life and unblemished character to the girl of whom he expects the same.

"To the girl, she will have, not only the watchful care of parents, but that of the young man or boy, who is ever ready to champion her cause at home and abroad.

"The vicious, ill-designing youngster will not so rapidly approach the girl improperly, who is loved and guarded by a worthy young man.

"Maudelle and Lawrence were to each other as we have described, but neither had dreamed of the final outcome. The future was a blank to be filled or not, as circumstances should develop. With them, it was an innocent and ignorant choice for life, and of all love that is the most pure and constant. There is no jealous rivalry, no foolish, uneasy, restless, unwarranted suspicion of other admirers; but on the other hand, they are the more pleased when others show their preference for those they love.

"I have seen lovers whose condition I really pitied. I mean lovers, who were sufficiently experienced to appreciate the real significance of affection and its obligations.

"There seem not to be one unbroken twenty-four hours of real pleasure for them. Their jealous passions were like sentinels on guard, and ever on the alert for invaders of the heart they claimed as all their own. Such lovers become as selfish, mean and stingy as a clam. They are not even willing for the one they love to give away so much as one little pitiful smile or kind look.

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"Then Maudelle, you have a beau, I suppose,' said I.

"Seeing that she was ignorant of the meaning, I determined to keep her so as long as I could.

"What is a beau, sir?' said she.

"Why, a beau is a kind friend who is willing to protect you from danger without expecting pay for his services,' said I.

"Then Lawrence is my beau, sir,' said she.

"I suppose Lawrence has been kind to you, since you claim him as your beau?' said I.

"Yes, sir, many, many times, he has run over to our house and helped me get through my work, when I had too much to do, and saved me a great many whippings. A good many times when mistress got mad with me, and would not let me have anything to eat, Lawrence has given me food. I want to thank him for all he has done, and bid him good-bye, and tell him where to find me when he gets free,' said she.

"Then, Maudelle, you believe he will become free sometime, do you?' said I.

"O yes, sir. Judge Deleno has promised Lawrence his freedom if Lawrence is a good boy as long as the Judge lives,' said she.

"At the thought of the boy becoming free, Maudelle's face lighted up with smiles, and showed the high estimate the enslaved puts upon freedom.

"I hope, my dear girl, you will not be disappointed,' said I.

"I thought to myself that if Lawrence had in him one living spark of manhood, he would not wait for his freedom at the pleasure of a master but would take it by the authority of Almighty God and the efforts of his manhood.

"But sometimes we find out how little we know, and really do for the best, for all concerned, as we shall soon see.

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"'Lawrence has been saving money for a long time to buy me, and set me free when he gets free,' said she.

"Of course, I said nothing to discourage the child who seemed to have so much faith in a promise, which I knew could be broken with impunity.

"My opinion of Judge Deleno, was the opinion I had of all slaveholders, that they differed in age, size, and financial standing, but never in principle.

"Since I had several hours to spare before train time, I determined to venture a call on Judge Deleno, and offer to purchase the boy Lawrence, and free him, provided I should find him a promising young man.

"From what Maudelle had told me of the boy, I plainly saw that at sometime there would be a still closer relation between the two young people.

"From the hour I recognized Maudelle in New Orleans, I made up my mind, with a sort of secret covenant with myself, to take the place of her dead father.

"Now, that she was free and wealthy, I did not intend that an unworthy man should share her love and fortune, if an effort on my part could prevent it.

"By following the direction Maudelle gave me, I found myself before a stately mansion of press brick, embellished with white marbled water tables, ornamented pilasters, and windows, doors, capped and silled, with cut and finished cream-colored stone. The door casings were of heavy walnut, skilfully carved and turned.

"All the metal ware about the openings was plated with silver. Scrupulously polished French glass in two solid pieces 40 x 52 inches, filled the mahogany stained sash.

"The house set back a hundred feet or more from the street, with a carriage road coming down on the south side from a brick barn in the rear. The smooth, white shell walk which led from the street to the front door of the mansion, was beset on each side by large, white stone vases,

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in which grew choice flowers of variegated colors, gracefully bending to the pleasant March wind, and sweetening it with a symphony of mellow odors.

"In the center of the lawn of evenly shorn grass, set a pool, or basin twenty feet in diameter, in the center of which a bronze pelican stood, pouring fresh water from his beak to accommodate a great variety of pet fish, which cut their sportive evolution in the rays of the sun, and filtered water through their silvery gills.

"I mounted the white marble stoop, pulled the bell, and was admitted by a remarkably fine looking young man, of a light mulatto in color, perhaps sixteen years of age. I presented my card and was seated in what appeared to be a private office.

"In a few minutes the young man returned and said, 'Judge Deleno will be pleased to see you, sir, in the library. This way sir, please.'

"I followed my guide through a spacious hall, along the walls of which stood rare pieces of statuary, while on the walls hung master productions of brush studies which evidently credited the judge as a man of culture. At the rear end of the hall we entered a large, well-lighted library, every available part of wall space was filled with books.

"An old gentleman, tall and graceful in address, attired in a rich study robe, arose and received me kindly. The warm grasp of the hand, the honest, pleasing countenance, the mild, tender, fatherly tone of voice made me really love the man in spite of my prejudice against the slaveholder. I began to think after all, there were many good Christian people who held slaves, and perhaps the slaves of such people were better cared for than many free hired servants, whose scanty earnings could not keep them above want.

"A volume of Blackstone lay open on a square morocco-covered table.

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"After a few minutes conversation on no particular topic, I intimated to the Judge, that I had called to see him on private business.

" 'You may go, Lawrence, until I call you,' said the Judge.

"The young man took the book from the table, politely thanked the Judge for the leave of absence and retired.

"I certainly must have shown my astonishment when I discovered that Lawrence, the negro slave, was a law pupil of Judge Deleno, his master.

"The learned judge saw that I was wonderstruck, and kindly came to my relief with an explanation. 'It may seem to you, sir, a little strange to find my slave boy studying law,' said the judge.

" 'Indeed, sir, it is. I did not know that a negro slave of the South was allowed to read and write, much less to study the profession of law,' said I.

" 'Were you to become better acquainted with the people of the South, you would not condemn us all for the sins of a few. We are not all cruel, unmerciful, blood-letting task masters as your people of the North imagine,' said the Judge.

"The judge told me that Lawrence was distinguished for uprightness, truthfulness, honesty and untiring industry, as well as an apt pupil.

"I gave the Judge the history of Maudelle. I asked him if he knew the two young people were liking one another.

" 'O yes,' said he. 'Lawrence and I have made a contract to buy the girl provided he should save what money he could until my death, then I am to leave him whatever balance he lacked. Do you know, doctor, the boy has already about five hundred dollars in my hands especially for that purpose.

" 'Of course it is my intention, and I have already arranged it, to give him his freedom and sufficient means to

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start him in business at my death. I have not explained all the details to him, except that he is to be free.'

"I told the judge that my main object for calling on him, was to purchase Lawrence and free him.

"'Well,' said the judge, 'I have always told Lawrence, that at any time he wanted to change masters, he might do so. To be sure, I cannot see how I could do without him. I have been a victim of the asthma for twenty years, and Lawrence understands my case better than any of my family, and I know I cannot live long with the best attention he and others can give—without it, I should be gone much sooner.

"'Seventy-six years of mental and physical wear, together with an incurable ailment, leaves but little of one's life at that age.

"'So you see, my dear doctor, should you remove my last prop, I would tumble into the grave very soon.'

"These words of the judge were said so earnestly and touchingly, that the tears crept down my cheeks, and betrayed my weakness despite my efforts to appear unmoved.

"I begged the good man's pardon for having even made mention of a matter that could have disturbed his peace of mind.

"I got up to go—he put his gentle hand on my arm—'My dear doctor, may I hope to see you again sometime?'

"I assured him I would be greatly pleased to call on him the next time I came to New Orleans.

"'That must be very soon,' said he, 'or you will have to wait and find me in heaven.' I promised him that I would join him there if I missed him here.

"We parted, not like acquaintances of an hour, but as dear, devoted friends.

"Lawrence was allowed to go with me back to the house of my friends, the Sorie family.

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"Maudelle and Lawrence met and parted like two innocent loving children, but no one could tell under what circumstances they would meet again, if ever.

"Maudelle and I took the train at eight o'clock that night for H—, Kentucky."

CHAPTER XII.

THEY HAVE SOLD MY DEAD PAPA.

"TWENTY-THREE hours out from New Orleans" continues the doctor in his narrative, "brought us to the then flourishing little city of H—, Kentucky, five miles from the birthplace of Maudelle.

"Of course the girl was more than anxious to visit the old homestead, and especially the grave of her father and mother.

"Although seven years had come and gone since she saw her father die, seven years since she kissed her mother good-night, and never saw her again; seven years since she woke up in a lonely log cabin in a forest, sick from the effects of chloroform, and a deep gash in her breast; seven eventful years since she was dragged from a rag couch in the cabin of Jim Bowler and Sam Dobson, and sold to slave traders; yet everything was as fresh and vivid in her memory, as though it happened but twenty hours ago. She knew every face that she had ever known before; but she had been so long lost and forgotten by others, and then, with the addition of seven years of new growth upon her, no one knew her.

"It was to our advantage that it was so, since we had agreed to conceal our identity until our plans to recover the lost property were thoroughly matured.

"An hour's drive on the old familiar and well-kept pike, brought us to the Morroe mansion, or what was left of the wreck.

"What was once the beautiful lawn, eighty feet broad by two hundred feet long, led from the pike to the house,

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"I am sure that she will not disappoint you in your most sanguine hopes," said Mr. Lawson.
An hour's drive brought them back to the city of H—, at two o'clock in the afternoon, and four hours and twenty minutes later, Dr. Gillispie and Maudelle took the train, and whirled away to Boston, Massachusetts.

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once artistically laid off with a variety of evergreens, vases, pools and statuary, was now overgrown with weeds, poison vines, wild briars and thorns—a safe retreat for hooting owls and creeping reptiles.

“The house was occupied by a family of whites, evidently belonging to the lower strata of society. The woman, whose waist was straight with her shoulders, and with thin, yellow hair tucked behind her ears, and a snuff brush between her stained lips, met us at the door.

“She carried a dirty-faced baby in her arms, while four or five others of her offspring, gazed from doors and windows, and punched one another in the ribs for more room.

“I told the woman we were old friends of the Morroe family which she took as sufficient excuse for our visit. The once beautiful and happy home of Senator Morroe presented a woful picture. The eight massive, skilfully turned pillars which supported the gallery roof, twenty feet from floor to floor, were chipped, hacked and sawed into, until they presented more the appearance of chopping blocks, than things of beauty or ornamentation. The glass was broken from more than two-thirds of the window sash, and their places supplied with rags, old hats and bits of plank.

“The plastering on the walls was broken into great holes, the richly carved casings and walnut doors were black with greasy finger marks, and unmercifully mutilated by that “pest”, the small boy and his destructive jackknife. The parlors which the occupants were too poor to furnish, were used for storing potatoes and pumpkins in the Winter. In fact the entire mansion and outbuildings were total wrecks.

“Disgusted and heart-sick over the fearful waste of the dead man’s property, we repaired to the family graveyard to pay our duty to the dead.

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"Here again a woful neglect met our eyes. The graves were sunken, the tombstones had fallen over, and the entire place was one entangled mass of briers, weeds and bushes, which had for seven years grown undisturbed by human hands.

"After searching for a long time, Maudelle found the grave of her father. She worked her way through briers and bushes to the headstone. Here she stood for several minutes in deep meditation, then turning to me said, 'Doctor, when people sell a plantation on which there is a graveyard, is it included in the sale?'

"I saw the meaning and anticipated the result; but answered truthfully, 'yes.'

" 'Then they have sold my dead papa,' said she. She fell upon her knees, threw her arms around the headstone, kissed the name and sobbed aloud. I pushed my way to her through the thick underbrush, and put my hand on her head. 'Dry your tears, Maudelle,' said I. 'Not only this grave but the entire estate of your father shall be restored to you.'

" 'Come now, let us return to H—, hunt up Attorney Lawson, your guardian, and make ourselves known to him, and at once reopen the suit against your enemies who have defrauded you of your property.' It was impossible to find the grave of her mother, as there was no stone to mark the spot.

"In another hour we sat in the office of the astonished attorney, who listened to our story with profound interest.

"Maudelle explained to Mr. Lawson, how that she had found herself in a lonely log cabin in the forest, with an ugly jagged wound in the breast, which was very painful owing to the fact that it was covered with salt.

"She said two white men and Jake came and examined the wound and said, the cut might have killed a white girl but not a nigger.

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"Of course she knew Jake and begged him to take her home, but that he made all manner of fun of her and said if she was not satisfied with her present home she would be killed.

"She said that Rev. Adams came to the cabin at night, and that she felt sure that he would have her sent home for her father's sake, but he too, made fun of her, and said she would soon find a home in a cook house of New Orleans or in the nigger heaven.

"She said that late in the night, four or five other white men came to the cabin, and that they examined her and made her stand up and walk across the room several times without any clothes on. And that Jake was left in the cabin to watch her, while Mr. Adams and the white men talked a long time in the wood shed only a few feet from the cabin, and that she could hear about all they said.

"She heard Mr. Adams say, 'Gentlemen she is well worth \$700.00. She has good blood in her, and she is going to make a likely-looking woman.'

"She said that after a long time it seemed that Mr. Adams and the men agreed on a price, and then she was put into a covered two-horse wagon with several other colored people whose hands were chained together, and that they were all taken to the Ohio River and shipped on a boat to New Orleans.

"She said that after being kept in prison until the wound in the breast had healed, then she was sold to Major Shafendore where Dr. Gillispie found her."

During the interval of Maudelle's bondage, Mr. Adams had died. The end came to him and his friends unlooked for, because up to his death there appeared no sign of ill health.

He arose from bed early that morning as was his usual custom, he took a long walk, bathed and ate a hearty breakfast. He then went to his study and made preparations

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to preach a funeral at ten o'clock that morning. His sermon was a master effort, owing to the prominency of the deceased.

The weather was warm and oppressive, as June weather always is in the South. It was noticed that he was laboring hard to reach his highest climax at the conclusion; and his last words were, "Our friend and fellow-citizen, and much lamented brother Mechem, has passed beyond the invisible river, and who is next to follow?"

At this point he threw up his hands, and cried out, "Where am I?" and fell forward on his face, under a fatal stroke of apoplexy, from which he never rallied nor spoke again.

The final end came in a few hours, and the great Rev. Noah Adams had gone to take the immortal spirit back to the God Who gave it to him. His sudden death left his business affairs exposed to the criticisms of those whose duty it was to readjust his matters pertaining to H— University during his administration as president.

It was thought by a great many that Mr. Adams came into the possession of the Morroe estate by some unfair means. But since the legatees were negroes, and the property had gone to the credit of H— University, no one except Mr. Lawson had enough interest in the matter to attempt an investigation. But now that Maudelle had come up from the grave—as it seemed, and brought back by a friend of her dead father, (Dr. Gillispie) who knew all the circumstances relative to the death, the marriage and will of Senator Morroe, to which he was not only an eye witness, but had affixed his name to the will. Encouraged by such reliable data, Mr. Lawson decided to take steps at once to open the case in court.

The first—and most essential thing to be done, was to find a certain document which would show the development and final execution of conspiracy against the heir to the property.

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It was supposed that Mr. Adams was the principal in the plot, and would be likely to have kept the papers in his possession, not that they would be of any particular use to him after he had gained his purpose, except to be used as menace to coerce his accomplices into silence, when they drew too frequently on his pocket.

A large, double-jointed, red-faced man stepped into the office of Mr. Lawson, and the two went into the private office, shut the door and conferred together for a few minutes, then Mr. Lawson came out, bade Dr. Gillispie and Maudelle good-bye and said, "I will see you tomorrow morning."

The doctor and Maudelle went to their hotel, while Mr. Lawson and the red-faced man hurried from the office together.

It was near night. There was but a narrow line of day lying between the departing sun and the horizon. Nature awake and busy all day, was now taking on its sleepy appearance. The soiled-faced laborers, returning home, gave longer—but much slower steps than in the morning. Their legs, as well as the hands and head, had expended another ten hours of vital energy and they could not respond so readily to the will as when the day began, and the laborer was fresh from a recuperative night's rest. The fowls were gathering about their perch. The good-natured cows with well-filled stomachs and udders full of milk, came stepping lazily along toward home while responding now and then to the bleating of their calves. The watch dog who had dragged the block and chain at his neck all day, with the yard fence as the extent of his freedom, seemed to have taken on new life, and was frisking about because he knew, that at the setting of the sun, he would be unfettered for the night.

As the sun disappeared and darkness crept slowly on, doors and window blinds were closed and lamps were lit, and friends only were welcome, while strangers were reluctantly admitted after their motives were closely questioned.

CHAPTER XIII.

A SEARCH FOR THE AGREEMENT OF CONSPIRACY.

It was now that a rap, rap, rap, at the door of the Widow Adams' startled the inmates and brought the servant girl to the door. "Who is you?" inquired the girl.

"William Lawson and friend," was the answer. The name Lawson was so well known that no other question was necessary, and the door was thrown wide open, through which Mr. Lawson and a vicious looking red-faced man entered and took their stand in the hall. Mr. Lawson wrote something on a card—gave it to the girl who hurried away to her mistress. Mrs. Adams adjusted her glasses, and then looked over them to read it. "Lord O' Messy, Lord O' Messy, why Cindy, that is John Simmons the constable with Mr. Lawson—Why, what does John Simmons want here? Lord O' Messy, what have we to do with the constable? I—I—do wish they would let us alone—for any kind of an officer scares me. Dog take it! I suppose I must go and see what they want." This said, the old lady with hands pressing on her knees, rose slowly to her feet, as the long-used joints snapped and popped as they fell into an erect line.

Cindy followed her mistress at a respectful distance, so that if anything unusual happened, she would be near enough to scream if nothing more.

Mrs. Adams timidly met the gentlemen with all the politeness and affability, for which the cultured Southern people are particularly distinguished, and they in turn reciprocated with mutual greetings. The officer drew from his pocket a search warrant, which he read to Mrs. Adams,

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and excused himself for being under the necessity to disturb her, to search for certain papers relative to the Morroe estate.

With the usual confidence which a good wife has in the honesty, uprightness and virtue of her husband, Mrs. Adams assured the gentlemen that they would find nothing derogatory to the high moral character of the Rev. Noah Adams. This was said with earnestness and with special emphasis on the name of her dead husband.

"No" said the officer, "No one would dare attack the pure life and exalted name of Mr. Adams. Our citizens would not tolerate such liberty." Thus, Mrs. Adams was made easy by that little touch of deception, which, if not true, was at least admissible under the circumstances. The fact is, Mrs. Adams knew nothing of the conspiracy, and the part taken by Mr. Adams.

It was well she did not, because such was her pure, Christian character, and fairness of dealing with mankind, that she could not, nor would not have remained passive while such a gigantic crime was at work. She came of a family, whose long line of Southern ancestry, and whose history was unmarked by the slightest tint of immorality or dishonesty.

Of this she was justly proud, and those who knew her, honored and loved her, for taking such excellent care of the old family reputation. She led the way to every part of the house, and opened trunks and drawers for the officers. Cindy tagged along behind, near enough never to lose sight of her mistress, whom she loved as dear as her own life.

The entire house proper had been gone over, except a small annex known as the study of Mr. Adams.

At this door the good woman halted, hesitated and appeared to be greatly embarrassed. Her strange action excited suspicion in the minds of the gentlemen, despite the high opinion and confidence they had in the model woman.

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The gentlemen interpreted her unwillingness to enter the study as conclusive evidence that the thing they wanted was in there.

"Why do you object to our going into the study?" said the officer.

"Simply because it is the only place on earth where I can communicate with the spirit of my dead husband," said she, as her eyes filled, and the last word sank to a whisper.

"Do you mean to say that you really see and communicate with the spirit of your husband?" said Mr. Lawson.

"O no, I neither see nor hear anything, but I am just as sensible of his presence as I am of yours.

"I go into the study and take my seat, as I frequently did when he was living, I close my eyes and place my mind on him, and shut out all else until I have forgotten the world and myself; and at this point, I feel an unmistakable holy influence fill the room, and it is around me and in me, and it seems that our two souls talk to each other for fifteen or twenty minutes. When it is over and we part, I am the most happy mortal on earth. I fear that if you gentlemen go into the place and disturb his things you will break the charm, and the pleasure of my declining days will end, and I would not care to live an hour longer.

"No one but myself has ever put foot in there since his death. Everything in the room is just as he left it on the morning of his death. I have not moved a scrap of paper, book, nor piece of furniture in the room."

The officer assured her that he would replace every book, letter, etc., exactly as he found them. The good woman shrugged her shoulders as a token of much doubt, and said, "Well, you are an officer, and I suppose I must obey."

She wiped a tear from her eye—adjusted the key in the lock—turned it, and pushed the door open, while she and the two gentlemen stepped inside.

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Cindy halted at the door—laid her cheek against the outside door casing, and stood half bent, peeping in at the manœuvres of the gentlemen. Everything in the study was as Mrs. Adams had described. The study gown hung on the back of his easy chair, and the slippers were in front of the chair, in the position as when he slipped his feet out of them. The study skull cap with soiled handkerchief in it, lay on the table beside an open book.

Pen, ink, and a half-finished sermon in course of preparation for the following Sunday, lay on the desk.

The ever present and ingenious spider, had tied the walls of the room together with his silvery cables, and hung up lace nets in all the sharp angles, from which the bones of flies long dead, dangled, which had been butchered years ago.

A thick coating of grey dust had held undisputed right to a resting place on every article in the room, since the death of Mr. Adams.

Somehow there was a feeling of reverential awe which crept over one despite all effort to throw it off. No doubt this could be attributed, more than anything else, to the singular condition of the place, which reminded one of an underground sepulchre, rather than a literary study-room. Added to this were the distressed moans and long drawn out, "Lord O' Messy!—Lord O' Messy!" of Mrs. Adams, during the hour's search.

However the search went on carefully through books, papers, old sermons, written speeches, letters, etc. Everything was replaced exactly as found, even to old empty envelopes and small scraps of waste paper.

The gentlemen were considerably nonplussed, that the ground had been so thoroughly gone over, without disclosing the object of so much importance. The officer closed the desk, shut the last drawer—pushed the glass door of the book case shut, and turned to go, just then, Mr. Lawson

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pointed to a large book in the case, the leaves of which stood the least bit apart.

The officer drew the book out, took from it a document—opened it hurriedly, glanced over the headlines, then the names at the bottom—put it in his coat pocket—nodded his head to Mr. Lawson and the two gentlemen bid Mrs. Adams good-bye, and left the premises.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TRIAL.

It was about two weeks prior to the convening of court in H—, Kentucky, which gave Mr. Lawson time to prepare his case and get it before the grand jury and on the docket of the court.

It was not publicly known that Mr. Adams had endorsed or taken any part in the conspiracy against the heir of Senator Morroe, yet common rumor pointed that way for a year or so after Morroe's death, and then was forgotten.

But now Mr. Lawson had found the original document bearing the day, date, and the recognized name of Noah Adams as party of the first part, and Sam Dobson, and Jim Bowler as parties of the second part.

This agreement was properly and legally drawn with minute specifications of the parts to be executed by all concerned, and the amount to be paid in cash on beginning, and balance when the work was consummated.

Why Mr. Adams kept such a dangerous paper in his possession was not easy to account for, unless it was as a menace, to coerce his confederates into silence, when they drew on him too often for the balance due which appears never to have been fully paid, judging from the small cash credits taken on the back of the paper. From the character of the evidence and the prominence of the principal conspirator, was sure to bring on a gigantic sensation for the usually quiet little town of H—.

When Mr. Lawson made out his charges and placed them—with the conspirators' agreement, before the grand jury, that body seemed at first to be unwilling to believe, that

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what they saw before them, was anything but a delusive dream. But it was really of material substance, it would not vanish into nothingness, it was a positive reality with a real, tangible story to tell, which it had kept intact for seven years.

Mr. Adams, the principal actor, was dead, and thereby passed beyond the annoyance of exposure and prosecution. But there was Sam Dobson, Jim Bowler and Jake Cobb, still living and within easy reach, and against them bills of indictment were made out.

The names of the two white men on the contract, was the most damaging evidence against them, and the statement of Maudellé, made Jake accessory. The three men were arrested and jailed. The two white criminals belonged to the lowest class of whites, who had neither money nor character themselves, nor friends who had sufficient confidence in them, to make their bond of \$2,000 each.

Their associates were those characters which make up mobs, brave the danger, defy the law, shed innocent blood and suffer their penalty when caught, for a few dollars of a rich man's money.

Jake Cobb, the negro criminal, was well satisfied to stay in jail, because it was about the best home he had ever had, since the death of his master. It seemed to be essential to a well-regulated plantation, stocked with slaves, to have one negro as a tale bearer; a kind of end man, to sneak about and watch the doings of the other negroes, and report to his master. This treacherous scamp was more to be dreaded than the master himself, because if any of the servants displeased him, he would manufacture a lie and have that one beaten. Jake Cobb held that position on the Morroe plantation.

When the public became authoritatively informed of the conspiracy, and the chief actor—which was a man whom every one admired, respected and had implicit faith in, as

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far as he was known, such information came like an electric bolt from a cloudless sky.

The people were struck with a panic, when they saw their spiritual teacher of twenty odd years, blackened with crime, and bespattered with innocent human blood, for which their great divine had bargained and paid the price. Many of those well up in the trusted confidence of Mr. Adams, were at first unwilling to give any credence to the report. They tenaciously clung to the belief that it was a case of forgery by some malicious enemy of Mr. Adams.

But as the case in its progress, began to evolve unbroken links and weave the web of entanglement about the three parties in jail and the name of Mr. Adams, the strong friends of the great man slowly gave up their opinions and bowed to the inevitable. The contract was undoubtedly a genuine Adams document, bearing his familiar handwriting, his style of language and his signature, interlined, tied together, and whipsawed in so many ways, that it was almost impossible to read it, without a cipher-key.

The paper set forth his obligations to pay in cash \$4,000 when the three other parties of the second part signed the agreement, and a balance of \$4,000 when these parties delivered deeds, notes, bonds and other papers of Morroe, into the hands of Mr. Adams, or put the child or her mother out of the way, as either would serve his purpose. According to the statement of Jake, Mr. Adams always contended that the contract was never carried out as agreed on, and therefore he refused to settle the balance in full, and the men had no redress but to take whatever small dribs he chose to advance.

A day or so before the trial, Jake the negro criminal, sent for Mr. Lawson to come to the jail, as he had something of importance to tell him. In an hour Mr. Lawson was at Jake's cell in the jail. As might have been expected from one of Jake's character and life-long habits, he made a clean

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and full statement of the conspiracy, and not only included Mr. Adams and the two men in jail, but involved other prominent white men, several of whom were then serving as trustees, and holding places of honor in H— University.

Mr. Lawson knew he could not reach the other parties through the statement of Jake, because at that time, the testimony of a negro was worth nothing at court.

However, he proposed to make use of the information in order to strengthen his case, and weaken the opposition. He made it convenient to see those men singly, which had been named by Jake Cobb, and let them know that he had facts in the case against them, without giving his author, and promise not to expose them, unless they forced him to it by their opposition to his case.

The promises on both sides were faithfully kept. On the day of the trial, the two white criminals were arraigned in court and of course plead not guilty. As Jake's name was not on the contract, he was not considered a direct principal in the case, but as an accessory, and would appear in another phase of the case.

The contention of Mr. Lawson was about this in substance: That a contract between the parties whose names occur on it, proved a clear case of conspiracy, in order to get unlawful control of the property of Senator George Morroe.

That the parties now in custody—Sam Dobson and Jim Bowler, agreed for a certain amount of money, to rob the heir of Morroe of all deeds, will, and other papers of value, or to murder the said heir (Maudelle Morroe) and her mother. And that the house was broken into and searched, and that on failing to find papers, etc.,—that an assault was made with intent to kill both mother and child.

But on failing to kill them, the child was sold into slavery and the mother died the next day with a broken heart. And that the heir, Maudelle Morroe, was supposed to be

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dead, and that the court ordered the property turned over to the trustees of H— University, according to the specifications of the will.

But that now the heir—Maudelle Morroe, was living, and of sound body and mind, and would be presented to the court in due time, he prayed that the court would reverse its order and award not only the property, but a legal rate of interest, from the time the trustees came into possession of the property, until it should be turned over to the rightful owner.

Court opened on Monday morning, and Mr. Lawson's case was set for Wednesday of the following week. This gave the lawyers for and against—sufficient time to prepare themselves for what promised to be a hard legal fight. It was—William Lawson and James G. Craig, for the plaintiff, and John H. Jefferson and Samuel Stephenson for the defendant.

The date set for the trial came, and brought with it a vast number of people from the country, in addition to the excited populace of the town of H—, which crowded the court room to its utmost seating and standing limit.

To give a verbatim transcription of the argument of the attorneys for the plaintiff and the defendant, with all the various turns and phases the trial assumed in its progress, would run this chapter to a tiresome length.

To obviate this, we believe the better plan will be, to give a true synopsis of the proceedings of the court rather than take the risk of displeasing the reader with too much minute detailing. The arguments opened with the greatest possible care on both sides of the case, that the court and jury might not lose trace of a single thread from the beginning to the close.

The four lawyers in the case were not only the most talented, but also the most cultured and dignified gentlemen in that city. There was none of those slang phrases and

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that unwarranted abuse—so common to those little half-cultured ten-cent lawyers, who infest the office of the Justice of the Peace and skin the victim, while the justice holds him.

When it seemed that the lawyers had selected and staked off the field over which the great legal contest was to take place, they moved forward by steady, cautious steps, and warmed up to the highest pitch of legal eloquence, and continued thus for two successive days.

One of the most difficult phases in the case met with so far and to be overcome by the attorneys for the plaintiff, was to prove that the girl Maudelle, was the daughter of George Morroe as claimed, or some other girl brought forward for the occasion.

Although Mr. Lawson had seen the girl from time to time, from her birth up to the death of her father, but he could not truthfully say that she was the same girl.

Many of the childish features—prominent in the child of seven years, were either lost altogether in the fourteen-year-old girl or had changed beyond positive recognition, and the only thing left was a rather weak chain of circumstantial evidence.

Dr. Gillispie was put upon the stand and he made a clear statement as to the child at the death of her father, and the rumor of the disappearance of Maudelle, and the way he found her in New Orleans.

He produced the bill of sale of the purchase of the girl, and gave his reasons for bringing her back home.

Maudelle was sent for and brought into court, to give testimony to prove her identity, by giving a description of her father.

When put upon the stand facing the great blaze of eyes, she became excited and greatly embarrassed, but the kind, fatherly judge came to her relief. Said he—"My dear little girl, you need not be frightened, no one shall hurt you, just

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go right along and tell your story and I will see to it that you are protected."

Maudelle turned her face to the judge and thanked him with a modest smile and bow of the head. A whisper in undertone of approval of her gratitude ran through the audience and she had gained one point of sympathy.

There sat the daughter of the much-lamented Senator, George Morroe, in whom ended the name and posterity of the Morroe family, and she had shown herself worthy of the trust. In the fact that she had been put to the test, and came out proof against the assassin's knife, the grave in the forest, the seven years of slavery, the chase of the blood hounds and the plunge into the black water of the Mississippi. These achievements entitled her to poise before the court as a heroine of no ordinary reputation.

After she became composed, and somewhat reconciled to the curious gaze of the audience, she was told to begin as far back in her life as she could remember, and up to the death of her father. She began at the age of eighteen months, and told a straight story up to the hour when her father was stabbed. On entering into a repetition of that scene, her throat filled and voice faltered. The kind judge helped her again to go through the difficult task.

Said he, "Take your time, my little daughter, I know what it is to lose a father. I saw my father die, so you see, we have both suffered alike."

She turned her suffused eyes on the judge, bowed her thanks, and renewed the effort, and went through without a moment's hesitation, and not only described the assassin, but also the number of wounds and their location.

She minutely pictured the sickroom, the persons present and what they said and did, and last words of her father, which was so dramatically touching, that the court and majority of the audience hung their heads and the room became a sepulchreal hush.

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The family physician, (Dr. Brantly,) was next put on the stand, and corroborated the statement of Maudelle, relative to the wounds of Morroe, and further said that just below the collar, on the fourth vertebratum, was a birth mark, round in shape, red in color, and the size of a bird shot. Maudelle was again asked if the wound in the breast had left a scar? She said the scar was still to be seen.

The attorneys for the defendant asked that a committee of seven be appointed consisting of three ladies and four gentlemen, disinterested persons, who should take Maudelle to a room, and a search be made for the marks on her body. The committee went out—examined the girl and brought back the report, corroborating exactly as had been stated by Dr. Brantly and Maudelle.

At this point all concerned agreed that the identity of the girl had been undoubtedly established, and it appeared that the last possible opposition was cleared away, and a verdict in her favor was assured. At least it looked that way to the spectators. But the lawyers for the plaintiff were not so sanguine, owing to the fact that they had still another lawyer to reckon with, who had been passive up to that point, and those who knew his tactics, felt all the more uneasy, that if he once rose to his feet to speak, he would say something damaging to the opposite side. This man was Col. Jefferson, the senior member of the firm of Jefferson and Stephens. Col. Jefferson was one of the most shrewd lawyers in the state.

He never lost an opportunity to gain the advantage of every point in a suit, nor would he waste words on a worthless proposition. Mr. Lawson knew that he could count on nothing as safe, until Mr. Jefferson had been disposed of.

It was now night, and the judge said inasmuch as two days had been devoted to the case, that it would be necessary to hold a night session to finish, in order to clear the docket at that term of the court of other important cases.

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An adjournment was taken until nine o'clock that night. When court re-convened the room was still packed with anxious spectators, who had followed the case for two days, and were willing to sacrifice a night's sleep to see the end.

After some preliminary work of the court, Mr. Jefferson took the floor at ten o'clock. Profound silence pervaded the court room and the spectators leaned forward, eager to catch every word of the argument, which they knew would be the pivotal point on which the case would likely turn.

After touching lightly upon the legal phases pro and con, he brought out very clearly the merits of the prominent points made by the attorney for the plaintiff. He evinced great sympathy for the girl in what she had suffered, and that she deserved all her attorneys asked for, but unfortunately for her, she could not reasonably expect that to which no right or title had been established.

The jury hardly breathed, so close and earnest was their attention. He paid a high compliment to the father of the girl for having willed his vast estate to his daughter, but said that her father's wealth was a tantalizing phantom of the right to promise a blessing which could never be realized. He regretted, said he, "that the father of the girl did not protect her interest in time, and thus have saved her the embarrassment of an irreparable loss.

"Such a precaution on the part of George Morroe would have been more compatible with his great learning and fatherly kindness, but," said he, "I want to say to the court and the jury to take cognizance of this fact in our state law, from which we cannot depart and be just to ourselves, and those for whom we legislate.

"The law of our state does not recognize the child of a white father and colored mother as a legal heir to its father's property. Such a one born under these conditions is as much a slave as though both parents were slave negroes.

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"The learned counsel for the plaintiff have made no effort to show that the child or its mother were ever set free, and their silence is the best evidence on that point, that the two were slaves when he died.

"Had the father of the girl manumitted her before the drawing of his will the case might have been different, but the facts are that the freedom has come to her less than ten days ago, more than seven years too late, to be of momentary service to her in this case."

There was an unmistakable feeling of sympathy for the girl, which ran through the patient assembly, whose attention was now turned to the jury who were receiving their instructions from the judge. The case went to the jury at ten minutes past eleven o'clock that night, and the judge said should they reach a verdict before morning he would convene court and receive it. A recess was then taken to await the actions of the twelve men who were intrusted with the fate of the patient, helpless little orphan. While the jury were out, passing on the merits and demerits of the case, there was another crisis rapidly culminating in another part of the town. Men could be seen with hats pulled down over their faces, and hurrying along down alleys and along the dark sides of the street, it was evident that some kind of a secret plot was in progress, and that the late hour of the night was chosen as the most proper time to cover the pathway to and from their crime.

It was noticed that hundreds of horses were tied to fences and streets in dark places on the outer limits of the town, a tacit sign that the majority of the men were from the country.

They all seemed to be heading for some point of concentration, which each one understood, because no one halted nor hesitated a moment, but pushed right along on his mission of bloody business, in doggish haste. Between twelve and one o'clock that night there merged from se-

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clusion these three hundred men with feet and faces muffled, and filed into ranks of twos and marched away towards the center of the city without a word.

When within a few blocks of the court house, they halted at the tap of bones, which seemed to be manipulated by an expert bone performer. Another tap, tap, tap, of the bones and the men fell into ranks of tens and marched off on a double quick in compact and phalanx—until within one block of the court house.

Then came another sharp tap of the bones, and each man jerked a wicked looking pistol from his boot leg, and filed right and marched directly to the jail back of the court house, around which they formed a hollow square.

The leader demanded the keys from the jailer, who at first refused, but on looking out on three hundred disguised irresponsible men, wisdom dictated acquiescence.

The main door to the jail was unlocked and swung open. Next the doors to the cells to Sam Dobson and Jim Bowler were opened, and those two men stopped and shook hands with the leader of the mob, with whom a few whispered words were exchanged. Then the door of the cell of Jake Cobb, the negro, was opened, and he roughly dragged out, and his hands and feet were tied.

Sam Dobson threw him to the ground—put one foot on his breast—bore his head backward and said, "You d—black devil, you betrayed us, did you? Now die like a dog," and with one vicious slash with a butcher's knife he cut the negro's head half off.

Jake tried to cry out for mercy, but the word was cut in two with the keen knife, and only the half word "mer—" was all ever registered on the pages of time. Although every vein and artery of the neck was severed, and the blood poured out like water from an open faucet, yet the poor victim died distressingly hard.

The body rolled and floundered about like a badly butch-

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ered animal. The air hissed and gurgled out and in through the severed wind-pipe, and spattered blood ten or fifteen feet in every direction.

The body was found next morning as it had died, which presented a fearful sight. Sam Dobson and Jim Bowler were placed in a closely-covered carriage, and safely put beyond the reach of Kentucky's law before the day opened upon them.

The mob marched away as quietly as they came, without so much as arousing a watch dog on their route. When the town awoke to the realization of the tragedy of the night, public sentiment seemed to run but one way, that attributive justice had been measured out to Jake, and the more fortunate white men were congratulated.

At about the same time of night that the mob attacked the jail, the jury at the court house were passing on the case of Maudelle. When the jury filed into the room and handed their written verdict to the judge, and the judge in turn gave it to the clerk of the court, who read the paper aloud. When he came to the last words "We, the jury, one and all, come to a verdict in favor of the defendant," there was a murmur of disappointment which ran through the audience, as they rose to their feet and left the court room.

On the next morning Mr. Lawson sat in his office with a gloomy, careworn expression depicted upon his face. The anxiety and tremendous taxation upon his nervous system for two days and a night had told the story of wasted energy.

Had the case turned in his favor, that of itself would have bridged the mental void, and also have given a vigorous and recuperative impulse to his flagging spirits. As Dr. Gillispie and Maudelle entered the room, he looked up and said, "Well doctor, all is lost. We have been driven to the wall and beaten in a fair contest."

Dr. Gillispie planted his foot hard on the floor and said, "My dear sir, we will not acknowledge a defeat yet, but

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name it only a truce, until we can martial our forces, then we will hoist our flag and march out again in the name of God. The verdict of this court is not the verdict of the court of heaven, and until that comes, my faith and hope will face the darkest hour that earth can invent. I will not believe that God has balked at this point, and we are left alone to work our way out of the entanglement. No, sir; there must be a way out. There were times also in my life, when I have been driven to the wall, and I thought as you do, that all was lost, but when I made the next step, a way opened, and what I thought was an impregnable wall was only a thin veil behind which shone the most brilliant day."

"Your faith," said Mr. Lawson, "would be very valuable on some other occasion, but law knows neither favorites nor subject of mercy, but its stern, rigid functions cannot be subverted, nor bent out of the course of equity, and still maintain its dignity as law.

"It is very unfortunate that the Senator did not manumit his child, long before he died, for on that point our case turned and was lost."

It appeared that Maudelle woke to a fact which had lain dormant for seven years, and she said "Why, Mr. Lawson, don't you know that papa set me and mamma free when I was one year old, as my first birthday present?"

"He may have told you so," said Mr. Lawson, "and indeed no doubt intended to have done so, but I have never heard him mention it."

Dr. Gillispie turned to Maudelle and said, "How do you know, Maudelle, he freed you and your mamma?"

"Because," said she, "I have seen the free papers a great many times, and have heard mamma read them so much, that I know them by heart."

By this time Mr. Lawson had become intensely interested and with brows knit together and head bent forward was

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gazing into Maudellé's face as though every word she spoke was worth a world.

"Did you say that you remember what the paper contained and that you can recite the words?" said Mr. Lawson.

"I can," said Maudellé.

"Then do so," said Mr. Lawson, rather excitedly.

Maudellé ran over a list of words as easy, and as rapidly as one counting his fingers.

Mr. Lawson turned to Dr. Gillispie, and said, "Doctor, those are the exact words that are generally used in such a document."

"By George, I believe there is something in it. I know there is," said Dr. Gillispie.

"Now, my dear little girl, what became of those papers?" said Mr. Lawson.

"Why, don't you know that mamma sent you all the papers by your office boy the day before I was carried off?" said Maudellé.

"Yes, I remember all that," said Mr. Lawson, "but I have no recollection of ever seeing such a paper as you describe. The fact is, I did not examine any of the papers very closely after your mother's death, and we supposed you were dead also. In that event, I could do nothing but turn over to the court all papers, etc., as the will prescribed, and it may be possible the free papers were among them."

"Suppose you did turn that paper over to the court, (which seems to me probable), what next?" said Dr. Gillispie.

"To find them at any cost, if they still exist on earth," said Mr. Lawson.

By this time Mr. Lawson's face was wearing an expression of hope, and he said, "With this much information to start with, I can see some sign of daylight ahead. He sprang to his feet, put on his hat, and said, "Friends, remain here until I return, it will take but a few minutes to

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trace this matter to a close. The same old circuit clerk is still in the office, that was there fifteen years ago, and he knows where to find every paper as a man knows his fingers." This said, Mr. Lawson hurried off to the court house.

"What good is another freedom, doctor?" inquired Maudelle.

Dr. Gillispie laughed. "I suppose you think," said he, "that the freedom from Major Shafendore and the freedom which Mr. Lawson is anxious to find, is more than you have any use for."

"Does everybody have two freedoms?" said she.

After joking with her for a while, Dr. Gillispie explained to her the importance of the papers about which Mr. Lawson was so anxious. Just then Mr. Lawson sprang into the room waving a document above his head, "My dear doctor," said he, "This is the flag that you advised hoisting and marching forward in the name of God. This is the document," said he, to Maudelle, "that will bring to you nearly a half million dollars."

Mr. Lawson explained how the papers had been filed away among other papers, which he had turned over to the court seven years ago and had been forgotten.

The papers were not only legally drawn, manumitting both mother and child, six years before Morroe's death, but were regularly recorded in the clerk's office.

There was but this one short step to the final close of the case in litigation, to present the papers to the court, which furnished unimpeachable proof to Maudelle's heirship to the Morroe estate. This was done, and everything was turned over to Mr. Lawson—Maudelle's guardian, and she stepped from abject poverty to affluence and wealth.

Mr. Lawson appointed Dr. Gillispie as Maudelle's preceptor, in which every feasible plan of Senator Morroe for Maudelle's education, was to be carried out to the letter, regardless of cost. As the senator used to say, "No matter

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what it costs to train the heart, hands, and head, and if this is well done, reward will follow worthy achievements as certain as day follows night."

Maudelle was willing to be advised by Dr. Gillispie and Mr. Lawson, except on one item, and on that no compromise could be made. That was not merely to see, but to help put her father's grave in decent condition. Notwithstanding Mr. Lawson had promised to have repairs made as she might suggest, but that was not enough. She seemed to have matured plans of her own, which she was not willing to trust to anyone else.

Her innocent, childlike affection for her father, and her earnest desire to do that little bit of kindness for him, was so laudable in the child that the two gentlemen acquiesced.

"Well, George," said Dr. Gillispie, "when shall we go out to the old homestead to begin work?"

"Tomorrow morning, if that will suit you and Mr. Lawson."

"All right, tomorrow it is."

"I will need a few things to work with," said she.

"Very good, you shall have what you need, tell me what you want," said Dr. Gillispie.

She took a paper from her pocket, on which she had a list of the following articles.

A small shovel and large knife; a small hoe and hatchet a peck basket; three pounds of salt; a big, wide-brimmed hat; a water sprinkler and cheap dress.

Dr. Gillispie and Mr. Lawson were greatly amused, but kept straight faces in her presence, and decided to ask her no questions nor to give any advice, but would wait until she had executed her plans. Her order for tools and material was filled.

Next morning, Dr. Gillispie, Mr. Lawson and Maudelle were on their way to the Morroe plantation, followed by a wagon load of material for fence, etc., and workman.

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Once on the ground, Maudelle took her tools, etc., and marched to the grave of her father, and with all the daring experience of a laborer, wielded the hatchet right and left, felling briers and bushes, and dragging them off.

When the grave had been cleared, next she seized the hoe, and began digging down and pulling up the roots of briers and bushes and such as could not be pulled up, she cut off low in the earth and poured salt on them and covered them up. The two gentlemen who stood off at some distance could not resist the temptation to ask her what reason she had for putting salt in the ground.

"To kill those old roots that won't come up," said she.

"How do you know that salt will kill a root?" said Mr. Lawson.

"Why, salt will kill grass and I think it ought to kill roots, don't you think so?" said she.

"I expect so," said he. Turning to Dr. Gillispie said, "Well, sir, there is an idea worth remembering."

After the grave had been all cleaned off, all trash, etc.,—then her basket and shovel was brought into requisition. There was a mound of earth perhaps two hundred feet from the graveyard. From this mound she shovelled and carried earth in the basket with which she filled the sunken grave and raised it eighteen or twenty inches from the ground, and made an oblong, three by seven feet.

She would not hear to anything like rest, but perspired and tugged away the entire day. The next day was to be spent in decorating the grave. With knife, shovel and basket, she went on a hunt for blue grass. She would cut out a square block of sod with the knife, shovel it out—place it carefully in the basket and wag it carefully to the grave—place it on carefully and go again without a minute's loss of time.

When the grave was beautifully sodded, she planted a scion of a weeping willow at the foot, and then with

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watering pot, she carried water from the spring at the house and gave the sod on the grave a "good drink" she said.

Having finished she sat down to inspect the work. Dr. Gillispie and Mr. Lawson came to her, and congratulated her for having completed such an admirable piece of work, and asked her what next.

She drew from her pocket a drawing which represented a granite coping around a grave, upon which an iron cresting was fixed with a gate. Surprised at the genius displayed in the drawing "Why, girl," said Dr. Gillispie, "who taught you how to draw, and when did you do all this?"

"O, I did it about two weeks ago," said she.

"Two weeks ago, you say," said the doctor, who seemed to be greatly surprised that she had thought of the work so far ahead. "You little rogue," said he, "We have only been here about two weeks and at that, you must have worked out your plans as soon as we got here."

She said she matured her plans as soon as she saw her father's grave in such a neglected condition, and that she was painfully and deeply impressed with a sense of duty, she owed her loving father, and that she made up her mind, that if it took the labor of all her life to buy the grave, she would give it. She said that she saw in a few minutes what kind of tools it would take to do the work. Said she saw how she could do the work herself, and it would be a great pleasure to her. And said she, "I have done it all myself, and I am *so proud* and happy that I have.

"I know someone else might have done it much better, but no one could have been more willing, and no one in the world could have the reason I have for doing the work myself—I will tell you why." She turned and pointed toward the old mansion which stood off a few hundred yards,

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"In the library of that house, seven years ago, my father gave me his last advice, and among the many things he advised, one was, never to ask anyone to do for me what I could conveniently do for myself." Pointing to the grave she said, "In this work I have obeyed him, but the stone and iron work I cannot do, so I will leave it for Mr. Lawson to have done.

"Another thing he said 'Never forget, nor neglect to pray.' I have also obeyed him in this so far. But sometimes in New Orleans I have thought it was useless, then again I knew that my father was with God, and he would not let God forget me. Even when I was chased by the dogs, I prayed as I ran to the river to drown myself, rather than be killed by dogs, for I thought sure that my end had come, when I jumped in, but you see I am here at my old home, which you say is mine. I thank you Mr. Lawson, for getting it back for me, and I hope you will pay yourself well for your trouble.

"I now want to promise my dear, dead papa in presence of you gentlemen, that I will keep every advice he gave me, just as long as I live, because I have come out all right by doing as he told me." She threw a kiss at the grave, saying, "Good-bye, dear, dear, papa," and with a wave of her hand towards the old mansion as a parting adieu, and said, "I am ready to go," thus turned and walked before the gentlemen to the carriage.

"Do you know, doctor," said Mr. Lawson, "that Maudelle is reasoning and thinking many years in advance of her age?"

"Yes," said Dr. Gillispie, "she has the most business-like turn of mind, and the most far-reaching thoughts for one of her age I ever saw. I am proud of her. She is undoubtedly endowed with the elements of a great woman. I am truly glad it has fallen to my lot to direct her mental training."

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"I am sure that she will not disappoint you in your most sanguine hopes," said Mr. Lawson.

An hour's drive brought them back to the city of H—, at two o'clock in the afternoon, and four hours and twenty minutes later, Dr. Gillispie and Maudelle took the train, and whirled away to Boston, Massachusetts.

CHAPTER XV.

BEGINNING A NEW LIFE.

THE sudden transition from an abject condition of a helpless and hopeless slave, and from those cruel tortures of both body and mind, which are incident to human oppression, up to a plane of absolute freedom, was a step so short, that to Maudelle, it was indeed more like a dream of the night, than a positive reality. It is not strange it should seem so, because she had been removed from a miserable little hut in the back yard of her owners, where she lived and slept on equality with dogs, and with which she shared the scraps from the table.

Such a thing as a pleasant word—no matter how much or how well, her work was performed—was as rare as a snow storm in August. But now she had come to a house of refinement and the protection of kind, loving friends, who had taken the responsibility to stand sponsor for her father in all that pertained to her well-being. When favors like these follow so close upon each other, it takes an evenly balanced mind to keep in harmony with such unexpected changes.

But Maudelle was one of Nature's rare productions, which seemed to be in the right place at the right time, and had the faculty of doing things always compatible, with occasions and circumstances. She was modest, unassuming, teachable and with a wonderful wealth of affection for the aged, to whom she was always polite and ready at all times to render willing obedience to them, in whatever was reasonable and right.

Although she had given seven years of her young life in unrequited toil, cut off from books and intelligent social

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contact, and the mental faculties allowed to sleep in the black night of mental ignorance for seven years, yet it was turned to her account for some good. What the head lost, the hands and heart gained, while the mental faculties were inactive, the hands were busy. She had learned every branch of housework which had developed her physical strength, and had given her the endurance of a spartan. In this she was an athlete of Nature's own make, trained in the house of bondage, placed there it seems by a hidden providential hand.

She had lessons to learn preparatory to entering upon her great life's work. It is true she paid a painful price for her schooling, yet it could not be had otherwise. The information to be had from text books and blackboard recitations, was not enough to square up and round off a woman for such an important work as God had reserved for the rare talents of a Maudelle Morroe.

She was not only to hear the story and see the conditions of the suffering people, but she had to feel the keen sting of the lash, and suffer as they suffered, that she might know just where and how to apply her hands to the lever, and raise the people to their proper place, in the nation's commonwealth.

The wonderful ascent from the condition of the slave, and extreme poverty up to untrammelled freedom and great wealth, had in no way defaced the sweet disposition and modest bearing of Maudelle.

She seemed to be carelessly unconscious of two things—her beauty and her great wealth, which to the public eye, these requisites are all the more a blessing, when the owner seems to have forgotten them.

When Dr. Gillispie and Maudelle reached Boston, after a tiresome two days' run, they were welcomed home by the affectionate benediction of Mrs. Gillispie. The doctor had sent a telegram ahead, fixing the hour when they would

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arrive home with a fair run, and Mrs. Gillispie was more than anxious to see her foster-daughter.

It was hard to tell which of the two were the more welcome, Dr. Gillispie or Maudelle, when they were met at the door.

"You dear, little, old, pretty thing, you," said Mrs. Gillispie, as she embraced Maudelle and pulled her into the house.

"That is right," said Dr. Gillispie, "spoil her the first thing."

"I must spoil her just a little bit, since I have waited so long to see her," said Mrs. Gillispie, as she patted Maudelle's cheeks. With her arm about her she conducted her to her rooms—showed her the bathroom and other conveniences, and left her to herself.

Maudelle was overwhelmed with the grandeur and richness of her three apartments—bed-room, library and private parlor. She sat quiet for fifteen or twenty minutes in deep meditation, as though expecting every minute to wake up from a tantalizing delusion.

But the beauty of the scene did not change, everything held its place as when she first saw them, and when her faith in their permanency became assured, she rose to her feet, went into the bathroom and quietly shut and locked the door.

Here in this quiet seclusion, she went down upon her knees, and poured out her thanksgiving to God from her full innocent, childish heart. Here she told her last story of seven years of suffering to God, as a slave. Grief and privation had come to an end, and the blessings of a new life had begun. She offered God her soul as a sacrifice for the gift of freedom—

"Yes," said she, "I am free. Free to think, free to choose a vocation in life, free to make of myself all that God intended I should be, free to protect my character and name,

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and thus to do my part to establish a purer and higher standard of morals among the negroes than it is possible for a slave to do."

Yet, as happy as Maudelle was, and as much as she had a right to be, there was still another strong, unbroken link of slavery which, if left alone, would be more dangerous in its reach than the worst kind of slavery.

That was ignorance. Ignorance is dangerous, because it is contagious, and does not end with an individual, but touches and taints generations in its backward sweep down to posterity. It has no tangible thumb screws, no lash, no blood hounds, no auction block or sale stables, no bidders to buy, nor offers for sale. It inflicts no pain, and you hear no outcry for mercy, it is deathly still, while it is gnawing the very heart and soul out of its unsuspecting victims.

The mind of Maudelle had to be freed from the grasp of ignorance—man's greatest enemy. The seven years of stern discipline of the mind had now to be inverted or transposed. Whereas ignorance was the safeguard to her slavery, intelligence must be made the safeguard to her freedom.

Doctor and Mrs. Gillispie knew it would take the earnest, patient work of many months and years of diligent study, and the close attentive application of Maudelle, to work her way out of the intangling meshes of that hydra hell-commissioned enemy to human happiness.

But she had the will to undertake the task, and that was the most essential thing to begin with.

The first and most difficult thing for Maudelle to overcome was the temptation to address every white person as master or mistress, notwithstanding Mrs. Gillispie had seemingly exhausted all her motherly patience, trying to break up the habit, remould and fit Maudelle to her new condition.

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Yet the habit had become so much of an interwoven part of her nature, that it could not be divorced from the mind in so short a time. "I am a part of everything I meet," says Emerson. This was true in the case of Maudelle's seven years of bondage.

Her daily contact with the owners whose authority was absolute, over mind and body, and even the soul of the slave was limited to a narrow sphere of development and intelligent expansion. The truth of God was bent and made subservient to the avaricious master. The ignorant slave was made to believe that the master was God's viceroy, and the only hope of eternal life for the slave was through a willing obedience to the dictatorial authority of every white face.

"There you go again, with your missis," said Mrs. Gillispie to Maudelle, who had forgotten her new relation to the Gillispie family, whom she had promised to address as mother and father. Maudelle covered her face with her hands, which reddened under the embarrassment of another broken obligation with her foster-mother.

The word "Missis" had become as hateful to Maudelle as it was to Mrs. Gillispie, and she made another resolution to crush it beneath her feet from that hour, and forbid it ever to rise again.

To stand firm, she knew, she would have to throw off all timidity, and break through the wall of old environments, and go to the kind, motherly proffered arms of Mrs. Gillispie for help.

She rose to her feet without a moment's hesitation—"to hesitate is to be lost," stepped in front of Mrs. Gillispie with both hands extended, said, "You have called me daughter, and you have asked me to call you mother. I have been rather ashamed to do so, but from this hour I am your daughter, and you are my mother, if you are willing to have it so." Such an honest, open-hearted confes-

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sion and unreserved resolution of the girl was so unexpected, that Mrs. Gillispie could only embrace Maudelle, and both were silent for several minutes.

Mrs. Gillispie had seen the fourteen-year-old girl rise out of the cowering influence of oppression, and tower to the heights of the full interpretation of freedom.

No doubt as the two hearts had been made empty by a stroke of death in the family of each, were now refilling with hope and love, like an empty flask sunk in a fountain of water, as the flask fills the air bubbles out.

Maudelle had seen her father die, and with his death the beauties of the world faded out, and left in their place a dark, foreboding, blank background, with herself as a lone figure.

Human bondage had added still another deadly blow to hope and happiness. Could her mother have been spared to her, the burden of life would have been shared between the two, but when they were separated, a mother's heart was broken down under the heavy load.

But she seemed to feel that sorrow was at an end, and that all the loss of seven years of parental affection was being restored to her in the warm, personal love of Mrs. Gillispie.

Nine years ago, Mrs. Gillispie had watched for three weeks at the bedside of a prostrated daughter. She had fought side by side with the physician against a stubborn, malignant fever, which was slowly but surely gnawing away her daughter's young life. The mother encouraged and cheered the girl, who was also fighting for her life, with the heroism of a little giant, but it was evident to the skilled eye of the medical scientist that the odds were too much against her vital energy, and that life was ebbing—quietly ebbing away.

The doctor admitted their defeat, but Mrs. Gillispie true to a mother's trust, would not yield one inch of ground,

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as long as there was a pulsation of the heart visible, on which to stay her hope.

Thus she hoped and prayed out of the sympathetic fullness of her bleeding heart, through the long, dreary hours of the night, until the end came. It was five o'clock on a September morning, when the soul stepped from its frail house and went home, and for nine years Mrs. Gillispie had waited for a favorable answer from heaven to her daily petition for some genial soul to fill the void made by the death of her daughter.

Now that Maudelle had come to her, in her declining years, with all the hallowed affections which a child could have for its mother, was indeed an outward expression of heaven's benediction upon the two uniting souls.

The heart of the foster-mother filled and overflowed, and broke out into sobs, not sobs of grief, which memory had brought back from the death bed as it had for nine years, but they were sobs beneath which was now to be buried the last woes of the wounded heart.

These sacred tears were like the last drops of a pelting storm, just before the sun breaks through a thin place in the clouds and the sky is cleared. As tears will answer tears, and love answer love, when two hearts beat in unison, and two natures fuse under the warm influence of truth, Maudelle felt tears creeping down her face for which she could give no reason.

We suppose, however, it was the effect of memory's last look—and joyful good-bye to the horrid picture of woe, filled out with its dilacerate, craggy points tipped with blood and black shadows which rose up from the empty dungeon of enslaved human souls.

Mrs. Gillispie was first to speak. "My daughter it is all over now, my thoughts had gone back to the time when I had to give up my daughter Brunette. She was just about your age when she died.

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"O, how I have envied mothers whose daughters resembled her. I could hardly resist the temptation to take them in my arms and persuade myself they were mine."

"Dear mother," said Maudelle, "I do wish I looked like her, so that I might comfort you, and in that way help to make up your loss."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Gillispie, "you resemble her very much. Your little old rosebud mouth is almost a perfect prototype of hers." She playfully tapped Maudelle on the lips with her fingers, and kissed her several times. Maudelle was of the age when she needed the counsel of a mother, and she had come to Mrs. Gillispie just in time to find a warm and welcome sanctuary in the heart of that good woman.

God in all His matchless wisdom, had created nothing so attractive, nothing so lovely, nothing for which a noble man will more readily die to protect, than a womanly woman.

Maudelle, like other girls of her age, was near the danger line which lies between the girl entering her teens, and of the fully-developed woman. There are lessons of life to learn, which are full of apprehensions for the inexperienced and unsuspecting girl.

The teens are the forks of the road where nature is to take another turn, where the finger-board points two ways, and unfortunately there are no engraven letters, or sign to indicate the kind and character of the metropolis to which they point.

But woe unto her who, by mistake, takes the road which bends away to the left, which will, no doubt, be festooned with exquisitely tinted flowers, and mellow, golden fruit will lie along the pathway and intoxicate the soft, soothing atmosphere with its sweet, delicate fragrance.

But there lies a green-headed poison adder, beneath every object, with fangs unsheathed, and neck arched for the deadly strike.

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She who goes beyond the dead-line on the wrong road, and crosses the first bridge, it goes down at her heels—with a frightful crash, which means no return. Mrs. Gillispie explained all this, of which Maudelle was ignorant, yet she was confiding, trustworthy and teachable, thus the way was clear for a new life.

No doubt, those who read this book will place only a fictitious valuation upon the story of Maudelle's life, but by no means is that a true version of the case.

The fact is, there is no reason to resort to fiction, when there are thousands of authentic cases in the South, which are almost parallel with the one in hand.

But as this subject will be brought forward again, and more fully discussed in its proper place, we will dismiss it for the present.

"My daughter," said Mrs. Gillispie, "Your first battle has been fought and won, in that, that you have broken away from that childish timidity and you have addressed me as "mother," and the doctor as "papa." I have no language sufficiently strong and expressive with which to tell you how your words fell upon our ears and how deep they sank into our hearts.

"In that way, my dear daughter, you have put in motion again, an affectionate and responsive chord in our souls which has lain silent and untouched for nine years.

"I feel now that I am going to live life over again, because I cannot think of you other than my own daughter come back to me from the dead.

"The doctor will insist on calling you 'George', because it was an assumed name of disguise in New Orleans, as well as the first name of your father."

"I rather like the name you and the doctor have selected for me," said the girl.

"I am glad you do," said Mrs. Gillispie—"So that you see, we have in you a son and a daughter."

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It was now toward the end of May, which had been about two months since Maudelle^s left New Orleans with Dr. Gillispie. During this time she had been idle, and kept constantly in silks, laces and fine jewelry, which was of course compatible with her financial status, but entirely distasteful to her notion of a useful life. However, she thought it was her duty to submit to the choice of her friends, rather than take the risk of offending them by dictating a course contrary to their wishes.

But as her acquaintance with them had grown strong in affection, she felt safe to make a mere suggestion, which would lead up to a full discussion of the subject—"Industry."

"My dear mother," said Maudelle, "When are you going to take me out of these fine things and let me go to work?"

"Do you like to work?" said Mrs. Gillispie.

"Indeed I do," said the girl.

"What kind of work can you do?" said Mrs. Gillispie.

"O, I can wash, iron, scrub, cook, or do any kind of housework," said she, whose face wore tokens of pleasure at the thought of breaking the monotony of idleness.

"It is a nice thing to work," said Mrs. Gillispie, "especially it is essential to know how to do all kinds of housework in order to make a well-rounded woman, whose practical, experienced eye makes her a good judge of work when performed by those she employs.

"But, my dear, I am of opinion that a sacrifice of seven years of such work, has given you as much information as you need, and I must tell you that we will have no more of that kind of work for you."

Maudelle dropped her head with disappointment depicted upon her face. No doubt she felt that after all, her life was to be a blank of miserable indolence.

Of course Maudelle did not know that Mrs. Gillispie had made the disposition and bent of her mind a study for

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several weeks, and the present discussion had evolved the conclusion.

Had the girl been of a proud, haughty, and self-important disposition, the training would have to take a direction to meet and master that principle. The interview between Maudelle and her foster-mother was another pleasing and promising step in the direction of the beginning of a new life.

Mrs. Gillispie put her arm around Maudelle. "O, you little goose," said she, "Do you suppose there is nothing to do but wash and scrub and cook? Come, and let us go into the library and see papa, I believe he has some work for you."

Of course the doctor and Mrs. Gillispie had matured plans for the training and other comforts of their ward, which were to be taken up and put into practice systematically as it came to them.

Her first mental training was to be conducted under a private teacher, so that the child should not enter school and be embarrassed by beginning so far back in the books at her age.

But as the hot Summer months were so near at hand, it was planned to give her a much needed out-door exercise, and thus build up a strong, physical body and clear, vigorous mind.

The lady teacher for Maudelle had already been employed, and she was to be with the child a great deal during the Summer, in order to gain her affection, as well as to note the bent—susceptibility—and the endurance of her mind.

These arrangements were made without the girl's knowledge, that her true self might come out without any reservation on her part.

Even the out-door exercises and amusements were never mentioned until the one in hand had been mastered.

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This was for the purpose that the entire force of the mind should be concentrated upon one thing at a time. The first thing on the list was boating, both sailing and rowing. Of course the family knew she would go through a spell of sea-sickness, but even this was not mentioned to her. Just here the writer would say—If the silly little goose had known as well as the writer, what it cost head and stomach to get on friendly terms with the sea, she would never have gone to sea. But if it teaches her in the outcome how to manage a boat as well as the writer, then she will be well paid for being violently turned inside outward.

"Well, George," said Dr. Gillispie. "How would you like to be a sailor?"

"What is a sailor, papa?" said she.

"Why a sailor is one who learns to manage a boat on water," said the doctor.

Maudelle skipped around on the floor and said,—“O, that will be so nice to drive a boat.”

All present were amused at her elation over the thought to “drive a boat,” as she put it.

Early next morning, lunch was packed for the day, and each one of the family was appropriately dressed for the sea voyage. Thirty minutes drive brought them to the family yacht, which lay at anchor in her harbor.

Richard, the coachman was instructed to come for them at six o'clock in the evening.

Maudelle was shown how to weight anchor, hoist, and set the sails. With her short, blue gown, coat, cap, and boots to the knees, she made a model little sailor, standing at the wheel with Dr. Gillispie. There was just breeze enough to give the water a roll inland, but as the proud yacht parted from shore under a more direct wind, the waves swelled up larger, the yacht gathered more speed as she dipped down deeper and rose higher to accommodate herself to the motion of the water.

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Maudellé looked back to shore, but there could be seen only a flat, gray line flush with the water, dotted with white spots, perhaps houses. She had let go of the wheel and was clutching the doctor with consternation upon her face.

She was frightened half to death, but ashamed to own it, since she had evinced so much pleasure at the start. She looked up at the doctor and said with choked voice, "Will this boat turn over?"

"O, no, not while we are at the wheel," said he.

"I am afraid it will strike a stone on the bottom, and tear up, because it goes down mighty low," said she.

"No danger of that," said he, "because we are at least a quarter of a mile above the bottom."

She was silent while her face took on an additional fright, and she was catching and swinging about Dr. Gillispie as the yacht dashed out into open sea—Mrs. Gillispie and Miss Bowen, the teacher, had gone below, but Maudellé was ashamed to leave her good friend to drown alone, as she expected would be their inevitable fate.

By this time the sea-sickness was creeping upon her. The yacht stood off twenty miles from shore, and was doing a pretty piece of sailing. Maudellé looked again for land, but there was no land to be seen.

"Why, papa, the land and houses have all sunk in the sea," said she, in great alarm. The doctor explained why it appeared so, but was not as she thought.

She said nothing more but thought differently just the same. Her head had become so dizzy that she could no longer stand on her feet, but sat down on deck and held to the doctor's legs.

Doctor Gillispie pulled the bell, and Mrs. Gillispie and Miss Bowen came on deck to care for Maudellé, whom they knew was going into a spell of wicked sea-sickness.

But to persuade her to loose her hold of the doctor's legs, was out of the question altogether.

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"No, no," said she "If I leave papa, this boat will turn over, and we will all be drowned. Let me stay here."

Her lips were deathly pale, her head ached violently, she could no longer sit up, but lay flat on her stomach and held on to the doctor's leg with one hand, until finally she cried out, "O, I am so sick—so sick."

The ladies took her up, held her head over the side of the boat, then for five or ten minutes any kind of death would have been preferable to her condition.

After the stomach had given up all its contents, it appeared that nothing would do, but that it should come up itself and go overboard also.

Maudelle was given restoratives and soon felt better, but she lay around on deck during the home run.

Notwithstanding the yacht plunged and sported with the billows on her return, much more than she did on her way out, but to Maudelle it seemed that all fear of the upsetting of the boat disappeared with her spell of sea-sickness, and never annoyed her again.

The rolling and ducking of the yacht, which alarmed her on the first day became a pleasure, to see the boat ride the waves with such exquisite grace and ease thereafter.

By the following day the effect of sea-sickness had passed off, and left her weak, but with a wolfish appetite.

The yacht sailing and boat rowing were kept up for several weeks, which Maudelle greatly enjoyed.

Under the instructions of Dr. Gillispie, the girl soon became a wonderfully skilled little pilot at the wheel. She had learned all points of the compass, the distinction, character and relative force of the wind, and how to give her yacht every advantage of wind and wave in order to get her best work.

The next out-door exercise lined out for Maudelle was hunting. She had practised a great deal with the rifle and shotgun, under skilful instructors. But her shooting up

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to the time had been limited to the inanimate target, which lacks the excitement found in the living, which puts its skill of dodging and flight against scientific markmanship.

"George," said Dr. Gillispie, "we are going out to challenge the wild ducks; how do you like that?"

She danced around and shouted, "O papa, you are a grand, good papa. You think of so many nice things for me to do. I will be so glad to shoot a duck," said she, as she ran off to tell Mrs. Gillispie and insist on her going along.

"No, my dear, I do not want to go," said she. "I am afraid of a gun, and I want you to be very, very careful. Guns are very dangerous things to fool with. Their mission in this world is to kill, and they are not particular what they kill. The earth is full of dead men whose lives these treacherous things have taken." The old lady shuddered at the last word.

Lunch and everything necessary was packed over night, and the coachman ordered to take the party to the lake at an early hour. Although Maudelle set the alarm clock for an early hour, yet she was up a half dozen times to see the time. At last the night wasted away, and the early breakfast over, before sunrise, Dr. Gillispie, Miss Bowen and Maudelle, dressed in hunting suits and with guns in hand, were skimming along in their boat upon the placid bosom of the lake and keeping a sharp lookout for game.

Maudelle was so greatly excited with the sport and so anxious to get the first shot, which she had been promised, that she attempted several times to fire when the game was away beyond the carrying power of her gun.

But very soon the opportunity came unexpectedly. Three large ducks came dashing through the fog, straight toward the boat, and within fifty yards of it, before Maudelle's keen eye discovered them. She sprang to her feet

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threw the gun to her shoulder, and fired. She saw two ducks drop toward the water, and before they reached it she was fighting the air with both hands to keep her feet, but backward she went, and overboard, flat of her back, into the lake with a great splash. In the scramble the gun was thrown over her head, away out into the lake and forever lost.

Maudelle was fished out and dragged into the boat with clothes, eyes and mouth dripping with water.

The accident happened by reason of a wrong position of the feet when she fired the gun. Instead of advancing the left foot and resting on the right—in this position the body is braced against a possible rebound of the gun—she forgot all this, and, in her hurry, placed both feet side by side, and when the rebound or push against the shoulder came, it caused her to step backward, which brought both heels against the side of the boat, the boat careened and she, losing her balance, fell into the lake. But a mistake of this kind never happened again.

She did not wait to wipe the water from her face and eyes, but seized the oars, pulled the boat out and picked up her game over which she was so much elated as Dr. Gillispie said, "You are satisfied to have got the ducking, just so you got the ducks."

On returning home in the afternoon, Maudelle insisted on cooking her game in her own way. "All right," said Mrs. Gillispie, "cook the game to suit your dear little self, and we will eat it if you can." She went into the kitchen, and while she prepared the ducks, chatted merrily with Mary, the cook, relating the events of the day's outing.

Mrs. Gillispie and Miss Bowen stood outside peeping through the window blinds and were greatly amused at the changed appearance of Maudelle. She had borrowed an old dress and apron from the cook which she had pinned up to a suitable length, and moved about from place to place

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as quickly and with as much ease and grace as a professional French cook.

"God bless my dear little old daughter, she will never know how much hold she has on my life. I do not believe I could live long without her," said Mrs. Gillispie.

"I am very proud of Maudelle," said Miss Bowen, "and I feel I am going to have an apt and interesting pupil in her."

The girl had chosen a style of roasting game which was entirely new to the family.

When the family sat down to their six o'clock dinner, Dr. Gillispie, who always did the carving and serving meats, removed the dish of roast ducks and placed it before Maudelle, with the remark, "She that can cook can carve," as a joking challenge. But when she took the knife and fork and without a moment's hesitation began parting the joints with such dexterity and scientific skill, the doctor gazed at her in astonishment, and badly beaten at his game of having fun at her expense said, "Good gracious, George, when did you learn to carve so nicely?"

"In New Orleans," said she.

"Why, gal, what is it you can not do?"

She laughed, rather amused at the doctor who seemed to put so much stress on carving.

"Why, papa, carving isn't anything much. Can't everybody carve?" said she.

"No, not by a great deal. Carving is quite an art that must be learned. I thought I was going to have the fun of seeing you saw and hack the game and then give up the job, but you have beaten me at my own game. Now, my dear, I am going out of the carving business and leave it all to you after this."

Maudelle's method of cooking game was to season, lard and closely wrap it in white paper and roast slowly to a light brown color. By this method the flavor was retained

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which imparted to it an exquisite taste which could not be had by any other style of cooking. Not only game, but fish were treated in the same way. She taught the cook a great many new French tricks about cooking, and when those new dishes came to the table Dr. Gillispie would give the credit to Maudelle, but she was modest and unselfish, and would never own she had any hand in it unless cornered for an answer.

It was now September, and the air was taking on a sharp, biting edge which made within doors quite comfortable with light fires morning and evening. The season for outdoor sports, such as boating, fishing and hunting was drawing to a close, after which would come skating and sleighing and other winter exercises.

But just now the most important thing at hand was to begin a thorough and systematic mental training for Maudelle. Socially she had become indispensable to the Gillispie household. She loved them with a whole-hearted devotion, and they loved her with all the tenderness possible for parents to feel for a child united to them by ties of consanguinity.

Miss Bowen having been a companion of Maudelle during the Summer, had studied her taste and compass of mind, and was very sanguine of having a brilliant pupil in her.

CHAPTER XVII.

A BATTLE WITH BOOKS.

As Miss Julia Bowen and Maudelle promenaded in the spacious marble hall of the Gillispie mansion, with arms about each other's waist, they chatted merrily as though they swung in an orbit of hallowed affection all their own. This union of spirits and union of two hearts was the evolved product of an acquaintance and daily contact of three months.

Miss Bowen was a most excellent lady of polish and refinement, as well as one of Boston's ripe and well-rounded scholars of acknowledged ability. Her father was Captain Bowen of the ill-fated steamer *M. H.*, which was wrecked on her way from Europe in mid-ocean.

Captain Bowen stood at his post in the hour of danger, saved his passengers, but lost his own life. When the passengers reached their several homes in this and other countries, they evinced their gratitude by making up a purse for the captain's widow and daughter, which put them in easy circumstances, and the persistent industry of Miss Julia steadily added to their comfort. She had refused many enviable chances to marry men of fortune, but she would neither leave her mother, nor consent to add another person to the family, for fear it might, in some way, discomfort her mother. Hence she determined not to take the risk against so much doubt.

Miss Julia had reached the age of thirty-three, just far enough away from the boundary line of girlhood, to be a delightful associate for men of sense and a safe guide for a girl in her teens.

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She was rather a conservative optimist in principle. She recognized beauties in nature as providential necessities where others saw only frightful spectres, yet she was cognizant of a dark and light side to human nature, and knew how to harmonize her conduct to meet the various phases without unnecessary friction.

Her well-balanced face and classic head, out of which looked a pair of sharp, penetrating blue eyes bespoke for her a vigorous mind of large calibre.

No better choice as a teacher and companion for Maudelle could have been made, and no pupil could do more and better work to the credit of the teacher than Maudelle. Thus teacher and pupil, so well mated in matters of mutual interest and tender affection, was the best evidence for great achievement in the schoolroom.

"Next Monday, my dear, we are going into books," said Miss Julia.

"And I am very glad," said Maudelle. "I have been playing for six or seven months. I know I have learned a great deal for which I am very, very thankful, and now I am ready for any kind of book work you may be pleased to put me at. I am so anxious to know all about the world and what it contains, about the plants, animals, air, water, rocks and metals. I want to know about the stars and the sun and the moon and a lot of things I hear educated people talk about."

Sure enough, the Monday to which Miss Bowen referred came, and Maudelle met it with a strong resolution to begin her uncomprising battle with books. The study of Dr. Gillispie had been fitted up with all the necessary appliances for a private schoolroom.

The girl had met and mastered all the out-door amusements and games to which she had been introduced. But this was mere play as she wisely put it, which required no special draft on the mental faculties. These sports could

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be learned or not, as tastes and fancy might dictate, without any serious loss to a useful womanhood. It is true, they were worth all they cost, inasmuch as they had contributed a large quota to body building, as well as to strengthening the mind and memory. But now the mind was to be disciplined and held under rule and trained to work by systematized plans of the schoolroom, not so rigid, of course, as those of a large school, yet just the same in a mild, epitomized form.

Some children show a wonderful aptitude, in fact, real genius and a fine versatility of mental elements, so long as they are allowed unlimited play of latitude to choose and refuse kind and quality of work, but are idiotic when restrained under rule.

Whether this would be true of Maudelle or not was not known, yet her teacher and foster-parents had implicit faith in her native ability, and a sanguine hope of a brilliant outcome for the girl. But faith and hope are not tangible realities, and can not be expressed in outward form, nor demonstrated by any known process of figuration. Evidences from within are the only answer for anything else than that; we must wait until the end comes to human effort. Faith and hope are indeed very beautiful soul ideals, and really have pretty much to do with shaping one's destiny, in the two worlds.

There is no God to one without faith and hope. The beyond is a dark, chaotic, shoreless ocean without top or bottom. Life to such a one has no meaning other than to eat, drink and die.

There was some reason for doubt by those interested in Maudelle's case, from the fact that the girl had passed up to a line where the timid, dependent, obedient child-life with tender, flexible mind is dropped, and a more self-reliant, dictatorial and persistent womanhood sets in.

Could Maudelle be brought back seven years and then

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carried safely over the ground again, without a fatal rupture and a wilful divorcement from the admonition of all parties concerned? Teacher and foster-parents believed otherwise, but they had no positive assurance to warrant such a belief, nor could they shake off the thought which had become serious, inasmuch as they had taken upon themselves the responsibility of the dead parents, to train and polish the moral and mental nature of the orphan to a useful womanhood.

It was to be expected that the girl would have some volition and individuality, a kind of self-created motive power back of her placid nature, which can be called out when it is necessary to break up through the incrustations of imposition. On the morning of the beginning of her mental training, Maudelle was aglow with feverish excitement and intense eagerness for the trial of her faculties in the science of letters and figures. But could she, or would she keep up the interest, could she keep the mind's working faculties spurred up to their necessary tension for seven or eight years.

The lessons assigned were few and simple; at first a half dozen figures were placed upon the black-board, and the pupil with nervous hand struck off the answer, and the great unfoldment of the mind had begun by a process of involution and evolution.

The mental faculties had to be awakened to a concept of universal truth, as found in the broad domain of nature, by the aid of scientific appliances and patient effort of the teacher.

Thus the life of Maudelle's inward mind and external matter had stood apart, on opposite sides of a deep chasm, but that chasm must be bridged and the two offsprings of God brought into a nearer relationship.

Miss Bowen was turning on the searchlight of analytical reason by gentle degrees, and would increase the power

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as the field of vision would broaden and the faculties would become more susceptible to greater endurance.

The mind was not to be overfed or engorged, but left with a keen desire for more at the close of the work of each day.

For the first two or three weeks it appeared that the girl's mind refused to lay hold on the lessons and absorb them with the readiness she desired. The frolicsome mind was like a young horse being broken to harness, it worked well at intervals, but could not be depended on for a full, unbroken day's service.

However, these truant capers of the mind were all the more encouraging to her experienced teacher, but were very embarrassing to Maudelle.

The difference between the opinion of pupil and teacher was this, the pupil did not know how to make allowance for the dormant, unused faculties in the new work at hand. But the teacher saw in that the best evidence of a susceptible, strong and stable mind, when properly directed, in the fact that it would not give up its seven years of accumulated ignorance without a formidable protest, but when once whipped into service could be depended upon to hold fast to its purer stock and store of knowledge.

The teacher's translation of the meaning of the treacherous, flagging mind was correct, as the close of the first quarter furnished ocular proof.

Maudelle had not only recovered all lost ground, but had swept past the outpost of the most sanguine expectation of her foster-parents.

Her progress was so rapid, and her desire for knowledge so ravenous, that the teacher advised "Down brakes," on the runaway mind.

"No, no," said Dr. Gillispie, "give her the right of way, and God speed."

In the first place the girl was perfect in her physical make-up, then from the out-door exercise during the Sum-

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mer, the system had stored up a wonderful supply of energy, of brawn and brain power, to draw on in case of emergency.

Again, the schoolroom had by no means ended the outdoor sports, it had only harmonized them with the lessons so that each had its respective time and place without injury to the other.

It was now mid-winter, the active season for sleighing and skating was at hand, and one or the other was indulged in after the lesson ended for the day.

Maudelle's trial at skating was pretty much like that of her experience of the first two or three weeks in the schoolroom, plus the falls and bruises.

Her feet seemed to insist on exchanging positions with her head, and she was more often down flat upon her back than on her feet, notwithstanding Doctor Gillispie and Miss Bowen held her hands and pulled her along on the ice.

She conceived the idea that she could use her hands as kind of balancing wings to better advantage than to be hooked onto her two friends. Maudelle had the faculty to never give up an undertaking. The more difficult the task to her it meant only more and harder work.

"Papa," said she, "you and Miss Bowen let go my hands. I am going to learn to skate; that much is settled, and the sooner I learn to depend on myself the quicker I shall learn. If I fall and hurt myself pretty bad it will teach me the necessity of standing on my feet. This ugly way of falling about, kicking up my feet before these people, must end to-day."

"All right, George, I like your spirit of self-reliance, but I really question the wisdom of your method of removing the props from between your head and the ice," said the doctor.

She was released and went on her way, whirring around and flopping the air with her hands, flouncing and bobbing like a didapper preparing to dodge the shot of a gun.

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Just at this time an old gentleman, whom everyone present seemed to know and admire for his affability and ready wit and humor, as he came spinning along and caught sight of Maudelle in her worst behavior, cried out, "That is right, my little chicken, fight for standing room; there is plenty of it up here, and you have as much right to it as anyone else. Keep up with the darn things and ride them just as fast as they choose to go. That is the way to do it. Lean forward a little more and aim to get there first."

All in a moment Maudelle seemed to catch the spirit and meaning of her adviser and sailed off like a bird. The crowd shouted, "Hurrah for Captain Power's little chicken."

Maudelle soon became an expert skater, and Captain Powers took great interest in teaching her some fine fancy tricks on the ice. The captain's daughter and Maudelle soon became faithful friends, and were of value to each other under trying circumstances further along in life.

Nothing further worthy of mention happened during the Winter. At the end of the term in June, Maudelle had made two full grades without the least show of physical or mental wear.

While the family and friends were congratulating her on the excellent work in the schoolroom, she was fretting under the thought of having to lose the Summer in what she called "play."

However she fell in line with the family in their outdoor sports, and the Summer passed off pleasantly as had previous ones. But to the great surprise of the teacher, when the studies were resumed in the fall, it was discovered that the girl had made an extra grade, by studying at night after the family had retired.

"You little black-eyed rogue!" said Dr. Gillispie, "you are going to kill yourself. Twelve round months in the year in text books is decidedly too much."

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"Do you know, papa," said she, "that I am getting to be an old girl? Others at my age are finishing their education while I am poking along snail-like behind them. You need have no fear that study will injure me, it is rather a rest for me; but to do nothing is my painful *bete noire*."

"The fact is, I am anxious to get through school, and 'Be about my Father's business'," said she, with as much earnestness and solemnity as a judge of a court.

Said Miss Bowen to Dr. Gillispie, "Maudelle is a wonderful study to me. She has the rare faculty of taking in at a mere glance the whole of the most complicated problem or a prolix proposition in science and language. She very often demonstrates by a new and unknown process of her own that is really interesting and beautiful. There seems to be no limit to her mental grasp. With my long and varied experience in teaching I have never met with anyone whose mental depth I could not, in some way, discover except Maudelle, who is an unanswerable puzzle to me."

Said Doctor Gillispie, "I account for it in this way. The girl was born educated, and the work in the schoolroom to her is merely a pleasant pastime or a kind of playful review. She knew it all before birth, and now she needs only a hint and it comes to her memory without an effort on her part. There are cases on record of children who could read and demonstrate in mathematics as soon as they could talk, who never had any instruction. Maudelle came from a long line of eminent scholars, and she is the last of that line in whom there seems to be centered their superior mental calibre.

"God and Nature have booked her for a prominent place in the front ranks of mankind, and she is going there, not so much from selfish choice, because she is modest, but she will go upward by the momentum of an intuitive, unconscious, indomitable will to master everything within her reach."

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The private study was over, and the point to enter the High School was now reached, and Maudelle had been carefully and thoroughly fitted for the advanced work by Miss Bowen.

She swept through the High School and completely mastered the studies and graduated at the head of her class with the same ease for which she was distinguished in everything else.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ENTERING RADCLIFFE.

NOTWITHSTANDING Maudelle had stood at the head and had carried away the first honor of her class in the High School, she seemed to doubt her ability to do so well at Radcliffe College.

As the time drew near for the opening of the school, she was harrassed by a timid nervousness from which she could not free herself. Not that she had any particular dread of meeting the more rugged studies, and having to subscribe to more rigid rules of Radcliffe than those of the High School.

But the thought which disturbed her was this, that she was to become one of the class currently known as "The Radcliffe Invincibles."

Just how the class got its reputation is not known, whether it came by real merit or was only imaginary assumption, the effect was the same on Maudelle.

She was fearful that it would be impossible for her to keep abreast with those students, and that she would be driven to that undesirable low status of a mediocre.

The girl had a reputation for such excellent work in the schoolroom, the cost and value of which she fully realized, and the thought of having it all taken away from her, was indeed serious.

Again, to fall back to the rear and thereby lose the confidence of friends and that long-cherished hope of finishing at least, in the front rank, if not at the head, were thoughts which in no way harmonized with her go-aheadative ambition.

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She had often seen a good many of those much-talked-of students, and she had been impressed with their seemingly superhuman appearance. Their broad, high, classical foreheads, out of which looked keen, penetrating eyes, from which flashed tokens of masterly genius that bade defiance to the best and strongest that dare come, were things to dread. Despite all effort to keep faith with the consciousness of her ability, Maudelle felt a sense of littleness when in the presence of those Radcliffe students. Whether these observations of Maudelle were founded on facts, or were only ephemeral spectres grown out of a kind of free contribution of the public, could be answered more satisfactorily when she had become a working factor of a class among them.

Maudelle took her place in the class and began to work. Now that she was into it, and the thing she so much dreaded had to be met in a hand-to-hand contest, embarrassment was thrust aside, and "on to success" was the all-absorbing thought.

The work of a few weeks with the class, developed the fact that the Radcliffe students were only fallible human beings after all, and that they were as susceptible of mistakes and failures as other people.

True they were fine, hard workers, but by no means were they dangerous to one of Maudelle's ability and studious habits. When this became apparent to her, she put the spurs to her ambition to vie with the best of them for an honor. Thus in a few months a beautiful, good-natured race for honors between Maudelle and six or eight others was in progress, and run within but a few fractions of each other.

Finally the end of the school days, like the beginning, were separated by only a few hours. The snapping of fingers and the pointing out of the mistakes and weaknesses of fellow-classmates were at an end. The morning

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greetings and evening farewells for classmates and teachers were about over, and this composite class association, which had been pleasant and profitable, was now to resolve itself into separate individualities and to stamp their separate impresses upon mankind for good or evil.

Just here the thought of Emerson may be used to advantage, "I am a part of all I meet," says he. I wish he had also said, "and everything is a part of me." This would have rounded off the scientific truth. In this sense one is hourly and minutely absorbing impressions of external objects, and at the same time one is continually giving off his inward influence and a part of his material self, to make up his part of other forms and characters of life.

It may not be a fascinating thought to a beautiful lady, or a great man, when they are reminded that they are built up of horses, cows, dogs, cats, flies, worms, rotten meat and vegetables, as well as of every person they meet, whether dirty or clean, sick or well, sane or insane, black or white, saint or sinner. By this insensible, reciprocal process of involution and evolution the world is made what it is, or ever will be, by that invisible and perpetual automatic law of nature. We implore forgiveness for quitting the main subject and running off after "strange gods."

The final examination of the senior class came, and Maudelle beat for first honor by only a small fraction. Strange to say, as hard as she had worked, she did not want first honor, but second or third place was as near as she cared to come.

This was owing to the fact that she would have a startling revelation to make at the commencement exercises, a revelation which Dr. Gillispie and the faculty had advised her to hold in reserve until that time.

She feared that when she had explained the mystery to the class and their friends she would be lowered in their

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estimation, and the feeling would be more intensified by her prominence in the class.

But the faculty put another version on the secret, and the class was satisfied with the result of a fair and impartial race.

The papers of the speakers of the class were all that could be desired by parents and friends.

Maudelle took for her subject, "Racial Possibilities." The elements composing her subject were judiciously chosen and artistically blended, and the subject was richly embellished with purest, original thought. Her rich, mellow, musical voice filled the hall and accommodated itself to an audience of one thousand people, who were enabled to catch every word without the least fatigue of ear.

When she had seemingly about finished her essay, she paused, turned to the faculty and, after speaking in the highest praise for what they had done for her and her class-associates she threw her manuscript into her seat and stood motionless for a few seconds.

The one thousand people became deathly still, struck by such strange and unusual proceedings.

She heard a whisper, "She has forgotten her speech."

"No," said she "ladies and gentlemen, I have not forgotten any part of the speech I am now to deliver. To forget that would be to forget my existence, because it began with my life and must end with it.

"What I am now going to say would have been said at the time I entered school but for the advice of good friends of vast experience and matured wisdom.

"Friends and class-associates, having reached the end of our scholastic association, which has been both pleasant and profitable to me, it now becomes my duty to more fully introduce myself to you before we part. It may be I shall lose your love and friendship by the introduction, but I shall not lose your respect, if we value truth and fidelity as cardinal principles of virtue.

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"I am so sensitively averse to anything like hypocrisy that I have lived for years under painful, guarded restraint, while I have waited for this opportunity to free my mind and be at ease.

"It has come, and I am truly glad, although it is a family affair of the most delicate nature, yet you shall know it come what may.

"My father, now dead, was Senator George Morroe, of Kentucky, a relative of President —— of the United States.

"Senator Morroe was a student and first-honor graduate of the grand old school of Harvard, and I am told that many of the faculty are still there and at their post of duty, who shaped and personally conducted his education as Radcliffe has that of his grateful daughter.

"Those who knew Senator Morroe will no doubt join me in saying that as a man of talent, and a statesman who loved and labored for his country, he had no superiors.

"As a father and a Christian gentleman he was one of the best men of the South, living or dead.

"My mother, also dead, was an octoroon, whose personal charms were her misfortune and the cause of her only sin, I say sin, if such a condition could be a sin for her when under the control of one whose authority was absolute, in right of his color, and an established law of the South, in which the other sections of the country quietly acquiesced.

"She was a model woman and a loving mother, of gentle disposition, and a devout servant of God—and heaven only knows what else she might have been, had the institution of slavery left her free to have made her own choice in life.

"But since it is thus, I shall try to find some comfort in the thought, that our Heavenly Father allowed the helpless condition of my mother and the conduct of my father

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for some wise purpose, the meaning of which may yet be satisfactorily translated by what each individual life of those concerned shall evolve.

"Since I am the only representative of the two, I promise my teachers and friends, it shall be the earnest and uncompromising endeavor of my life to redeem the names of my parents by living a correct, chaste and upright life myself, cost what it may." (The audience went wild with applause.)

"Human events come and pass so rapidly and with so many varied changes, that I am quite sure," continued she, 'this will be the last meeting for many of us in this world.

"From this hall our pathways will lead into different directions, many of which may not intersect again nor bring us within speaking distance until they converge to a final point in the beyond.

"My life's work will be in the South, among the recently emancipated negroes, who are left as dependent, homeless and friendless relics of the war, standing half-way between freedom and slavery and without the protection of law or master.

"We congratulate our good fortune to have ended the Civil War with the Union still intact, but out of the Civil War has evolved a second war, which will last for centuries. I mean that war to be waged against ignorance, superstition, caste, hatred, and abject poverty.

"In the Civil War almost every household brought forward a sacrifice in the person of a father, husband, brother, or last son. The offering was accepted, prepared and slain by the government, and to hundreds of thousands of door knobs were tied the black signal of death, as a token of the people's willing subordination to authority.

"In this war against ignorance there will be no hot blast from the cannon, no heavy wheels of war armaments to roll over and crush hearts, homes and treasures. There shall be no bloodshed, no coffins, no graveyards, nor head-

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stones to mark the fallen victim with sword or gun in hand. But the war against ignorance will be a silent, uncompromising war waged with the invincible pen and text book. The great and good man, Abraham Lincoln, will always live in the memory of the American people. But the greatest work which Mr. Lincoln did, was, that he has made it possible for us who will, to do more for the negro than he did. To proclaim a people free, when backed by Congress, the army and navy, and seventy years' growth and crystalized public sentiment, which had been created by pen and speech of the abolitionists, left but the work of an hour for Mr. Lincoln." (The house shook with applause.) "It would be neither wise nor humane," continued she, "to sacrifice millions of money and human lives, and then quit the field with a cause but half won. Four million inexperienced, uncultured, irresponsible human beings let loose upon society, with a natural inclination to strike back in the dark with the hand of long-cherished revenge, will become more dangerous than if met in open daylight with equal arms.

"The negro must be educated. He must know his duty to God, to mankind and to the government of his country. When he once knows these requirements, I believe he will be true to them. The animal in the ignorant negro, like that in the same grade of white men, must be restrained and subdued. Reason must reign king of the immortal mind, and love, justice and mercy queen of the heart and conscience.

"My friends inform me that my chosen field of labor is beset with dangers on every side, but danger cannot deter me when I am assured that God leads. In three months from the present I hope to be on the ground and actively at work among the freedmen.

"My good father has put into my hands his entire possessions, and I am to use whatever portion I choose for the

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education and otherwise betterment of the condition of the colored people.

"I shall go South specifically to do my part in bringing the negro to his proper place in this great commonwealth, and also to assist the entire people of the South to gather up and readjust the scattered fragments of more than two centuries of economical acquisition.

"My teachers, classmates, and friends, I take this occasion to say good-bye. I go from you to fill a promise made to my father when I was but seven years old. I go, as he then advised me, to do my duty and trust God for results.

"Farewell, but whenever you welcome the hour,
That wakens the songs of love in your bower,
Think of the friends that once welcomed them too
And forgot her own griefs to be happy with you.
Now her griefs may return, not a hope may remain
Of you who have brightened her pathway of pain.
But wherever my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, dear friends, shall be with you that night,
Shall join in your revels, your sports and wiles,
And return to me beaming all over with smiles.
Too blessed, if they tell me, amid the gay cheer,
Some voice had murmured, 'I wish she was here.' "

With a polite bow she left the stage amid a prolonged shout of applause.

People thronged upon the platform to shake the hand of the girl who was to be either a martyr or a heroine.

CHAPTER XIX.

NO HOPE

Now that Maudelle had finished her education, and had made an open declaration of her identity with the colored race, she felt at liberty to throw off all reserve and live her true self.

Among her acquaintances were several young gentlemen who showed particular preference for her company, but whenever their attention assumed a phase of serious devotion she never hesitated a minute to warn them of their mistake. Sometimes this had the effect she desired, but more often it did not, and she was put to the necessity of being emphatic.

Her several attractions were willingly recognized, respected and courteously bowed to. She was rich, talented, beautiful and morally pure.

Among the gentlemen who could not be frightened off by her claim to colored blood, was Mr. Thomas Crondell.

Crondell was also very wealthy, talented and handsome. For a year or more he had pressed Maudelle hard for her hand as a partner for life.

Now that she would leave Boston soon and go South, he determined to lose no time in his efforts to win her.

No doubt Mr. Crondell thought his case would be like that of others one so often hears of, "Marry a man to get rid of him."

Crondell fully explained his intentions to his parents and they acquiesced to please him, yet they did not take

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well to the idea at first, especially his mother, who made a strong protest, until all argument and even tears not only failed but seemed to intensify his affection for Maudelle. His mother saw it would be unwise to push her objections further, thus she yielded to his choice.

As Crondell stood before the mirror in his room, dressing his hair and curling his mustache, touching his eyebrows with a coloring pencil and besprinkling himself with costly perfume, his friend, Frank Wellington, sat with a smile on his face watching him primp.

"For heaven's sake, Tom," said he, "are you not handsome enough without all that darn foolishness? You are worse than an old maid drought stricken."

"Perhaps, Frank," said Crondell, "you have never thought that external appearance is about the only virtue I have. If I could ever find time to begin the work of reformation which you are continually preaching to me, I should not need these confounded deceptive charms. After all I am not such a bad fellow, am I?"

"No," said Wellington, "you are a pretty good boy, taking all in all. If you could govern that temper of yours and stay away from the barroom, that is about all."

"I often thank God that I am no worse than I am, because few boys have had a better chance to be bad than I have had. The only child of my parents, with an abundance of money to waste as I please, to go where I choose, and with whom I choose," said he.

"I suppose you have been guided by those innate principles transmitted through the excellent blood of your ancestors," said Frank.

"I have but little faith in the theory of hereditary virtue. But I will promise you one thing Frank, just as soon as I have secured the heart and hand of Maudelle, I will make that very hour the beginning of a new and better life," said Crondell.

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"It seems to me," said Frank, "that if I had the command of as much money as you have, I'd be switched if I would coax any girl to love me."

"To h— with the money," said Tom, as he nervously drew on his gloves. "I never earned a dollar in all my life, and what do I know or care about the value of a dollar. Money is, or at least should be, the equal exchange for honest labor, and the one who has not in some legitimate pursuit expended his energy for his money, is no better than a thief. There are thousands of young fellows like myself, licensed thieves, to eat, drink, dress and spend money that their fathers have wrung from the blistered hands of poor devils, who dig and sweat twelve months in the year for us, while their half-starved and nude children dispute with the dogs for rotten meat in our swill tubs.

"I surmise hell will be so full of our rich old daddies, that their feet will be sticking out at the windows."

"But I believe there is one remarkable difference between you and many other young men," said Frank Wellington.

"In what respect?" said Tom.

"Why," said Frank, "you are always giving away money and other assistance to the poor."

"Do you know," said Tom, "I don't do half that I want to do, were it not for my father. I have often thought that when I shall come into possession of the old man's wealth, I will load a two-horse wagon with silver dollars, and have all the young ones in Boston follow me to the Commons, and there throw it out by the shovelful and see them scramble for it like hungry ducks," said Tom. "By George!" said he, looking at his watch, "it is seven o'clock."

"Yes," said Frank, "it is calling time and Maudellé is looking for you."

At the mention of Maudellé's name, Tom's face put on a pleased expression, and he gave his mustache an additional twist.

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"Tom, how are you going to dispose of Miss Georgie Powers?" said Frank.

"O, I don't know, unless she will die to accommodate me," said he. "She is an excellent girl, Frank, but Maudelle suits me better. Maudelle is such an independent, daring and industrious little cuss. There is no painting, nor powdering, nor tight lacing about her. She is a plain, Christian girl that everybody loves, and why not I?"

"To-night I have determined to win her. I will have no more vacillation, no deferring and keeping me in suspense. I hate suspense; moreover the little fool is preparing to go South, I must put a stop to that."

This said, he bade Frank good night and was gone.

In the richly-furnished drawing room, in the beautiful residence of Dr. Gillispie, facing each other, sat Thomas Crondell and Miss Maudelle Morroe. Never was there a more handsome and cultured pair of young people than they. They were not only well matched in external appearance, but were equally matched in mental accomplishments as well as financial standing.

Both natures were made of that material which, when once drawn to an edge, cut both ways unsparingly. The characteristics of the two were evenly balanced for anything like a union of their two souls for life.

For more than a year Crondell had given himself exclusively to the attention of Maudelle. She admired him for his intelligence. He came of an excellent family, but like most young men, was sowing a crop of wild oats.

Now that Maudelle had graduated and made public what she had often told him in private, he loved her all the more for her open, frank acknowledgment of the relation she sustained to the colored people.

"Miss Maudelle, have you fixed upon the day you will leave Boston for the South?" said Crondell.

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"My intention is to be away in a few weeks," said Maudelle.

"Then you are bent on going, I suppose?" said he.

"Yes. It will be the pleasure of my life to labor among the freedmen, and exert my personal influence in their homes as well as their schools," said she.

"It is a fearful leap, my dear girl, from the high and cultured society in Boston, to that low strata of superstitious ignorance among the negroes," said Crondell.

"That is the reason why I am all the more anxious to go, when I think of the four million ignorant people, ushered into citizenship without time for an hour's preparation to meet the responsibilities incumbent upon them, I am impatient and anxious to haste to their rescue without a minute's delay."

"Maudelle, it must not be, you must not go, I cannot, I will not live without you. If there is a stronger word than the word love to convey my emotions, I feel that ten thousand times for you. Although you have given me but little encouragement, yet I still have a thread of hope while you are near me," said he.

"My going South need not necessarily break our friendship," said Maudelle.

"Friendship—friendship is but a cold, common virtue. Better a thousand times we never had met, than to have met, loved and parted thus as friends only. I have friends by the score, and to spare; but if I lose you, my dear Maudelle, I lose all I love in the world; and an angel could not take your place in my affections. Maudelle, will you be more than a mere friend, will you be my loving wife?" said Crondell, excitedly.

Maudelle wrote these words and handed them to him:—

Let us in honest hearts agree,
That friends are all we can ever be.

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Crondell read the lines, dropped the slip of paper on the floor, bit his lips, and said, "Then these lines are your final answer, and you dismiss me with the saddest of all words known to mortals, no hope? When hope is gone, Maudelle, life has no value, earth no charms, and the soul is disrobed of every incentive to press its claim for the promised reward to the pure and upright in heart. Will you reduce me to this? Have you ever thought, or do you care to think how much the well-being of all I can ever be in this life, or hope of happiness in eternity, depends on a favorable answer to my proposal?"

"Think of that, dearest, and also call to mind how you have so often tried to argue me into your way of believing in the mercy and goodness of God?"

"Can you report favorable progress?" said Maudelle, with an inquisitive smile.

"I do not know that I can report anything very commendable of myself, more than that I find myself growing steadily and surely into your way of belief from the love I bear you. I am learning to love all that you love, and of course, take an especial interest in all that concerns you," said he.

"But," said Maudelle, "ought not real, genuine manhood fix its own standard of right, because it is right, and not merely to please those it loves? Is there not some danger of apostatizing when our faith rests only on the affection we feel for some one person?"

"Perhaps," said Crondell, "that is the better way; but you will agree that to love naturally makes one morally better, as well as strengthens one's faith in God and religion."

"Yes," said Maudelle, "I agree that every step toward a religious reformation is much better than none at all; but when it comes only by the way of the affection we have for some preferred individual, we shall find that selfishness

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has increased to such an extent that we are in danger of being worse sinners than we were at first."

"Love, my dear girl," said Crondell, "instead of making one selfish has the opposite effect. It makes the heart tender, open and generous. It has been thus with me since I have loved you. Your influence over me is wonderful, wonderful in the fact that I have been a philanthropist, wherein I used to be hard and close with my means, now I am liberal. If I can be near you, I shall no doubt become a useful man."

"But," said Maudelle, "do you not see that love makes one selfish, and all the influence you speak of goes for nothing when it is apparent that love will not answer some selfish end?"

"It takes so much to make a saint, I fear I shall never be one," said Crondell.

"It does not require the time to be a Christian that it does to be proficient in your profession," said Maudelle.

"Perhaps not," said Crondell, "but I do not believe I can succeed so well in Christianity as I can in medicine.

"But that innocent, dove-like girl piety should not be expected of a man, because he has to fight the stern realities of the world, while she has only to take the spoils and appropriate them."

"Society ought to expect and even demand that but one and the same code of moral ethics should govern both sexes. Until society agrees upon this course young men cannot be altogether responsible for 'sowing their wild oats.' If mothers who spend sleepless nights watching at the window for the return of their wayward sons, would combine and establish this ruling, and not depart from it, they would add comfort to their homes and years to their old age," said Maudelle.

"In your code of morals," said Crondell, "I suppose you would make it obligatory on young men of good

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standing, to be religious churchgoers and keepers of long Sunday faces?"

"No," said Maudelle, "when once an unblemished moral character is firmly established, one may be safely left to make his own choice as to where and how he will spend eternity. Not that morality is religion, but it is an essential element, and the two are separated only by one short step."

"Would not so rigid a social law cost one more than the real benefit to be derived is worth?" said Crondell.

"I think not," said Maudelle, "but I suppose young men of to-day who are living a different life, would think so when forced to subscribe to the rule."

"You are a great philosopher, Maudelle," said Crondell, with a show of impatience that the subject on which he set out had taken a different turn, and in order to renew it, he said:

"Your philosophy brings me to this thought, and I appeal to you for information. You tell me it is God's will that his children, I mean his obedient children, should be happy."

"That is true," said Maudelle, "Not only those who believe and try to serve Him, but it is His will that every creature should be happy."

"But those who are faithful are promised mercies and blessings, while the ungodly, it is said, 'Shall not live out half their days.' Again it is said by a great Bible character, David, I believe, 'I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness.' I suppose in order to awake in the likeness of God, we must live and grow in grace, mercy and goodness of God. Is that correct?" said Crondell.

"It is," said Maudelle.

"Then, my dear Maudelle," said he, "ought not a faithful child and firm believer in God possess those beneficent attributes of God? Can a child, loved and loving, differ so widely from its father?"

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"Perhaps the greatest desire of the human heart is to be happy, I mean happiness in this life and the next, and I believe the one who would willingly rob us of our chance to be happy, commits an offence against God and man for which he must answer," said Maudelle.

"That is the point, exactly," said Crondell, while his eyes sparkled with the satisfaction of having reached a point wherein his argument could be made unanswerable.

"Now, Maudelle," said he, "since you are a firm believer in the mercies and goodness of God, how can you mete out disappointment and misery to me when you are happy? I should be happy, too, and you have the power to make me thus, certainly, my own Maudelle, you will not be less kind than He Whom you so faithfully imitate in everything else, and in Whom you would have me believe."

"I have had nothing but the kindest solicitude for your well-being and all the unhappiness commensurate with a well-rounded life, and under no circumstance should I place the least obstruction between you and the realization of your fondest hopes," said she.

He drew his chair near her, took her hand in his and with a gentle pressure said:

"My dear Maudelle, this is not the first time I have made a full and truthful avowal of my affection for you. Do I not deserve some token of your love for me? Give me a proof of your love by giving me your hand and heart, and I promise you to love you, and all that you love with all my soul, and this hour shall be the beginning of an entirely new life wholly devoted to you and your Saviour." He drew her toward him as though he would kiss her, but she drew back and said:

"Mr. Crondell, I cannot allow such liberties. I have great respect for you, I value your friendship, I admire you as an upright man, but such proof as you have attempted

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to give of your affection, a gift of ourselves to each other, is a step too far, unless our affections were mutual."

He felt the repulse keenly, but took it kindly.

"Dear Maudelle," said he, "I thought I had every reason to believe that our affections were mutual, and that I had the right to manifest my love by a kiss, the most tender and sacred tie known to mortals.

"Do you really dislike me? Who has cruelly supplanted me? Who has driven me from your heart? Who has divorced and exiled me from the heart that I thought was all my own?" "

"No one has supplanted you, no one has driven you from my heart. You know that I have plans for the future which makes all thought of marrying a secondary matter," said Maudelle.

"Maudelle, dear, only tell me that you love me, and I will wait three, five or ten years for you to become my legal wife; just so I have something to look forward to, something that can cheer me with the fond hope that the end will come sometime. Maudelle, I would rather see the sun disappear from the sky, the flowers from the earth, and sweet-singing birds from the groves than to have you go from me."

As face answers to face in a mirror, so the truth of two sympathetic hearts readily responds to the truth of each other.

CrondeU truly loved Maudelle, and she felt as sensibly as one feels the blaze of an August sun at noonday. Every emotion of her soul pressed hard for an open demonstration of her affection for him and to make the equal exchange of love for love with the man who she felt was worthy of all the love she had to give.

CrondeU was ignorant of the struggle which was going on in the breast of that little womanly woman, who was a just dealer in all matters pertaining to the good of others.

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Had Crondell been a mind reader, he would have seen her mind balancing the affection she felt for him, her resolution to go South, live and work among the negroes, and the obligation of her childhood to another.

Had he pressed his suit just at that moment, he would have won her all to himself, for decision was poising on the pivot of a few fleeting moments, and the difference of a hair's weight would have changed the result in his favor. The moments passed, the struggle was over, and such an opportunity never came again. The woman, who might have been enlisted with him for life, stepped across the breach which widened into an impassable gulf between them that was never again bridged.

"Mr. Crondell," said she, "I must not think of marrying. After having devoted nine years to study, I now want absolute freedom. I am not willing to bind myself to the obligations of a married life, at least until I have had time to discover my adaptability to such service, for I don't believe that sentiment should have any place in a conjugal contract which is to stand the test of a lifetime."

"My dear Maudelle," said he, "when one has reached his majority he feels the need of a home. The home in which he was born, of course, is pleasant, where the parents provide, protect and love him; but the young man or woman can never go beyond the bounds of a mere subordinate child to his parents. I want a wife—a woman to be absolute sovereign of a home of our own choice, around which may center love, hope and happiness. I have often pictured to myself an ideal home, a prototype of a Christian's paradise, where the hearthstone is the altar made sacred by a wife's love, and where her smiles are the sweet sunshine to chase away the clouds that would gather about the soul's horizon."

"It is not so easy to have things as realistic as we can paint them by imagination," said Maudelle. "We should

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take into account the possibility of the inmates of a home being mistaken and disappointed in each other, then their entire lives will be a continuous source of regret without a remedy," said she.

"That only occurs," said he, "when two persons are brought together by a transitory passion which boys and girls in their teens mistake for love. I have long since passed that point and have now reached the age of mature judgment, of a safe and correct decision.

"I know whom, when and why I love. It is not for money, you know that. It is not for beauty, because that will fade; but it is Maudelle, because my soul finds in you its counterpart, its ideal woman, its inseparable helpmate."

"Is not that the same old story which every lover repeats?" said she, laughing.

"It may be pretty much the same story, but in no sense does it have the same meaning, except when the obligations are lived up to," said he.

"Dearest Maudelle," said he, "is it these gloomy thoughts, this dark picture of married life you paint without a star or a sun, which makes you hesitate to be mine?"

"O, no," said she, "I merely want to be free, free to be dictator of my own destiny, free to give uninterrupted play to my own efforts, and, whether they lead to success or failure, they will be mine to condemn or mine to bless.

"I want to demonstrate the fact that women can do something more than dress, entertain and keep house."

"Your adventure will lead to failure, it cannot be otherwise. It seems to me the sacrifice will be tenfold greater than all the good to come out of it," said he.

"Well you see," said Maudelle, "I shall be free to quit, if I miss my calling, which would not be the case, were I married."

"Divorcement," said he, "is a way out of an unhappy marriage which is sometimes resorted to,"—laughingly.

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"That is a method which may separate two persons and thereby change their condition, but can never bring back the virtue and good name of a woman, nor restore the respectability and standing of a man in the community," said Maudelle.

"Can not a divorced couple redeem themselves by a more careful second marriage?" said Crondell with a smile.

"They may," said she, "but I rather think it is impossible to take back our first vows and pledges, and, as they lie crushed and broken at our feet, attempt to rebuild a happy home upon the wreck and ruins of the first."

"I fully agree with you," said he. "I do not care how many times a man marries, if he is sane and conscious of his obligations, it goes into eternity unchanged, and any other obligation or marriage cannot morally free one from the first to which he has willingly subscribed.

"But away with all subjects of this kind, they do not concern me now. I am concerned in no subject except the one which involves what I am now and more particularly what I hope to be from this night on.

"Maudelle dear, you have the power to decide the fate of my life. It is all with you, either to make my life worth living or to make it a worthless and hopeless blank. Which do you propose to do?"

With a forlorn sigh he settled himself back in his seat, and like a criminal thrown on the mercy of the court, awaited the decision with both hope and dread depicted on his face.

Maudelle now brought face to face with the "Yes or No," hesitated in her search for some reply that would do no violence to the feelings of the man who she knew loved her and who she felt, with a keen sense of justice, deserved to be loved.

"Mr. Crondell," she began.

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"O, no, no," interrupted he, "don't say Mr. Crondell; call me Tom, dearest, call me Tom, just for this evening, if never again, and, while you are buried, lost to me in the South, I shall try to live on the pleasant thoughts of this evening's interview.

"'Mister,' indeed, 'Mister,' from the only woman I love in the world. Pardon me, Maudelle, pardon me for this rude interruption. I had to speak in self-defence for the 'Mister' seemed to place me in such a cold, forbidding, unapproachable distance in the background of your friendship that I feel I am still a stranger.

"Again, the 'Mister', I fear, forbodes an unfavorable answer to my proposition. Proceed, dear, proceed, but always 'Tom' after this."

Maudelle hesitated, blushed and exhibited nervousness as the word "Tom" began to shape itself on her tongue. "Well—then—Tom," said she, as the crimson flush on her face showed the effort it took to make free with the name which she knew could be nothing more to her than memory's signal of an isolated friend.

The word "Tom" was not more than uttered before Crondell had her face between his hands attempting to press a hurried kiss upon her lips. She threw up her hands and pushed him back, but it was too late; he had kissed her and stepped back beyond her reach, looking frightened and really embarrassed at what he had done.

Maudelle's keen, black eyes flashed the fire of disapproval.

"Please do not be angry with me, Maudelle," said he. "God knows I could not help it. You spoke the word 'Tom' so prettily that I lost all control of myself. I was overwhelmed and intoxicated with a baptism of affection which inadvertently drew me to you in spite of myself.

"Had every strand of hair of your head been a bayonet with points placed against my breast my action would have been the same.

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"Come, Maudelle, come! Don't look at me so angrily. I assure you I meant no harm. Say you forgive me, for I am truly sorry I have displeased you."

For the moment she felt the fire of indignation rise within her. She felt sadly disappointed in Crondell. That he should disregard all sense of gentlemanly politeness and virtually ravish her of a kiss, was shocking.

Not that her moral status had suffered by his conduct, but she always had felt a secret pride from the fact that no man's lips had ever touched hers.

But to rage and rant over the notion of a little lost pride would not comport well with her intelligence; thus reason dictated forbearance. So, when Crondell extended a penitent hand she took it.

"I will forgive you, but I assure you, I will never give you the same cause to repeat the offense."

"Then I suppose I am to be 'Mr. Crondell,' after this?" said he, while his voice faltered and died to a whisper.

"'Mr. Crondell,' always," repeated she after him with a look of positive sternness which he understood. The two had met before in argument on matters pertaining to science, religion, sociology or ethics, and he knew her calibre and ready sharp satire when once aroused.

Both were silent for a time, possibly he was calling up some new thought with which to renew the subject of marriage, and she, how to parry the attack politely and reasonably.

Sometimes silence is dangerous to the cause of lovers when differing but slightly on some point in the choice of each other for life. Dangerous, when the subject drags slowly and then stops; the heart cools, the mind goes off after phantoms, and, if the cause is not entirely lost to the aggressor, it usually takes a double effort to begin where one quit, with the same ardent interest as before.

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"Maudelle, dear, I would give worlds if I could fully understand you, I mean, if I only knew whether or not I have a secure place in your affection. Tell me, truly, do you really believe me to be incapable of contributing happiness to a wife?"

"No, I do not doubt your capability of making a good husband of whom a woman should be proud," said she.

"Then in what am I wanting?" said he. "Tell me and I will at once down with the fault and fortify myself against its repetition from this hour, cost me what it will."

"I have always been frank with you," said Maudelle, "By your authority I have tried to fill the place of a sister, and my sisterly reproof and admonition have always been given in the spirit of love."

Crondell started to his feet, exclaiming, "'Given in love,' did you say?"

A smile played over Maudelle's face. "I mean 'love' in its general application to mankind," said she.

"O, you cruel girl," said he.

"Truthful girl, is a better name, especially to-night, since our associations must soon end," said she.

"Our associations would never end, no never, were the choice left with me. I was fool enough at one time to believe that you cared a little for me, and that you might possibly love me sometime; but it seems now it is not to be so," said he.

"I do care for you, I really like you very much, perhaps better than I like any young man in Boston. A good deal for a girl to acknowledge, I know; but I will not conceal the truth when I feel it is in justice to you, to the confession of your affection for me," said she.

Crondell timidly took her hand in both of his. "The world," said he, "can never produce another Maudelle, because all that is womanly, all that is sweet and lovely is embodied in this one." He kissed her hand which she

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made no effort to release, and pressed it fervently against his breast.

"I like you," continued Maudelle, "because you are honorable, upright, and truthful, and especially because you are so untiringly devoted to your mother, which is one of the best indications of a whole-hearted man with whom a woman may safely trust her keeping."

"Maudelle dear, you will never know how highly I value your opinion of me," said Crondell.

"I mean it from the depth of my heart," said Maudelle.

"Then, dearest," said he, "if you have so good an opinion of me, why not let me care for you through life?" said he, as he caressed and pressed her hand to his bosom.

"Two reasons, and only two, why I cannot," said Maudelle.

"First, I have a mission in life to fulfil, imposed on me, it is true, when I was but a child; but the obligations are sacred to me, because they are the last words I can remember of a dying father. I need not go into details, since you have heard them before.

"Second, I have often told you that the relation I sustain to the colored people prevented any thought of our ever being anything more to each other than what we are now."

"But you know, Maudelle, that the tint of blood will make no difference with me, neither will it with my parents. My mother has told you as much, and with my parents on our side we can defy the world."

"No, we cannot defy the world," said Maudelle, "even though your parents and a few friends take sides with us. We can never change the public mind to suit our convenience, by waging against it a single-handed social warfare. We must subscribe at present to the popular rule our fathers have made, a rule that rigidly forbids the legitimate inter-marriage of the races, but is silent, shamefully silent, on

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that clandestine cohabitation, a thing, to my mind, that should be stamped with the indelible condemnation of every high-minded, right-thinking individual of a well-regulated community.

"It may be that the fault lies in the fact that people have not as yet been properly educated, and are therefore innocently and ignorantly blind to the basic principles of the truth of moral ethics upon which the laws of social purity rest.

"It seems to me that our present social condition, which admits of a conglomerate, irregular commingling of the races and a peopling of the country with illegitimate offsprings is a thousand times more demoralizing to society and damaging to the national growth and strength and standing of the people than lawful intermarriage could possibly be.

"But if the people have not learned this, we must wait and suffer as a nation until they do.

"For my part, I would not violate a social rule which the wisdom of our ancestors sternly forbade."

"That means, I suppose, that I am not to claim you as my wife?" said Crondell.

"Under the circumstances it means that," said she.

"Curse the rule and the infernal fools who have made it," said he, in a passion of vehement excitement. "Justice and common sense," continued he, "should make the preponderance of blood the standard to one's claim to national identity and social preference."

"That," said she, "would be a wise conclusion for a cultured, Christian people, who are wholly responsible for the infusion of Anglo-Saxon blood into one-fifth of the negro race, and when our fathers abuse and scorn that admixture of blood wherever found, it is but to scorn and abuse themselves, which does not harmonize very well with our boasted intelligence.

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"But as long as the verdict of public sentiment is averse to first principles of common humanity for its own, we need hope for nothing better than we have at present. In fact, so far as it relates to me, I am satisfied to have it remain as it is, clandestine commingling excepted."

"I am not," said Crondell, "I am not satisfied to tamely bend my manhood to any traditional rule or even statutory enactment, which would take from me a single moral, social or legal right, and thereby rob me of the association of the only woman I have ever loved.

"The fool, or fools, who dare to attempt to assume control of my heart and conscience by dictating to me as to whom I shall and shall not make my companion through life, will find in me an adversary who knows not retreat, capitulation nor mercy.

"You are trying to respect a rule or custom established by our fathers, you say, but when our fathers have wilfully broken their own code, what better obedience can they expect from their children?" said he, with considerable warmth.

"But will not the children show superior wisdom by obeying a law as they find it, until it can be repealed by the popular vote and a better established?" said she.

"Give me the woman I love, and I can endure any punishment society may choose to inflict, and I shall still be happy," said he.

"I could not be happy, or even contented, to live in disguise. If only the one-thousandth part of my blood belongs to the colored race, that warrants their claim to me, and I willingly grant it," said she.

"That, my dear girl, is the greatest mistake of your life," said he.

"I respect your opinion but must adhere to my own," said she.

"I would to God, Maudelle," said Crondell, "you would

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fly with me to a country where people have souls that can feel the truth and impress of God's touch. A people who have outgrown that contemptible custom of measuring souls by color, rather than by morals and mental worth.

"Come, Maudelle dear, come with me to a country and a people where social rights are accorded to the worthy and pure, irrespective of color or creed—a people who are true to what they profess."

"No," said she, "I have committed no offense from which I must run. If my father committed a sin, and through sin I received my being, he has made it possible for me to do better, by placing in my hands sufficient means to exempt me from want and to make myself the woman he desired I should be.

"My father's last advice to me was to live true to the race of my mother. Although he is dead, I shall respect and obey his advice. No, I will not run—if there is not justice enough in the hearts of my native countrymen to protect me in my social rights, I will manage to live without those rights. To run would be cowardice; to marry out of my race would be social suicide; so it is best I do neither; best that I should not daringly go into a thing which would render my husband and myself forever unhappy."

"Maudelle, dear," said he, in a gentle but tremulous voice which showed an exhaustion of propositions, "love is the golden key to human happiness; and if husband and wife truly loved each other, they could shut out the entire world and still be eminently happy within themselves."

"I think not," said she, "we are social beings, with customs and habits largely made up of social environments. We naturally seek contact with opposite minds, in order to keep our intellectuality to an edge. We cannot live, think and act within ourselves, without producing that monotonous, mental disease which unfits one for public

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and private usefulness. Love is not enough—love cannot supply all the demands of our social nature; because love is only one element, one important factor of our composite individuality.

"Again, I do not believe that love can always remain at the same unvarying, high tension; but, like the tides of the sea, will ebb and flow with time and circumstance.

"Best it is so; otherwise, the passion of the soul, kept at white heat, without relaxation, would inevitably produce mania. The heart would burn to an empty, charred, hollow shell, totally unresponsive to the touch of sympathy."

"You make me think that you are hererodoxical," said he, "that you have no faith in the permanency of love."

"No, not that," said she, "I believe that trust, confidence and hope may remain the same, and keep two confiding hearts pure and strong in the holy bonds of an inseparable union for life. I apprehend, however, that marriage corresponds very much to the oil painting of a master, which has its dim, misty, suggestive background, its more pronounced and defined middle distance, then its strong light and shade, its bold, massive touches in the foreground, which breaks the sameness, and gives a pleasing sense of harmony to the eye."

"I do not see," said Crondell, "why it is necessary for married life to partake of these variations."

"It is not particularly necessary, except it is to give a new impulse to its interest from time to time," said she. "We never put a true valuation on health until it has been lost and regained. Thus we might go through that long inexhaustible concatenation of opposites, negatives and positives, which gives life its coloring."

"It is rather a sudden change of the subject, I know," said Crondell, "but the thought has so frequently come to me, I take this occasion to throw it off. It is this—How is it that you could ever love and marry a negro and

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enrich him with your matchless intellect and beauty which no one of that race could properly appreciate?"

Maudelle winced under the abrupt question which came so unexpectedly. With a slight shrug of the shoulders and a gentle tapping of her foot on the floor—"Just in the same way that you say that you love and desire to marry a colored woman," said she with a keen edge to every word, which brought the color to his face.

He laughed—a chilly, soulless laugh, was the only reply he seemed to have at hand.

Both were silent, both were busy with thoughts, the importance of which we shall never know. There seemed to be a threatening crisis gathering about the horizon of their friendship, which if not averted by timely and amicable arbitration, would burst forth into irreparable fury.

Crondell was the first to speak.

"Maudelle," said he, "I have now confessed my love for you, as free and fully as I know how; but even love has a limit, when unsupported by hope. Would it not be better for us both, that you take more time to reflect before you give me the final answer to my proposition?"

"My time," said she, "is so wholly absorbed in other matters, I cannot afford to sacrifice time, reflecting on a proposition which in the end can have but the one answer, and which is ready at this moment."

The fire in their two natures seemed to snap and sparkle for vent, while both tried to "down brakes," and be polite and respectful.

"Then," said he, "give me the answer, I am ready to hear it."

Staring into her face as though his life hung on the end of her tongue—"I" said she, "I have had nothing to do with making—nor shall I have anything to do with unmaking the code of social ethics which forbids the coalescence of the races; therefore, I will never marry a white

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man, come what will." The positiveness of her utterance Crondell knew meant no further appeal.

Up to this time he had held her hand tenderly in his—now he threw it from him with violence as though it burned him.

He sprang to his feet and rapidly paced the floor like a caged panther. He was evidently taking the answer hard. His hands nervously changed from his side pockets to his breast, upon which he drummed with irregular spasmodic beats.

Maudelle waited to parry the blow which she knew would come.

He stopped short—walked up to her, and as he looked her full in the face, he plainly saw in her piercing black eyes all tokens of love bidding him a final farewell.

"My dear girl," said he, in a voice which was cold and void of all tenderness, "be a woman, and free yourself from a foolish determination which will make shipwreck of a life that ought to be put to a better purpose."

Maudelle made no answer—determined to keep quiet until his say ended.

"Away with the silly excuse," said he, "that you are identified with the negro race. It may be you are—which is doubtful, for heaven knows there is no perceptible sign of any such connection. You are so far removed from that race in color, features, manners and intellect, that not one in a thousand would believe what you claim."

Then with a touch of forced good nature in his speech, he continued, "But, if we grant that there is a remote connection, it only makes your complexion the more rich and your eyes the more expressively charming.

"The combination of blood has conspired against your sex, and has made you without a peer in the world. You are as fair and as beautiful as a poet's dream. Maudelle, I advise you to take the timely warning of my senior years,

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and you will have no regrets to haunt you through life; but if you foolishly insist on having your own way, then you may expect nothing but sorrow, anguish and bitter tears to be your constant companions to the grave," said he with the air of a legal adviser.

"What advice have you to give, sir?" said she, in rather a penitent tone, which had the effect she expected—to encourage him to say his worst of the race, out of the bitterness of his heart, and thereby crush her plans and opinion beyond the possibility of recovery.

With the authoritative air of a superior, he continued, "My advice is this—Step out of your race, as you call it, and make your return impossible by renouncing your claim to it, and swearing eternal allegiance to the Anglo-Saxon race.

"I have no need to impress you with the fact that the white race will always be superior, morally, mentally and financially. The white man is progressive and aggressive; he has never held second place to any man in the world, and never will. The white man is simply invincible. There is no demand for our well-being that has not, or cannot be supplied by the white man's genius. There is no disease so malignant, but what he either cures or drives it from the land—No mountain so high, that he has not crossed or bored through it—No sea so deep, that he has not explored its bottom—No planet so distant that he has not mapped its surface and given us its name and dimensions.

"Nothing—absolutely nothing so praiseworthy can be said of the negro, who is a legitimate child of superstition, dirt and foul odors.

"While the white man has pushed forward through privations, danger and death, to develop the resources of the world for the betterment of his posterity, the negro has inhabited his jungles in Africa on peaceful equality with wild beasts, slaying and eating his fellowman for a pastime.

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"What solace can a refined, sensitive Christian woman, like you, find in claiming kinship with a race like that?"

"I grant you in advance of your answer, that there may be some reasonable excuse for the native African, who has not been fully embraced in a civilizing influence. But look you at the negroes of this country, where they have been in touch with the cultured white people for hundreds of years, you find nothing but ignorance, gross immorality, sickening and repulsive to every sense of common decency."

"Do you make no exceptions in your charges?" quietly inquired Maudelle.

"The exceptions are so very few, that they will be forever lost in the sloth and whirlpool of negro inferiority and degradation.

"We have just gone through one of the most bloody civil wars on record, in which hundreds of noble men left homes and family, and gave their lives for what? To free a herd of four million human cattle that were too ignorant to make decent slaves.

"And you, Maudelle—you would make a useless sacrifice of your life by clinging to a worthless race whose condition you nor others cannot better, though you should have a thousand years to live and labor among them.

"Why, for God's sake! why? will you give up your place in society, where you move with the authority of a queen, and sink to the bottom with the negro, from which you can never rise again?"

"How can you become so callous and utterly unmindful of the duty you owe to your friends who have always been pleased to contribute their mite to your social pleasure?"

"Will you so foolishly sacrifice your good name, quit your exalted position in the best and most cultured circles where you are loved for your virtue, and honored for your intelligence and beauty? I say—in the name of all that is sacred—will you give this all up—pair with a negro in

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wedlock, submit yourself to his brutish embraces and go down to degradation with his doomed race?

"Maudelle, Maudelle! mark well my words and decide quickly. The opportunity is still yours; seize it while you can. You have open to you the way of escape through me. My life and my all shall be spent for your pleasure. Act wisely by accepting my offer, and thereby forever free yourself from your absurd notions, and the cursed negro race."

Mr. Crondell delivered this speech with real warmth of passion and seeming earnestness of purpose, to convince Maudelle of her error; but unfortunately for him, it had the effect of widening the chasm between them.

Had there been any of Maudelle's friends secreted within hearing distance of Crondell's fiery speech, which was delivered in a heat of excited passion, with curled lips and brow blackened with intense hatred for the negro, they, no doubt, would have said, "Poor little thing, I fear he has driven her into a corner and she will never be able to twist herself out of his mental trap."

But, friend, let us trust the heroine to go into the duel alone—she may score a victory for her race.

He resumed his seat with the proud and lofty mien of a great conqueror, who had by superior strategem and courage crushed his victim and brought her humbly to his feet, praying for terms.

However, in the secret exultation over his victory, he felt a kind of pity for Maudelle, who he believed was forever silenced. On other occasions, mused he, she has always held her own in any argument with me; but in this she has evidently no material matter for a defense. He thought he had exhausted both sides of the subject, and she had no alternative but capitulation.

But Mr. Crondell was mistaken; the little heroine came to the attack, asking no quarters in her measurement of lances with her boasting opponent. The first half dozen

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words transfixed him in his seat, and brought a deep sigh of regret to his throat.

He was reminded that in his fevered onslaught of the negro race, he had forgotten to make any allowance, or to dissociate Maudelle from the worthless type.

With head erect and eyes burning into his soul—"Mr. Crondell," said she, "nothing could have been more fortunate for me than this evening's interview, which has uncovered a deep-hidden principle of yours, which you have heretofore kept well guarded at the bottom of your deceptive nature. While I am truly thankful for the information thus gained, I cannot but regret having learned so much of the dark side of your heart, which I never dreamed was so full of bitter hatred to the negro, until now. I say 'I regret,' because you, of all others, have been my ideal man—the bright sun in the galaxy of my imagination. But what I thought was a man, fails me—and is only a phantom. What I thought was a luminous sun, deceives me; it is only a falling meteor which has flashed out and left the place darker than before.

"I regret that our association must end to-night, and not only must our association end, but I can no longer carry with me the good opinion of you I have so long cherished.

"It is evident to me from your argument, that the same opinion you have of my race, is the opinion you would have of me, were I in your power, and without the prerogative of bettering my own condition—"

"Beg a thousand pardons," said he, "I had no reference to you, I—"

Maudelle turned her head from him, and with her hand waived him to silence. "Not a word, sir, not a word. If with your boasted intelligence you have not sufficient judgment to discriminate between a race of people and the individuals of the race, I have not the patience to hear you attempt to correct your mistake. Out of the fulness of

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your heart you have spoken and any other explanation would only be misrepresentation.

"I shall not attempt a detailed answer to your argument; but I shall rather epitomize my reply, and thereby relieve you in the shortest possible time of my presence, and of any further consideration of this subject.

"Had you been more reasonable and temperate, as I thought I had a right to expect from one who had so persistently professed friendship for me, I might have been induced to change my plans and abandon my purpose. But, instead of convincing me of something better than my own plans, you throw down the gauntlet for war upon my people, and I have no alternative but to take it up and defend them. 'Step out of my race,' you say. That, sir, may be good advice for a traitor, who has neither race-pride nor principle; but, for me, it goes for nothing.

"If there is anyone whom I can hate, with a hatred too intense for pardon, it is the colored man or woman who is mean and little enough in principle to dodge the truth of his racial identity and sneak into the white race to conceal his identity by living a lie. The one who would do that clearly acknowledges his own inferiority by the act of his stealing a place in the society of the whites, so as to raise himself in his own estimation. As for me, I am proud of a race that has never blackened its character by trading in human flesh and blood, while claiming high-class civilization and Christianization, as does the white race. I am truly proud of a race that has never disgraced its national standing by producing a traitor or a rebel against the government of this country, while being protected by it, at home and abroad. I am proud of a race out of which never hatched and grew a copperhead, whose aim was dismemberment and destruction of the commonwealth. I am particularly proud of a race which contributed two hundred thousand soldiers to be offered upon the altar of this govern-

Good!
Better!
Best!!

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ment (which has never been truly theirs); but they made the sacrifice for less pay than white men; having neither protection at home for their families, nor for themselves on the battle-field.

"They fought without any hope or promise of promotion as an incentive to fearless duty. Without any military training, they were paired against white men who were skilled in the handling of arms, and yet with these odds against them, I am authoritatively informed, that there was not one traitor or deserter among that two hundred thousand negro soldiery.

"On the other hand, the white portion of the army furnished one hundred and ninety thousand traitors or deserters, with everything to encourage their loyalty. The moral and mental advantage you claim is not the difference in your favor—it should be. The negro has been carefully schooled in ignorance, as a potent means of keeping him in slavery; and the white man who dared to teach him letters, lost a hand by the surgeon's saw. Their opportunity for moral culture was much less under your cultured white race, who encouraged and fostered a shameful, illegitimate increase to their human stock for unholy mercenary gain, and then, as though to give sin a blacker hue than the blackest vapors of perdition, some have sold their own offspring and when their guilty conscience cried out against the brutal treatment of their children, consciences were hushed to silence with the argument, that those children were half negro and had no right to a father's mercy."

"Maudelle, Maudelle!" interrupted Crondell, excitedly,—she put up her hand and rose to her feet.

"I will not hear you, sir," said she, continuing, while Crondell covered his face with his hands and bent forward.

"I grant you the claim to financial superiority; but how did that come? By heartless robbery. If your race could find charity enough in their souls to give back to the negro

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—as my noble father did—the value of his toil in material worth, very much of the national wealth you claim would go a long way toward equalizing the financial status of the two races. But this will not be done, and the dominant race will always be debtor to the negro. *True*

“Again, you advise me to escape the curse of the race through you.” She laughed with all the contempt of which a woman is capable. “Through you,” she repeated with a disdainful tone to her voice. “Through you I am to better my condition, you say? That, sir, is more arrogance than usually falls to the lot of an idiot. Do you know, sir, that the greatest curse known to woman, is to be cursed with a husband whom she can neither love nor respect.”

With a polite bow, “farewell,” said she, as she quit the room and closed the door after her.

CHAPTER XX.

SOLILOQUY OF A LOVER—CHANGED TO A DEMON.

CRONDELL sat like a stone statue, as his astonished eyes followed Maudelle when she swept out of the room and closed the door between them.

He gazed long and steadily at the door through which she had gone—no, not at the door, but rather by imagination at what was beyond the door. It was an end which he had not expected and for which he was not prepared; but he was satisfied that the last thread of friendship had snapped, and no human power could reunite the strands. Her connection with the negro race being so very remote, he did not think that she would take any part in their defense, or, at least, no more than might have been expected from one of his own race.

As the vacant gaze on his face passed, he dropped his head on his breast and hands on his knees, and said, "There by heavens! I fear the last card is played out, and the devil has got the game. Too much advice, too badly timed and still worse delivered, has broken the last thread of hope, and I am at sea without sail or rudder. Is it possible, is she lost to me forever? Is this really the end of that hopeful beginning of fifteen months ago? Is there to be no reunion of friendship?"

"She has said there shall be none, and there is no authority to make it otherwise.

"Then, by Jupiter! as King Richard said, 'Since I cannot prove a lover to entertain these farewell spoken days, I am determined to prove a villain.' Since war is declared, there shall be war to the last inch of ground between us.

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"The most severe and uncompromising fight ever waged between mortals, is the social fight of two who were once fast, confiding friends, or sworn lovers.

"When the passionate emotions of the soul have been outraged and distorted, and all that was once love, hope and confidence has gone to the other extreme, then kind and gentle words are changed to the most bitter vituperations, blessings to curses, warm, trusted love to icy, malicious hatred, tender mercies to bloodthirsty revenge, and the two hope and pray for the worst that can come to each other.

"Love has retroverted; true, such a crisis has come to others, but certainly to none has it come so severely as to me.

"Some infernal spirit has crept across the threshold of love's temple, and has blown a chilly blast from perdition upon all that was fair and promising to me—then—has stepped back in the dark to await the inevitable coming of the tornado.

"Alas! it has come—yes, it has come and swept through two loving hearts with intense fury. It has overturned the beautiful, laboriously-built monument, erected by trusted love, hope, and friendship. I suppose all the cursed imps of hell stand gloating and giggling over the ruins.

"O, that heaven would come once more to the rescue, and repair the wreck—! O, that the flood tide of love would rise again—would rise as high and as full as heretofore, and let me dip deep in the cup of joy and taste its sweet dainties once again before it runs eternally dry.

"But why foolishly hope for reunion? She has said there shall he none, and from her word there is no appeal. The rent in the heart is irreparable, the wound is too sore to heal, the breach is too wide to bridge, the sinner is unrelenting, and the sinned against is unforgiving."

He violently smote his breast with his hand, and then thrust his hands from him with fingers spread as though a

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poison serpent was snatched from his bosom and thrown to the ground.

"There," said he, "I throw from me the last shadow of affection I have for Maudelle Morroe. If I must be a devil, I will be the merciless arch-fiend of all devils. I shall league with hell, and employ all the hell hounds in the universe to chase her down. There shall be no sleep, no rest, and no cessation of hostilities until she is securely bagged and my worst vengeance is fully satisfied.

"I will humble her proud heart, although it may cost me my life, and even the loss of my soul—let them go! just so I get unstinted revenge, I willingly pay the price. I will dog her pathway by day and by night. I will overtake her and entangle her feet in a deep-laid snare, and with the subtle cunningness of a demon of darkness, I will bring her to my feet begging for mercy to cover her shame. I will ruin her—I will break her heart and crush it beneath my heel." With menacing nervous finger pointing at the door through which she went, he said—"Farewell, farewell, my fleeing wild bird—farewell! sleep sweetly while you can. Make much of your victory to-night; tomorrow night it may be mine. Yes—mine—. By the eternal gods! it shall be mine." This said, he in nervous excitement, then took his hat and hurriedly left the room.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CROW'S ROOST.

BOSTON, like other large cities, has its quota of poor, degraded, half-fed and half clad people, who gravitate to the low, filthy slums, not so much from choice as from necessity, for cheap shelter.

Nude children, dogs, cats and rats associate together on harmonious equality, all having but one aim in life, food-hunting. Certainly there can be no hell for lost spirits, where the suffering is more intense than the suffering of the human soul, half dead from the sting of cold and hunger in winter, and breathing the hot, poisonous vapors and noxious odors, famishing and being eaten by creeping vermin in Summer.

To live thus, with no hope of a change for the better in a lifetime, is indeed hell enough to punish the worst sinner that God has made.

When a mother's hungry, emaciated, sunken-eyed children crawl up into her lap and with arms about her neck, piteously beg for food, and their little mouths are hushed with passionate kisses—all a famishing mother has to give them; is not that hell enough for such a mother?

When the father, who has tramped through the snow and rain on the streets and highways all day looking for work and bread, and returns home at night with empty hands and pockets, is met at the door by his hungry, dependent offspring, to whom he reports as he did yesterday and other days—nothing.

When his starving little babies turn away and crouch about the scanty fire, with little, thin, bony arms folded

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across their naked knees; and he has not the ability to do for those children, is that not hell enough for that father?

When the baby girl lies on a few rags in the corner, writhing in convulsions—whom the weeping mother is trying to call back to consciousness—opening its eyes, looks into the face of a father, and with its wasted, fever-parched lips, and its blistered tongue working in an effort to ask for bread, relapses into another spasm and dies without knowing why it could not have one crumb from this world's great plenty—what, or where, is there a worse hell than that?

We ask the reader these questions because one of the characters who comes forward in this chapter and disappears in the last scene in Boston, has felt the sting.

This low part of the town just mentioned, which will furnish material for the remaining chapters in the Boston sequel, has a history full of interest.

The officers of the law seldom chased a criminal to his den in these haunts, especially after night-fall; thus sin, vice and crime reigned supreme.

It sometimes happened that a new man on the police force, with more bravery than discretion, would follow an offender to his den; but he came out more often with a bloody head than he did with his man.

In such a part of the city stood an old, abandoned glue factory of which the owners had made no use for a long time. It backed up on a narrow alley which had become impassable for vehicles, owing to fallen walls and immense piles of rubbish and filth. The old buildings about the place were mostly of wood, many of which made pretensions to architectural finish fifty years ago; but now that the best part of the city and people had retreated far beyond business and social contact, these old, crazy, tottering shells served only as shelters for the poorest of the poor and the worst outlaws that ever disgraced a city.

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The old glue factory, as in former days, still maintained its dignity as king among its neighboring buildings. Notwithstanding it was going to ruin as fast as the other houses, yet it looked down from its four stories on them, many of which went only one-third as high. The bad treatment of rain, snow and high winds had left its wooden walls twisted, warped and careening over to one side, so that they looked as though the additional weight of a man's finger would send them crashing on the cabins below.

Its sixty odd openings had neither door, shutters nor window sashes, except in one corner of the fourth floor, where two windows were shut in with bits of plank. The steps ran up on the outside of the building, landing on platforms at each story. A great many of the steps had rotted and fallen out; others were tied to the stringers with wire.

Up and down these long, steep, dangerous-looking steps three men climbed and descended several times during each night in the year. These were three of Boston's most daring thieves, robbers, cutthroats,—everything that was bad—and they had their den in a corner of the fourth floor of this building, to which they had given the name of "The Crow's Roost."

John McGinnis and Jack Demsy were two Irishmen, but a few years escaped convicts from Liverpool, England.

Bill Duncan, their fearless leader, was a country-reared man who had suffered many disappointments and privations in life, had cursed the world and had become man's greatest enemy.

These fellows were on the go from dark in the evening until daylight in the morning, plundering in every part of the city, and when driven in by the approach of day, unloaded and compared their spoils in their den.

This "Crow's Roost" was a curious-looking place. A twelve-by-ten-foot room, inclosed by upright rough boards for walls, which were full of large openings, through which

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the wind whistled, and the snow and rain dashed at will. The two window openings were shut in with bits of plank—one or two pieces of which were removed in the daytime to let in light. The floor was sunken in the middle, like an old-fashioned bread tray, owing to many of the joists having rotted and fallen out.

In one corner of the room was a pile of straw partially covered with pieces of old carpet, which served for their bed.

In the centre of the room sat an old iron pot—a substitute for a stove—in which burned pieces of coal, chips, bones, old shoes, in fact anything that would burn. Directly above the fire was a hole cut in the old, leaky tin roof, through which the smoke escaped. A barrel, with a piece of plank across it, served for the table, and three empty beer kegs, the seats.

An old Dutch oven with side broken out, three tin spoons, several broken forks and knives, a pitcher without lip or handle, four plates, three or four oyster cans, completed the kitchenware and cooking utensils.

A shoe box nailed to the wall was the safe, ice box and cupboard. Bits of bread, potatoes, and spoiled meat, fished from swill tubs, were carelessly thrown in and were all moulding together, and would not have been considered good for a well-cared-for dog.

"Try your luck, boys," said Bill Duncan, as the three men took seats around their barrel, or table, on which burned a tallow candle, stuck into a beer bottle. The cards were shuffled, and each man cut them in his turn. "Big luck for me to-night," said Bill, with a smack of the lips and elevation of the brows, which was his sign of satisfaction that the arch enemy of men was still on his side.

While these men were thus engaged one from the outside might have seen two well-dressed men with cautious tread ascending the steps to the "Crow's Roost."

The October wind laden with snow and rain, whistling

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through the open building, carried away the noise of approaching footsteps, that gave no warning until loud raps at the door startled the inmates and brought them to their feet armed for defense.

No wonder consternation stood out on their faces, because a knock at their door was a thing unknown. It could not be one of the thugs in the neighborhood, because night was harvest time among them, and each one was busy with his own affairs and never disturbed his neighbor.

"Officers of the law," whispered Jack Demsy.

"Stand by," said Bill Duncan. Rap, rap, rap, rap, rap, again and still louder than before, which shook the rickety old door that threatened to fall in.

Bill advanced to the door with a drawn pistol in each hand, flanked left and right by his comrades. Within a few inches of the door, they halted, with feet braced and teeth clenched; they were ready to meet the worst that could come.

With a voice more like that of an enraged tiger than a man—"Who in hell are you?" growled Bill. "Speak quick, for your minutes are numbered, and are drawing devilish near to an end."

"We are friends," was the hurried reply from the outside.

"We have got no friends," retorted Bill in his threatening bass voice.

"We want to be your friends," said the intruders.

"We don't need your friendship, and if you value your lives, give your names and tell your business, and be damn sure you are right," said Bill.

"Thomas Crondell and Joseph Vandercook. We have called to see you on private business, which we desire you gentlemen to attend to for us, and for which we are willing to pay you a good price," said Crondell.

"If you are making any misstatement, you will pay the penalty with your lives," said Bill.

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"Our lives are in your hands, if you find us untrue," said Vandercook.

"Open the door, Jack," said Bill. As the hingless door was unbarred, and lifted to one side, and the two white faces of Crondell and his friend Vandercook appeared in the opening, with a dark night as a background, they had the appearance of two portraits in one frame.

The first sight which met their eyes was the drawn pistols of Bill Duncan and John McGinnis within a few inches of their faces. They threw up their hands. "My God! gentlemen, we mean no harm, no harm whatever," said Vandercook.

"Step inside," said Bill, who held his pistols uncomfortably near their faces.

"Step outside, Jack," said Bill, "and remember—shoot the first scoundrel that attempts to climb the steps, and I will blow these fellows' brains out, if we discover they are spies."

"We are not spies, gentlemen," said Crondell.

"Your word goes for nothing with us. All men to us are liars until we are otherwise satisfied by personal investigation."

"All right, gentlemen, investigation will show that we are your friends," said Crondell.

"Are you armed?" said Bill.

"We have no weapons of any kind," said they.

"Search them, John," said Bill. They were searched, and no weapons were found on them.

"Take seats there," said Bill, pointing to the beer kegs.

"Now," said he, "tell us your business. Let it be short and to the point—it costs something to listen as well as to talk." Thus said, he stuck a pistol in each boot leg and leaned against the wall, facing the visitors, while McGinnis took his stand at Bill's side, ready to obey any order that might be given by his leader. Jack Demsy stood sentinel at the door.

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"Gentlemen," said Crondell, "I shall come to the point at once. I am in love with a very beautiful girl who has turned a d— fool and defied me, and I am driven to mad desperation. I know, by Jupiter! I cannot win her back by fair means; because we have quarrelled, and she is one of those uncompromising, independent little cusses, whose decision of character is as firm and unyielding as the rock of eternal ages.

"But, gentlemen, I have determined to league with the powers of hell, if it takes that to bend her stubborn heart to my will, and I have come for your help, and you shall be well paid for your service."

"In what way can we help you?" inquired Bill.

"Why, I want you gentlemen to waylay that girl, capture her, kidnap her, and take her to the room I have secured. Once I have gotten her there, where she will be beyond the reach of police or friends, and wholly at my mercy, I assure you, gentlemen, I shall make good use of my advantage."

"In what part of the city is the place you want us to take her?" asked Bill, for the first time showing an interest in the scheme.

"At Madam Dupree's house, not very far from here," said Crondell.

"Do you know her?" asked Vandercook.

"Slightly," said Bill, with a laugh, and knowing look at McGinnis.

"Yes, I have secured a room there and paid for it in advance," said Crondell. "It was through her I found you, gentlemen; but not until she had asked us ten thousand questions, in order to satisfy herself that we were not spies.

"Certainly you and your neighbors have a strong, iron-clad contract, of some kind among you by which you protect one another's interest."

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"Pretty well tied together," said Bill.

"The Madam informs me, that you gentlemen, are the most brave and daring adventurers in Boston."

"Don't know about that," said Bill, with a shrug of the shoulders which showed that he was pleased with the compliment.

In a full and clear statement, Crondell gave them his plans for their part of the work. He told them about Maudellé's visits to the Old Ladies' Home, and that now one of the inmates was very sick, Maudellé spent much of the day and the early part of the night there. He made a drawing of the Home, the route Maudellé took to and from the building, which led through a public park, along a certain street, and across the end of an alley, in which they could conceal themselves and capture her. He then minutely described Maudellé in features and locomotion, and gave them her photo.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I know it is a hazardous undertaking. It will take courage, bravery, unerring and quick work to accomplish it; but I believe you are equal to the task."

"No job," said Bill, "is too dangerous for us, if there is money in it," warming up in interest.

"Name your price," said Crondell.

"Three hundred dollars," said Bill. "Fifty dollars down, and the balance when the work is done," said Crondell.

"Agreed," said Bill, "provided you give us a written agreement."

"I will do that," said Crondell. "In fact it is best that all parties concerned be obligated by written agreement."

"Paper, please," said Crondell to Bill. "I have my indispensable fountain pen."

"Hunt up some paper, John," said Bill.

John hustled about but found no paper. He ran down the steps was gone five or ten minutes, returned with a

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small piece of gray paper fished from a rubbish box in the back yard of a third-rate drug store.

"Bad color," said Crondell, "but it will do under the circumstances." He wrote the contract as follows:—

CROW'S ROOST, BOSTON, MASS., OCTOBER 5, 1868.

This is to certify that Bill Duncan, Jack Demsy and John McGinnis, parties of the first part, agree to kidnap Maudelle Morroe and convey her to the house of Madam Dupree, in consideration of three hundred dollars, to be paid to them by T. C., party of the second part, as follows:—to wit: Fifty dollars down on signing this contract, and the balance of two hundred and fifty dollars in cash, when the parties of the first part have fulfilled their part of the contract.

Signed,

BILL DUNCAN,
JACK DEMSY,
JOHN MCGINNIS,
T. C.

Crondell paid the amount agreed on.

"Now, gentlemen," said Crondell as he rose to go, "I don't know what other instructions I can give you that would be of use to you.

"One thing—you will have to be careful when you take her, that she does not scream and thus bring the police officers on you."

"Ah!" said Bill, with a laugh, "you may leave those minor details to us. We may have to tap her over; in case we do, the effect would be off in a few hours."

"You cannot afford to delay, because she will go South in a few weeks from now."

"This night we will go over the ground, make our plans, and if she passes along the route tomorrow night, we will

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have her with you at Madam Dupree's house in a few hours."

"Good," said Crondell, as he extended his hand, and bade good night to the inmates of the "Crow's Roost."

When Vandercook and Crondell had groped their way down the long string of tottering steps and disappeared in the darkness, the three men drew their beer kegs close together and sat down to mature plans to kidnap Maudelle.

"By gads," said Jack, "I had no idea them feelers would give ye that amount of money for the job."

"And nather did I," said John.

"I am never afraid to ask enough, and then I can compromise on less, if I must," said Bill.

The balance of the ten or fifteen minutes' consultation was inaudible, except the last word from Bill, which gave a suggestive clue.

"Let us go look over the ground, before we determine."

This said, the three conspirators against the unsuspecting girl, hurried off in the darkness.

CHAPTER XXII.

MAUELLE KIDNAPPED.

FOR two or three years Maudelle had taken especial interest in the Old Ladies' Home. It was her habit to prepare some kind of nice, dainty nourishments, as well as articles of clothing, and take them to the inmates. This secluded little world was inhabited only by old ladies, who ate, drank and wore what charity accorded them, and quietly waited for death.

Into this domicile of worn-out womanhood and purity of souls Maudelle carried physical comfort and spiritual sunshine.

Thursday of each week was her day to visit the home, and at her usual hour, (which was generally in the evening), the windows were graced with the bleached and aged-worn faces of old ladies watching for Maudelle, like children for the return of a mother.

At the time of the rupture between Crondell and Maudelle, one of the old ladies was sick, and Maudelle was giving a great deal of her time to the sick woman.

Crondell had accompanied Maudelle to the home on several occasions, and would call later in the evening for her. Thus he knew her time of going, the route she took, and the little basket she usually carried; all of which he minutely described to the kidnappers.

"Now, boys, remember the instructions. When you hear me cough three times, look sharp, you may know that she is on hand. Jack, you will step in quickly behind her, tap her behind the ear sufficiently hard to put her to sleep for an hour or so. John, be ready to catch her before she

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falls on the bricks, and I will be on hand to dress her for the journey. Stand by, boys, if she is on time, you will not have to wait many minutes. Should there be anyone too near, we will let her pass and take her as she returns home."

These were Bill Duncan's instructions to his comrades. He then hurried to the park through which Maudelle would pass.

The place selected to kidnap the girl could not have been more appropriate if they had had six months to prepare for it. The small, well-kept park, bounded on four sides by imposing, aristocratic residences, made this park more of a private than a public resort.

Narrow, short streets ran along on its four sides, turning sharp at the corners and intersecting the broad avenues at each end of the park. These avenues in turn ran to the business thoroughfares several blocks from the park, so that there was but little travel about the park after night, except an occasional interchange of visits between neighbors.

Half-way the block on one side of the park was an alley—behind a pilaster of a high wall which cornered on this alley, stood Jack Demsy and John McGinnis, one, with his deadly sand bag, a weapon which completely kills one for the time, and yet the blow can be heard only a few feet. Some fool had planted the gas lamp directly behind a large tree, which threw its inky shadow across the street, and had so effectually curtained the entrance to the alley, that one could not see five feet beyond the opening; which made for them a very secure ambushade.

Bill had not more than gotten inside the park and secreted himself behind a large tree, before a woman came through the opposite gate and made her way along the walk where Bill was hidden.

As she neared the tree where Bill stood, he hugged close to the trunk, and like a squirrel dodging a hunter, kept the

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tree between them. "By the gods," said he, "that is she. The dress, the hat, the quick step and the height of the woman, and the little basket she carries, all tally to a line. We will take her in." He stepped from behind the tree and followed fifty or sixty feet behind her with muffled feet, his tread made no noise. When she came within thirty feet of the ambuscade, she stopped, stood a minute, and then, as though throwing off some premonition of danger ahead, with a toss of her head, she stepped quickly on. She gained the alley—Bill stopped, gave three violent coughs—the quick movements of a man were seen—Maudelle fell forward; then all disappeared in the alley, and Bill knew that the first act of the drama had successfully begun.

He ran forward and fifty feet into the alley, where he found the parties awaiting his coming. John McGinnis held Maudelle in his arms. Her head had fallen back, and her arms were hanging down, giving her all the appearance of one dead.

"Lay her down," said Bill—she was stretched out on the ground. "I will look after her, you fellows get everything else in readiness."

Down on his knees—Bill stripped Maudelle of her wraps and shoes, and crammed them into a dirty sack, pulled out the hair pins and tangled her hair, and then, with a bandage brought under her chin and tied tight across the top of her head, she was rolled into a dirty, ragged blanket.

By this time the other parties came up ready for the two-mile march to the house of Madam Dupree. The party consisted not only of the three kidnappers, but of two women and several children with luggage. These people had been employed to make the disguise more complete, by Bill carrying Maudelle as his sick wife, while the others carried chairs, tables and other kinds of household goods,

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it had the appearance of very poor families moving. The deception was all that could be desired for success. Not only did the people on the street, but the police, as well, gave the parties the right of way.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock that night, the journey had been safely made, and the unconscious Maudelle was safely locked in Madam Dupree's slaughter house of human souls.

Crondell had been there several hours, impatiently waiting and hoping for the consummation of the scheme.

"Let me congratulate you gentlemen, for the skilful management of this affair," said he, as he handed the balance of the two hundred and fifty dollars to Bill.

The men departed, and Crondell went into the room to look at Maudelle, who was still unconscious, and, in fact, showed but very little signs of life.

Looking down on her—as Madam Dupree was rubbing the cold, lifeless-looking hands and face of Maudelle, Crondell sighed deeply, bent over her, and laid his hand on her face and said, "Poor little thing! it is hard. You might have done better, if you would. Why force me to bring you to this?"

It must have been a moment with him of deep sympathy and regret for her condition. It must have been a hasty return of the tender affection forcing its way up through the incrustations of a revengeful heart.

Madam Dupree laughed, a hollow, soulless cackle, when the mouth merely opens, yet the features still retain their hard, original sternness. "Ah, ha!" said the old hag, "I see you are weakening."

"No, not weakening," said he, "I find I have the heart of only a human being, while I assume the role of a beast."

He turned on his heel to go. "I will be here tomorrow night; I cannot come here before, because I must not be seen in this neighborhood in daylight."

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He came back to where Maudelle lay—stooped over her, and kissed her pale lips. “Good night,” said he, as a tear dropped on her forehead, which he quickly wiped away with his handkerchief.

“Madam,” said he, “if she does not get through all right, or anything serious happens, send me word by one of our friends of the ‘Crow’s Roost.’ Good night.” He had gone.

It was seven or eight o’clock the next morning before Maudelle regained consciousness. It came back, like a lost bird on weary wing, to its long-sought perch. It was not one of those gradual awakenings as it is with some, first the dreamy, uncertain semi-consciousness, then the full consciousness, as the mind slowly comes from its befogged environments to its active, normal condition. Nature, with one mighty impulse, summoned all her force and threw off the deadly effect of the sand bag, and Maudelle opened her eyes to a full realization of her imprisonment.

The first object in sight was a haggard, decrepit, old woman, with gray hair protruding from under an ill-fitting red wig. She sat with her feet against a small drum-shaped stove, red with rust. It seemed that she and the stove were trying to keep each other warm by mutual agreement.

The old woman sat with her side turned to Maudelle, busily sewing on some cheap garment. Thus absorbed she gave Maudelle a chance to study her without being observed.

She wore carpet slippers on her short, thick feet. The original color of her dress was black; but this color had lost its title to priority by the preponderance of grease, patches and dirt.

One of the fingers on the left hand was gone, and the three remaining were badly disfigured by abnormal growths at the joints.

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Catarrh had undermined and carried away the nasal bones and palatine process, so that the arch of the nose had caved in, and left but the little nub of a nose sticking up at right angles with the face. In fact, the entire configuration of the woman gave evidence of many years of unsatisfied want. The wrinkled, haggard face was an easily read index to a cold, wicked heart.

Having studied the old woman, Maudelle's eyes swept around the little ten-by-twelve room, with a narrow, little door in one end and a window in the other closed in with bits of plank nailed on the inside. Large openings between the planks were the only means of admitting light.

The plastering on the walls had long ago fallen off, except a patch here and there the size of the hand, as a proof of what was once there.

Two rickety chairs, a rough stand on which sat a tin coal oil lamp without a chimney, and a cheap wash-bowl, with a piece broken out of its side, together with a very filthy bed, was all the room contained, except the stove already mentioned.

"What does all this mean? Am I dead and in another world, and is that old woman one of the infernal keepers? These were some of Maudelle's thoughts while she lay there without moving a muscle and scarcely daring to breathe.

The old woman who had sat quiet, grinding away on something between her toothless gums, now turned her yellow, sunken eyes abruptly on Maudelle, as though she had just decided to do something wicked. Maudelle quickly closed her eyes and lay motionless.

The old woman got up and approached the bed, muttering and growling some unintelligible words as she passed her cold, bony fingers over Maudelle's face, then down her bosom, and pressed them hard over her heart. The cold, knotty, rough fingers felt so much like iron spikes pressing their way to her heart, that an involuntary spasmodic

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shudder ran through Maudelle's body, and she could no longer contain herself—she screamed and sprang from the bed.

The old woman with hands up, fell back against the wall, exclaiming in terror, "My God o'mighty! gal, you scared me to death."

"Where am I?" exclaimed Maudelle. Then throwing out her hands as if to find support, she sank down on the floor, while a death-like pallor passed over her face and swept away every feature of life. She had fainted.

The twelve hours of unconscious prostration, the fright, and then the sudden, springing to an upright position, was a change too violent; the mind went down under the surcharge. "O, where am I?" said she, as she opened her eyes, and looked into the faces of several haggard and pale-faced girls, whom Madam Dupree had summoned to her aid when Maudelle fainted.

"Am I dead, and are you spirits, or are you living creatures?"

One of the girls laughed a mean, tantalizing chuckle; but another, with some soul left, said, "Poor thing, it is too bad."

Maudelle seized the girl by the hand. "Have I one friend here to help me?" said she. The old woman pushed the girl aside.

"Get out of here, girls, get out," said she, as she pushed them out the door and locked it. Turning to Maudelle, she said, "Those girls are not the kind for you to make friends with."

"Ah!" said Maudelle, "even dogs or the worst of people are better friends than no friends at all." She raised herself up in bed, looked down on the black, filthy bed-clothes, tossed them aside, and got out again on the floor. For the first time she felt a stinging pain from a bruised and badly swollen place back of the ear.

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"What does all this mean?" said she.

The old woman then went through a long, well-studied explanation and told her that she had been knocked down and robbed, and that she had been brought there and cared for and that her friend would take her home in the evening.

Maudelle listened attentively, while at the same time her mind ran back and traced itself to the park; and there memory ended. She knew that if she had been attacked and robbed near home, she never, would have been brought so far and placed in the hands of such people, unless for some ill design.

She put such unanswerable questions to the old woman that she brought out the whole secret. She saw that she had fallen into a trap deeply laid by Crondell, from which there was no means of escape, unless it was through this old woman.

Maudelle perceived that Madam Dupree was a hardened old wretch; but she had some hope of finding a spark of womanly tenderness somewhere beneath the black sins of the many years of her abandoned life.

"Madam," said Maudelle, in the kindest way that she could, "will you please let me go home?"

"No," said the old woman, abruptly.

Then Maudelle appealed to her honor as a woman; but there was no honor in that curdled and sour nature. She appealed to her sympathy; but sympathy was unknown in that flinty heart.

She plead for mercy; but, if the woman's heart was ever sensitive to mercy, it was now dead.

She begged piteously for her friendship; but friendship, too, had long ago departed from that old criminal's breast.

Then she asked for but simple justice; but Madam Dupree was a stockbroker in human souls, and justice, honesty and fair dealing were things unknown in her business. So she

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sat gazing into Maudelle's face, without the change of a feature or the movement of a muscle of the face.

"Will you please let me go home?" Maudelle asked again.

"No," was the snappish answer.

"Then you propose to keep me in this stall, as you would an animal for slaughter?" asked Maudelle.

"Yes," said the old hag, who kept on continuously chewing and staring into Maudelle's face, as unmoved as a mud turtle. Maudelle covered her face with her hands while the hot tears crept through her fingers and fell thick and fast upon the carpetless floor.

She fully realized now that Madam Dupree was one of the vilest of the vile agents of the devil. She knew that the house was the last downward step in the ladder of crime—the very last between earth and perdition.

She knew that the inmates were such as had been kicked down through all the gradations of sin, and that this rookery was the last and worst.

She knew that this was the place where they would hang to life for a few hours, days or months, and then would curse, rot, and die. Or, like trash floating down stream, that lodges against an obstruction for a minute, or until a puff of wind breaks its hold and it goes on down.

These inmates in their downward whirl, merely get foothold here for an hour or so; then comes a blast from hell, and they are dislodged and swept down to the great maelstrom of damnation.

Maudelle knew that the Holy Spirit never crossed the threshold of that house, but merely stood guard at the entrance, to place the label of damnation upon each abandoned soul as it passes in.

At last the long, gloomy day ended, and gave place to a night filled with blacker threatenings for Maudelle. Footsteps of a man were heard climbing the stairs, thence along the narrow hall and stopping at the door.

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Maudelle's heart stopped its beating, every fibre of her body was quivering with alarm. She thought that she was dying, and rather hoped she was.

A tap on the door was like the stroke of a sledge hammer on her heart. As Madam Dupree got up to open the door, Maudelle gasped a whisper—"Please don't let him in." The old hag merely laughed, or rather answered with a cold, mocking grin. She unlocked the door, and went out, and locked it after her. There was a whispering and muttering at the door for a few minutes, then the key turned in the lock, the door swung back and Crondell stepped inside the room, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

Now that Crondell stood before her, and that she was cognizant of the fact that the struggle between them would be a hand-to-hand encounter, all fear and timidity left her, while the latent powers of her womanhood came back to sustain her.

Madam Dupree had no doubt assured Crondell that she was humbled, resigned to her inevitable fate, and would cower in his presence and be an easy prey to his desire.

But to his surprise he saw the reverse was true. Knowing her bitter, uncompromising repugnance to every phase of immorality, as he did, it does seem that he should have expected nothing but war to the death.

When he looked into her face, he plainly saw fight to the last drop of blood. Not a parry of words this time, but a measure of physical strength until one or the other should be slain.

And if it should come to that, he well knew he would be overmatched. He knew that she was an expert athlete, and carefully trained in the science of self-defense with the fist as well as with sword and firearms, while he had never taken any especial interest in such amusements.

He was only a medium-sized man. Nature had given him a large and beautifully shaped head, but had been

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niggardly sparing with material for other parts of the body; while Maudelle was tall, muscular and well-developed, and as quick of action as a cat.

While facing each other, she seemed to tower up before him like a defiant giantess, her eyes flashing vengeance and utter contempt for what he gloated over as a victory.

Her state was very much like that of an entrapped wild animal, which becomes enraged and driven to madness by unmerciful goads and wounds, until it seems to lose all interest in life, and would even scorn proffered release on any terms, except blood for blood. It holds to life, and checks death with a kind of potential power, until the opportunity comes to strike down its captor with a deadly blow, and then dies of its own will.

He saw this, and was evidently foiled and thrown off his guard and plans of procedure, and was totally at a loss, how and where to begin.

In order to gain time to formulate other plans, he began a foolish comparison of the room and its furniture with her costly apartments at her home.

"My dear, little black-eyed darling," said he, "you have a beautiful home here, so unlike the one in which I met, courted and kissed you.

"I am glad that I can visit you, and take as many kisses as I choose, and the world's big eyes cannot look in upon us.

"You see that there is but one door to this chamber, and to that I hold the key, so that you cannot insult me, run out and slam the door in my face."

"Thomas Crondell," said she, "nothing but the actual facts as I see them could have convinced me that you were capable of stultifying your manhood, and sinking below the level of the meanest brute of the forest, as you have done.

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"Can it be possible that a refined and cultured Christian mother has given birth to such a monster; with a soul so warped and distorted that it renders you unfit for the society of men, or a companion for a decent beast?"

"Is it possible that you, with your boasted learning and claim to honor, can have a heart so black, a soul so filthy, that you stand before me disrobed of every principle of manhood, and dwindle to a mere contemptible thing?"

"If it is your intention—as you have threatened—to ruin me and to bring me to your inhuman level, I warn you of the danger of such an attempt.

"If you have any further use for your worthless life; I advise you to unlock that door and let me go from this wicked place."

"Wicked place, wicked," said he in a tone of irony, in an attempt heedlessly to throw off the sharp and scathing reprimand of Maudelle.

"No place can be wicked where you are," continued he. "Even this little filthy dog kennel has become as attractive as a palace inlaid with gold and studded with diamonds. The soiled, vermin-stained sheets and greasy blankets are transformed into fine linen and purple satin by the lustre of your lovely eyes. The poor, little, three-legged, rusty stove, that is striving hard to keep itself warm, will soon become as beautiful in your presence as Solomon's altar in the holy of holies. The poor, little, motherless lamp, which is struggling and breathing hard to give us light, by pouring forth its volumes of carboniferous gas, will soon be a golden censer, and you and I—"

"Mr. Crondell," said Maudelle—interrupting his tantalizing jargon, "I demand of you to open that door and let me go to my home."

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"O no, O no," said he, in a tone of hateful mockery. "I cannot trust you out alone to-night. You and I will remain here, at least until morning, and it may be for several days.

"I have this to say, and you may as well understand it now and submit to your fate. You are mine, absolutely mine, whether you will or not, you have no say.

"There was a time when you had it in your power to become my wife and preserve your honor; but you chose to be a fool, and hatefully insulted me when I gave you good advice, now, my young lady, it is in my power to make you my substitute for a wife, to your shame.

"When I have satisfied my vengeance, I will then turn you out upon the street, that you may go through life with the consciousness that you are no better than the inmates of this 'wicked place,' as you call it.

"You will learn more both of me and the place in less than twenty-four hours from now, and you cannot go until I say go, though an angel from heaven demand your release."

"A God from heaven will demand of you an answer of why you will not," said she.

"If you have so much faith in a God, why is it you are here? The fact is, I have outwitted both you and your God," said he, with lips curled. "Maudelle Morroe," said Crondell, "this useless colloquy must end. You must submit to my will—if not by gentle means—then you must by force. I say, by heavens! you are my victim, wholly at my disposal."

Maudelle was goaded beyond further forbearance. That rich, aristocratic, Kentucky blood rose in its might, and she was every inch a woman whose purity of soul defied the vile touch of Crondell's finger.

"When you boast thus, you lie," said she. "You never, never can blacken the purity of my character while life lasts. Loss of my good name and character with me would

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be equal to loss of life; and I want to tell you that, sooner than yield a hair's breadth to your brutish will, I will die in this room with my fingers in your throat."

He extended both hands and advanced a step toward her. She raised a threatening, clenched hand. "Stop! you black-hearted wretch, stop where you are," said she, while the tears were streaming down her face.

Crondell mistook her tears for tears of fear, of weakness and resignation to inevitable fate.

But not so. They were tears in which the human soul had summed up the whole of its potential power, and stood ready to put that power into the last blow, in defense of honor and virtue, and to make that blow the hardest and the most bloody, as a closing climax of life.

"I defy you to touch me," said she, "in the name of the living God and my dead father. Try it, if you dare, and this night you or I will go into eternity."

Crondell knew enough of her decision of character, to be sure that what she said was an uncompromising challenge to a deadly combat, and it would not do to accept it. He knew also that the odds were decidedly against him, from the fact that she would fight whole-hearted for the preservation of her virtue, while he would fight for a purpose too damnably low and brutish to hope for success.

But so as not to betray his weakness, or rather fear, he began to tantalize her thus:

"My darling, wipe the tears from those bewitching eyes, and come to the arms of your own love. Come now, and let us make the best of the occasion!" holding out his hands as he advanced another step toward her, as though to embrace her.

Her little fist shot out like a flash, and landed hard and sharp in Crondell's neck, and he went to the floor full length.

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She stood in her tracks and waited for him to come back. He sprang to his feet, burning with rage and shame.

"By heavens!" yelled he, "you will be sorry for that, for I will have no more of your d— foolishness. It has cost me money to get you here, and I will not be defeated of my purpose. If kind persuasion will not do, then you shall have harsher treatment and plenty of it. Will you cease to be a fool, and be my friend, and thereby save your life? Speak, Maudelle Morroe, for by the gods! your life hangs on the ends of my fingers."

"Never will I submit to your vile, brutish purpose, while the God of heaven inspires my soul with life to resist," said she, in a voice of intense earnestness, which meant an unchanged ultimatum.

"All right, all right! my lady, you will strike a different key when the dance begins in earnest. I will call to my assistance inmates of this house. We will down you, we will gag you, and I will treat you as you deserve." This said, he unlocked the door, rushed out, slammed it after him, locked it, and hurried down stairs.

Maudelle put her ear to the keyhole. She heard Crondell talking loud and very excitedly in the lower part of the house. She could not understand what he said, except one or two words, which were, "Yes, I will—or kill her."

She seized the door knob, and applied all her strength, but it held fast.

She stood a moment as in deep meditation, then looking up with hands clasped, she recited those beautiful passages from the Bible which Aunt Millie had taught her, when she was but four or five years old; she had never forgotten the old nurse's admonition, which was:

"Honey, keep dese words stored away in yo' heart, and when trouble comes, tell God of His promise, and He must answer and come to yo'."

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The passages which Maudelle hastily recited, were these:

“O Lord, attend unto my cry
for I am brought very low:
Deliver me from my persecutors
for they are stronger than I.
Deliver me, O Lord, from the evil man;
preserve me from the violent man.
Deliver, O Lord, from my enemies:
I flee unto Thee to hide me.”

Then she was silent a moment, as though awaiting an answer. The following verses were an answer in full:

“He shall deliver thee in six
troubles; yea, in seven there shall
no evil touch thee.”

Then in a voice full of hope and calm resignation, she merely whispered, “Dear Lord, I hold Thee to Thy promise—all my hope is stayed in Thee.”

She heard footsteps coming up the stairs. They tramped along the hall and halted at the door. There was muttering and whispering. Maudelle knew they were plotting for her ruin, but she was calm and unmoved by any alarm or fear for her safety.

What she would do, or could do, was not in her mind, more than to do her best to meet the emergency as it developed.

She felt, somehow, that there was a power back of her which more than supplemented the power of innumerable millions of worlds.

The click, click of the key was heard, the door swung back, and Crondell with rope in hand stepped into the room, closely followed by Madam Dupree, and the tall,

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muscular, red-haired girl, who had seemed to sympathize with Maudelle when she fainted that morning; but now the girl's face was stern and cold, without a sign of sympathy for Maudelle. She came in last, and took her stand at the door as guard.

"And you, too?" said Maudelle, as she looked inquiringly into the girl's face.

"Yes, me too," was the positive, stiff answer that came from between her compressed lips, which meant immovable firmness in every venture.

Madam Dupree, who was very anxious for the fray, sprang upon Maudelle like a hungry wolf. Maudelle wheeled around, and dealt the old hag a blow in the face which sent her behind the stove in a pile. The old woman squalled like a hyena. "Good God O'mighty! What do you mean?" At the same time Crondell ran up behind Maudelle, threw his arms about her, with the attempt to pinion her arms down. With lightning speed, Maudelle punched backward with both elbows, which took Crondell just below his ribs, and sent him hard against the wall.

Crazed with anger, he cried out at the top of his voice, "By Jupiter! I will kill her." He seized an old, wooden-bottom stool by the legs, swung it back over his head, and with the vicious grin of a murderer, rushed on Maudelle.

At this juncture, the red-haired girl sprang between him and Maudelle, and thrust a pistol in Crondell's face, exclaiming in a voice that meant to be obeyed, "Back, back, you infernal black-hearted dog, or I will send your worthless soul to a devil's hell in a minute."

Crondell fell back against the wall, dropped the stool, and stood gazing at the girl in bewilderment.

"What does this mean?" said Crondell.

"It means," said the girl, "that I am going to protect the honor of this young lady, if it costs my life and yours or as many more as may choose to come."

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"Ann, Ann!" said Madam Dupree, "that is no way to do."

Ann leveled her pistol on the old woman. "Not one word from you, Madam Dupree. I pay you for the miserable fare I get, and that ends my obligation with you. Any other interference, and you and I will have a new business to settle on this spot."

Madam Dupree knew enough of the girl's physical power and combative temper not to dictate to her again. She had seen Ann whip three girls at one time, and at another, cut a man nearly to death with a razor wrenched from his hand, with which he was trying to cut her.

"Young lady," said Ann, "you may pass out and wait in the hall for me."

To Crondell she said, "You, sir, owe your life to the daring bravery of the young woman you were trying to ruin. Although wounded and weak from the cruel treatment of your agents in the crime, she held you at bay, until like a coward you ran for help.

"You did not know that I was at the door with axe in hand, ready to break in, and would have killed you without ceremony, had you laid violent hands on her.

"You are one of the many with money, who are hell's catch dogs to fill these places of vice with ruined and broken-hearted girls, who have no other alternative for existence, but to peddle away their souls for scraps and crumbs, which your dogs would refuse to eat.

"Five years ago, my hope for an upright, chaste and happy future was all that any girl could desire. But I was flattered, petted, courted, promised and lied to, until I was ruined. Then I was shunned, neglected and scorned, and finally driven to this last retreat and lowest depth into which a human being can fall.

"Having felt the sting, I will never see another victim added to the long list of sufferers, without exerting my

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personal efforts to save them." This said, she left the room, locked the door, broke the key off in the lock, with the remark, "You two are there for the night."

When Crondell hired the room from Madam Dupree, he had a new patent lock put on the door, which no key would fit, except the one especially made for it. Now that Ann had left the end of the broken key in the lock, no one could remove it and unlock the door but a skilful locksmith, who could not be had at that hour of the night.

Maudelle stood in the hall leaning against the wall, weak and exhausted from having taken no nourishment of any kind in more than twenty-four hours. Then the terrible ordeal through which she had gone, was a tension on the physical and nervous system, which but few could have sustained. A badly swollen, external bruise from the sand bag, an ignorant and too free use of chloroform, and an undue exertion of physical force to defend herself against the savage attacks of Crondell, had left her with but little energy, when not under excitement.

Maudelle threw her arms about Ann's neck, and, with a voice tremulous with thanksgiving, said, "My dear friend, you have been selected as God's agent to save me. Ten minutes ago, I saw no hope, and yet I felt no fear. Now I see it all. You were to save me, and I am to save you from a condition for which you were not born."

Holding to Maudelle's hand, Ann led her through dark passages, down to the lower floor.

"Now," said Ann, "Madam Dupree has hidden away your wraps and other valuables for her own use, but I will find them or tear this rookery to pieces."

A few minutes' search brought the goods to light, and the two women dressed and stepped out into the dark, as a distant town clock struck eleven.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BACK FROM A DEN OF LOST SOULS.

WITH her arm around Maudelle, and pistol held in the folds of her dress, Ann set out to pilot Maudelle a two-miles journey, from a dungeon of vice and habitation of lost souls back to her home of peace and plenty, and to the loving arms of friends.

As the two women wended their way through poorly-lighted and deserted streets in the low part of the town, Ann kept a sharp lookout for night prowlers.

"My dear woman," said Maudelle to Ann, "you have a good heart, and a nature too noble and daring to be lost in Madam Dupree's filthy, miserable den.

"Of course I have no right to ask you why you made such a place your choice, yet I cannot believe but that you have been driven to it unwillingly. Of one thing you may be certain, I am greatly interested in you, and you shall never have cause to return there for want of bread."

"I have a history," said Ann, "which has both its light and dark phases, and which you shall know if you have the patience to hear it."

Maudelle assured Ann that she was more than anxious to hear the story of her life.

We have space for only a few, brief outlines of the girl's interesting history.

She was left an orphan at the age of eighteen months, much too young to know anything about parental care and affection. She was adopted and educated by an old maid, who seemed to think the world was made for but one person, and that person was her long, lank, squint-eyed self.

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To move a chair, a book or any article from the place she put it, was an unpardonable crime. So things usually stayed in the same place for years, almost as permanently as though they grew there. Ann was forever in a straight jacket, each step had to be just a certain number of inches apart and on a given angle.

At meals, the fork had to carry a measured quantity of food to the mouth, and pass between the plate and lips on the turn of each minute.

Despite the old maid's effort to give the girl a hideous appearance in her outlandish style of dress, still she was quite handsome.

After completing a common school education, she was given a thorough training in the milliner's art.

She finished the trade when eighteen, and got a position in a wholesale and retail house. The son of the proprietor—twenty-two years of age—began paying special attention to Ann on the sly.

She doubted his sincerity, because he was rich and she was only a poor working girl. However he confessed his affection for her, owing to her beauty, as he put it.

To give stronger evidence of his honorable intentions, he not only promised to marry her, but filled out and gave her a deed to a very handsome residence, which he said was to be their home.

With this assurance she fell a victim to his brutish desire.

He deferred their marriage from time to time on hatched-up excuses. In a short time her condition forced her to leave the store. Her foster-mother drove her from the house. Without home, money or work, her condition was alarming and she became desperate. She went to the man, the agent of her ruin, and demanded that he marry her, or she would expose him. He abused her, spat in her face, with the remark, "I would rather die and go to hell, than to marry a poor wench of your standing."

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"Then you shall die," said Ann. She went out, got a pistol, went back to the store and shot him in the presence of his father. The ball cut away his nose, glanced into and destroyed his right eye, and lodged in the frontal bone.

She gave herself up to the authorities of the law, and was put in jail. The wound was not fatal, but it gave her seducer's face a frightful appearance. Ann could not give bail, so she was kept in jail nearly three months, or until the wounded man had sufficiently recovered to attend court.

She was too poor to employ a lawyer, so the court appointed a young man of no legal ability or experience. Her seducer brought a charge of blackmailing against her, and the charge would have been sustained but for an old, experienced lawyer, who saw the injustice aimed at, and volunteered to defend her free of charge.

When the old lawyer rose to his feet, a hush ran through the court room.

Said he, "I have come forward to defend the young woman, not because I condone the sin and crime of a woman, but it is because I know, as you do, gentlemen, that this woman has not sinned alone. She has evidently had a partner, and I apprehend that, of the two, the male partner has been the larger stockholder in the business. He has been the promoter, the manager, the chief officer, the low, mean, deceptive aggressor. He has, by his cunning stratagem and sugar-coated promises, succeeded in blasting the life, hope and happiness of a fatherless and motherless defenceless girl, whose life and soul hangs between the judges of the two worlds. Gentlemen, if you would brand one, brand both; but with this difference; push the burning, smoking, hot iron deeper into the flesh of the man than of the woman, because she has lost all, and he nothing. She has lost employment, home, friends, good name, standing in society, and even public sympathy

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—the cheapest of all. She has lost character and virtue, which she never, never can regain at any price. She can never be the same sweet, innocent, pure and chaste maiden she was twelve months ago. But her seducer, murderer, villain, will be the same honorable gentleman, in society's estimation. You tell me the girl has fallen; I grant your charge. But she has not gone down alone, nor can she reach the low, smirchy depths of the seducer who so cunningly set the dead fall and sprang the trigger, and now, to add another coat of blackness to his damnable crime, he brings into court a charge of blackmailing against her.

"I have here in my hands documents with which I propose to uncover his crime and hold him up to the contempt and disgust of his best friends."

Here the lawyer read aloud several endearing letters which the young man had sent to Ann, in which he had addressed her as his loving, intended wife. Then he read the deed to property which he never owned. On this evidence Ann was acquitted.

But unfortunately, she was a woman, and the world had no place in its bosom to shield a fallen woman. Even the followers of Christ feigned deafness to the appeals of a sinking woman, turned their backs and walked off beyond the reach of the sufferer, with a feeling, if not the open remark of, "I thank God I am not as other people."

Ann's condition was exactly this. She said that actual starvation drove her to a den of vice.

When Ann had finished her story, she looked into the face of Maudelle, and expected the same, monotonous answer, she had so often heard: "I am sorry for you," was all she had ever gotten before.

But she had found a true woman in the person of Maudelle, in whose heart there was something else to give besides cold, worthless and unmeant sorrow.

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all This sympathy which Ann needed and which Maudelle was going to give was not a stingy, stiff, conventional sympathy which has in it neither soul nor truth. But it was a warm, responsive outpouring of a heart—like the always open doors of the great St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome—ready at all hours to receive those who come seeking the way to a better life.

Moreover the heart of Maudelle had also been wounded, crushed and made tender and flexible by the ruthless heel of oppression; and she had thus learned how to answer the appeal of a kindred sufferer.

She put her hand on Ann's shoulder and said, "My dear friend, the story of your life is full of interest for me. I say interest, but it is not in the sense that it is pleasing to me, nor that I congratulate you on having suffered a living, isolated, moral death.

"But the fact is, I discover evidence of the hidden hand of a kind Providence back of us. It is apparent to me, that God has some important work for you to do, and that He sent me after you—through an ill-designing person, it is true—but it will work out to the blessing of both you and me; so let us be grateful for this much of the outcome.

"You have saved me from disgrace, and perhaps death. Now I am going to save you from want, and a condition for which a woman of your generous, noble heart was never born.

This night shall be the beginning of a new and useful life for you. Think no more of the past, or, if remembered at all, let it be only as a soul reference when other sufferers come to you for help.

"Then away with what you have been, and devote the best efforts of your life to what you shall be. The future is all yours; rise out of your environment, despite the circumstance of yesterday. Make no humiliating concessions to your enemies, nor to society for a place within its circle.

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Hold up your head, and look mankind in the face, and walk the earth in the dignity and the God-given rights of your womanhood, with full assurance, that with God on your side, you have as much right to be happy as the purest saint on earth."

By this time they had reached the home of Maudelle. Ann's head hung down upon her bosom, as she sobbed like a sorrowing, motherless child. Her heart had been deeply touched by Maudelle's kind and encouraging words. The long-buried confidence in mankind and God was reclaiming its former place in her crushed and bleeding heart. Penitent tears were responding to the hungry, starving soul, and were crystalizing themselves into a faithfully-kept resolution to live a chaste and pure life.

Maudelle wrote a few words on a slip of paper, gave it to Ann, and directed her to a hotel where she was to stay until Maudelle should call for her, which would be in a few days.

It was long after midnight when the two women parted.

Lights were in full blaze in every part of the Gillispie residence, and the family and other friends were up and waiting for words of hope and encouragement from police headquarters, of some trace of Maudelle's whereabouts.

Maudelle gave the door bell her usual and peculiar ring. Servants, family and friends made a wild rush for the door. Mrs. Gillispie—mother-like—pushed ahead, crying "O, that is my child, my child. O! let me have my child."

She threw the door wide, and Maudelle sprang into her open arms. The two sank down on a lounge in the hall, and neither they nor any one of those present spoke for several minutes.

It was a time when joy had reached its extreme limitation, and the tension drawn on nature would not stand the additional strain of a feather's weight, or like a cloud-burst the soul would have been forced from its moorings by the

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overwhelming surcharge of joy. Thus Mrs. Gillispie wisely kept silent until the flood tide of the soul ebbed. At Maudelle's age, there was more margin of life on which to trust a word, and she was the first to speak.

"Dear mother," said she, "I have come back to you your same Maudelle, safe and sound." Then she explained in detail all that she had gone through, with which the reader is familiar.

Dr. Gillispie and others present insisted on prosecuting Crondell to the fullest extent of the law, but Maudelle advised leniency owing to the standing of his parents, and more especially out of consideration for his mother, whose feeble condition and great age could not have sustained the shock; so Crondell was allowed to go free for the time.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"THE MOST UNKIND CUT OF ALL."

"A GOOD night's work, boys," said Bill Duncan, as he drew from his pocket a roll of bank bills which Crondell had paid him according to contract.

The men under Bill were so intensely eager for their share of the money, they would not wait until they got to their den, but clamored for a division at once. Drawing close together under the dim light of a street lamp, each man was given his share.

In right of his daring leadership Bill should have had a larger portion than the other two. But he disclaimed any right to superior advantages over his comrades, which evidenced the fact that he had a generous heart and some sense of honor, despite the fact he was engaged in the lowest calling known to man.

When Bill took the loosely rolled bills from his pocket, the photo of Maudelle and the contract between Crondell and the kidnappers were pulled out, and fell to the ground unnoticed by the men, who walked off and did not discover the loss until next day, when it was too late to recover the articles.

That "pest", the small boy, who is always on hand to see, know and tell everything, was the first to pass that spot early the next morning. "Jimmie Crimmie! what a pretty gal," said one of the boys who had picked up Maudelle's photo. Then for several minutes the three boys tried to decipher the meaning of the contract, in which the photo was wrapped. Finally they decided to take their findings to the printing office for which they sold papers.

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Once the mysterious document got into the hands of the editor, it soon came to the public with stinging rebuke on "T. C.", the unknown offender.

Fortunately for Crondell he had taken the precaution to put himself on the contract as "T. C.", which left the public in doubt as to the person for which "T. C.", stood.

As Ann had predicted, it was afterwards learned that Crondell and Madam Dupree had to camp together that night in the "pit" they had prepared for Maudelle.

Crondell had suspected for some time that Maudelle was in some way obligated to a man in the South, which he assigned as the principal reason for her conduct toward him. On searching her clothes the night she was kidnapped, he found a letter from Lawrence Deleno of New Orleans. This gave him the long-coveted information, and also gave him an opportunity to further his inhuman scheme of revenge against her. The first thing Crondell did after releasing himself from the den of Madam Dupree, was to send a long telegram to Lawrence Deleno, under the guise of one of Maudelle's lady friends, who claimed to be sorely grieved over the moral fall of Maudelle.

This supposed lady friend said in the telegram, that Maudelle had been suspected of immoral conduct for a long time, and that she had been shadowed and traced to one of the lowest houses of ill-fame in Boston in order to protect an innocent and honorable man against anything like a union for life with such a woman; hence the telegram as a warning.

When Lawrence received the message, he did as too many do when brought face to face with a great and unexpected trouble—allowed passion and excitement to take control of his reason, and hurry him into rash and impetuous conclusions, for which he was afterward sorry.

He sprang to his feet with his teeth gnashing and, bringing his clenched fist down heavily upon his desk, said, "By

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heavens! this day shall end my obligation with Maudelle Morroe, and I will teach myself to hate her as intensely as I have loved her. I believe now that Pope was right when he said:

‘True virtue is hard to find,
Much less in womankind,
But if her virtues should prove
The larger share,
Bless your good fortune and
Think your chance was rare.’

“Perhaps I deserve just such treatment at her hands to remind me that I was a fool to put faith in a woman, whose only proof of moral purity was what I knew of her in childhood. She is the only woman I have been fool enough to love; and she will be the last.

“Away with the entire world of womankind! there are none good; I hate the name of woman.

“I will write to her; she shall have my mind without reserve. I wish I could forge every word into a dagger that would torture and wound her deceptive heart, that she might be driven to incurable madness throughout every moment of her life.”

With nervous hand he wrote the following letter and hurried it off to Maudelle:

“NEW ORLEANS, LA., OCTOBER 10th, 1869.

MISS MAUDELLE MORROE,
BOSTON, MASS.

“I am authoritatively informed by a lady friend of yours whom you have aggrieved and driven from you by your sinful conduct—which she nor any other decent person can countenance—that you have morally fallen to the lowest depths of human depravity.

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'She tells me that you were seen, by witnesses she can produce, coming from a house of disreputable character, at a late hour of the night, locked arm in arm with Ann Bailey, a vile character and inmate of the house.

"I am told that you were accompanied there by three men known to be three of Boston's most degraded and vile characters, and that you must have remained with them, rioting in sin the entire twenty-four hours you were absent from your home.

"I am told that your name is now a black synonym of crime, hatefully passed from lip to lip among those who were once your friends.

"True to my obligation, I have lived above reproach; I have established for myself an unblemished moral character, of which I am proud.

"Since you have chosen the other course in life—one of shame rather than of honor and moral purity—I have this hour determined never to couple my fate with yours, and I now and forever release you and myself from all obligations which have heretofore bound us together.

"From this hour our pathways will lead in opposite directions—and may God forbid that they ever cross, or even run so near as to bring us in sight of each other again in this life.

"Good-bye to you forever, and greatly oblige me by not troubling me with a letter of explanation, or an excuse for your conduct; no such letter will be received or read by me, for I am ashamed of your name, and I wish I never had known it.

LAWRENCE DELENO."

On the same day that Lawrence had sent his letter to Maudelle, the night mail brought him one from her. He knew that she had not yet received his letter, and it was not an answer.

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However as he had resolved never to read any more letters from her, he felt bound by a promise, and, like King Herod, he regarded the sanctity of a promise of more importance than a human life.

When her letter was handed to him, he knit his brows, and with an air of cold indifference pitched it unopened into the waste-basket, turned in his easy chair and looked out of the window at nothing.

Despite every effort to give himself up to other thoughts, his head would involuntarily turn toward the basket in which lay the letter. He appeared unintentionally to move his chair near the basket so as to look down on her letter. Because not to look at it became impossible. Then he could not resist the temptation to turn it over so as to see his name on it by that bewitching, familiar handwriting.

Once his fingers touched the letter, its influence became like a live wire, which one cannot release, although it is surely killing him.

He held the letter between his palms a long time, then with the quickness of thought, as though he had resolved to be no longer a fool, tore the letter open and began to read its contents. His hands trembled, perspiration ran down his face and blinded him. He laid the letter on the desk and paced the floor back and forth several times, then tried to finish the reading. Inclosed was the contract drawn between Crondell and the kidnappers, which Dr. Gillispie had got from the *Journal's* office. Also Maudelle had inclosed in her letter slips cut from the newspapers.

Lawrence saw his mistake. Heavy sighs came up from his burning heart, as he paced rapidly back and forth across the room.

There was no way to intercept that unkind letter of his. It had gone a day already—the damage was as good as done—and he had no alternative but to await results.

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He cursed himself as an ignorant, impulsive fool, without the discretion of an idiot. "Why," said he, "did I not think that the telegram might possibly be a wilful forgery? Why did I not act more manly by communicating with her for an explanation? This would have been just, especially since our relation gave her this right. I go for a lawyer, and yet I could not see that much of a simple proposition. For want of common sense I have lost her, lost the world and myself—committed moral suicide and destroyed all that is worth living for. When the incentive which prompts one to live is taken away, life may as well be taken also, because its prolongation without hope, and without, at least, one friend to share in our joy and sorrows, one friend at whose feet we may lay the burdens of life—without this, I say, life is a daily death, and earth is the worst hell that can punish a human soul.

"Maudelle, Maudelle! You have always been my central figure of the earth to influence my destiny, form my character, heighten my purpose, strengthen me to ward off temptation, encourage my efforts to great achievements, and you have kept me in love with God and mankind.

"Great God, bring back my friend, my hopes, my all!

"How forcibly apply these sacred lines to my case:—

'Return, O holy dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sin that made thee mourn
And drove thee from my breast.' "

Six days after Lawrence's damaging letter to Maudelle, came the answer from her, of which the following is a transcript:—

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"BOSTON, MASS., OCT. 4, 1869.

MR. LAWRENCE DELENO, ATTY. AT LAW,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

DEAR SIR:—

"Only a few minutes ago I received your letter under date of the 10th inst., and its message to me has been noted in detail.

"Notwithstanding your request that I do not write to you again, it is asking a favor of me which I cannot grant you, because it is unreasonable, and my sense of honor will not allow me to be so unjust to myself, especially since you have so readily and willingly joined hands with an enemy to ruin my name and character.

"The tone of your letter, is so unlike what my relation to you gave me a right to expect, that at first I tried to persuade myself to believe that I was under the influence of a delusive dream. But however much I wished it to vanish as a myth, it holds its place as a reality, and it is my business to reply, and yours to read it or not, as you choose.

"I am rather inclined to the optimistic principle, and with a strong faith in, 'whatever is, is right,' and that nothing can happen but that which evolves from the same law by which the world and world-life were created. When I am conscious of having done that which is right, according to my standard of religious and moral ethics, outside influence affects me very little, except it is to teach me a new lesson and add a chapter to my little stock of knowledge.

"The vicious attack that you and your joint conspirator have made upon my character, has given me a further insight into the weakness, infidelity and treacherousness of the human heart; and what was meant for my downfall, will work to my good, in the sense that I am made stronger, and will know better how to fortify myself against the insults of an enemy in the future.

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"Your letter has given me the key to your principle, and has also shown me that I woefully misplaced my confidence, when I reciprocated what I took for your affection for me. But I congratulate myself that your thrust at me has come in time to save me from any closer relation with you, which otherwise would have plunged me into a whirlpool of perpetual misery.

" 'Release yourself from all obligation with me,' you say. I willingly grant you a free and uncompromising divorce-ment of every obligation, and I shall feel particularly happy in my freedom from a man who I have found is unworthy of my affection and the confidence I had reposed in him.

"Give yourself no uneasiness that I ever knowingly shall run counter to your pathway in life. I am not responsible for opening a breach between us, neither will I ever, by deed, word or act, be the first to favor reconciliation.

MAUELLE MORROE."

In due process of mail Maudelle's letter reached Lawrence. He seized it, tore it open with the eagerness of one grabbing for a support against a violent death. He read, reread it, and paced the floor with hands behind him. Then he dropped into a chair with head hanging down and face held between the palms of his hands, and his body slowly swaying back and forth in the chair. There was evidently a great struggle raging in the heart of the man.

Perhaps it was a struggle between love, duty and stubborn, independent self-will.

He loved Maudelle as dearly as man ever loved woman, and as he was responsible for breaking faith with her, was it not his duty to seek forgiveness? But what if she repulsed him, and held firm against all proffered reconciliation? In that case he would show humiliating weakness which would haunt him through life. Here rose up within his lower nature a demon of self-will which clamored

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for war without quarters of capitulation on any terms. That spirit held, that man must at all times assert his independent supremacy over woman, because the world and all in it, are his by divine gift.

But away down deep in his finer and inner spiritual self, there arose up that Godlike masterpiece of potent energy, charged and drove out those demoniac, multiform soul destroyers.

Then away back in the extreme distance, on the center point of the soul's horizon, there rose up the symmetrical outlines of the ideal woman, who seemed to come so gracefully forward to take her place again in the heart that was all her own in right of holy conquest.

Thus the meditation having ended, Lawrence sprang to his feet, kissed the letter of Maudelle with the remark, "I can not, I will not, lose her, I will go through the world hand in hand with her, or I will not go at all." He seized the pen and wrote the following:—

"NEW ORLEANS, OCT. 18, 1869.

MY DEAR MAUELLE:—

"I am favored with your letter in answer to that much regretted letter of mine.

"Your letter is as sharp as a two-edged sword, but I deserve all it conveys and a thousand times more, and I bow to kiss the hand that has stabbed me. Dearest Maudelle, I freely acknowledge that I have most cruelly and wickedly wronged you for want of just a little common sense. Now what can I do to prove to you that I am heartily sorry for my conduct? May I come to you and atone at your feet on any terms you may dictate? My own dear Maudelle—although I may do violence to your sensitive nature by calling you my own; but somehow hope warrants my taking the risk, and my love for you forbids any other name—upon my knees I humbly sue for pardon; O let me come

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back to your loving heart. I cannot expect to come on equality of love with you, because I do not deserve such a blessing, but I will be fully satisfied to come as a suppliant relying upon your generous heart for my former place in your confidence as a probationer.

"My noble girl, my only loved one, my little heroine, I never will forgive myself for wounding the heart whose only sin was the sin of loving me, an ungrateful wretch.

"When I received your letter in which you inclosed slips cut from the *Daily Journal*, as well as the contract between Mr. Crondell and the three villains who conspired with him against you, I saw my undoing. But I had written and mailed my foolish and unreasonable letter, which could not be overtaken, and I had no alternative but to await a reply. The reply has come, cut me down, and I willingly bend to my deserved punishment. Now that I acknowledge my fault and ask for mercy, will you forgive me and write but one favorable word? and I will at once hasten to you, and offer up my life to resent the insult of Mr. Crondell.

I am, tenfold more than ever,

YOUR DEVOTED LAWRENCE."

When Maudelle received the letter, she read it, thought a minute, put it in her desk. "I shall be in no hurry to answer it," said she to Mrs. Gillispie.

"I see you can fight back when pressed," said the old lady laughingly.

In the meantime Lawrence waited in painful suspense for an answer to his letter. A week passed, two weeks passed, without bringing a reply. He could not work. He would go to his office, tumble his books about, walk out on the street until mail time. The carrier would either pass the office or bring a circular, a paper, or business letter, none of which were welcome. The third week came and was more than half gone. Lawrence was sick with

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grief. He laid his bosom open to his friend, Dr. Mayo, and asked for advice as dependently as a child appealing to its mother. He threw himself wholly upon Mayo for a way out, for he had neither plans nor a mind capable of suggesting a plan. He had neither slept nor scarcely eaten enough to sustain a baby; thus he was treading on the boundary line of insanity. Dr. Mayo saw the danger ahead and resolved to save his friend at all cost.

"Lawrence," said Mayo, "give yourself no further concern, you shall hear from her in a few hours." Lawrence shook his head, but said nothing.

Dr. Mayo left the office with instructions that Lawrence remain there until his return. Mayo went to the telegraph office, wrote and forwarded the following words:—

"Miss Maudelle Morroe, if you wish to save my friend, Lawrence Deleno, from the horrors of insanity, or a violent death, I entreat you to say one encouraging word to him at once; as any further delay on your part will put him beyond your help.

GEORGE MAYO, M. D.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Nov. '69."

In one hour and twenty minutes these words flashed over the wires:—

"Bring him to me at once.

MAUDELLE MORROE.

BOSTON, MASS., Nov., '69."

Mayo bounded into the room and gave Lawrence the telegram. He read it, looked at Mayo, reread it, threw his arms about the neck of Mayo and sighed deeply. "I fear it is only a dream," said he.

"It is not likely we are both dreaming the same thing," said Mayo, as he punched Lawrence in the ribs and

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continued, "Now, old boy, you are on the track again, and I will break your back if you do any more foolish side tracking."

At eight o'clock that night Lawrence and Mayo whirled away northward to answer Maudelle's telegram in person.

CHAPTER XXV.

TWO CAPTIVES AND A DEATH.

OWING to the love and respect which Maudelle bore to the parents of Crondell, she suppressed the name and many other facts likely to expose him to the condemnation of the threatening public.

But instead of showing an appreciation for her protection, it was evident from his frequent visits to the "Crow's Roost," that he was formulating another dark plot against her. He had now added his friend Vandercook, to his list of accessories.

Vandercook was a second-rate dude, without money, principle, or brains—a kind of human parasite that lived on Crondell's generosity.

At a late hour of the night, Crondell and Vandercook, heavily surcharged with intoxicants, wound their way to the "Crow's Roost."

Crondell and Vandercook were talking decidedly too loud for the comfort of Duncan and his comrades, and they were warned several times to be more quiet. The result was, that the footsteps of two men were not heard, until the last stair steps were gained, and a rap at the door struck the inmates with a panic.

Bill Duncan's men flew to arms and waited orders from their chief. Crondell and Vandercook looked hard at Bill for some token of advice. Bang, bang, bang! again went a fist on the rickety door.

"Who in h— is there?"

"Lawrence Deleno, and Dr. George Mayo from New Orleans," said a voice.

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"What do you want here?" said Bill.

"Is this the place known as the 'Crow's Roost'?" asked Lawrence.

"That is the name of this place, if you have no mischief in your heart; but if you have, it is hell," growled Bill.

"No mischief, unless nothing else will do," said Lawrence.

On hearing the name of the person at the door, Crondell curled his lip and tossed his head to one side. "Pshaw!" said he, "that is Maudelle's nigger lover. He is a small fry, let him in."

The door was lifted aside and the two men stepped inside.

George Mayo was in color pure black, but in features and suit of hair and beard, he was a fine specimen of a man.

Lawrence was a type of his father, Judge Deleno. His mother was a colored woman of remarkable beauty, which nature had transferred to Lawrence, as well as the tall, commanding appearance of his father.

Judge Deleno had treated Lawrence with the same kindness he had his legitimate children, all of whom were dead. Lawrence had been educated in Paris; besides the judge had given him a life's training in law.

"Is Mr. Thomas Crondell here?" asked Lawrence.

"Yes, this is Mr. Crondell," said Crondell, as he tapped on his breast and stepped in front of Lawrence. "What do you want with me, eh?" said Crondell, in a threatening tone of voice.

"I want a word or two with you, sir," said Lawrence.

"I am at your service, say on," said Crondell.

"I am told, sir," said Lawrence, "that you and three other conspirators kidnapped a lady friend of mine, and dragged her to a house of disreputable character. It is not necessary to remind you for what purpose you took her there, because the reputation of the house explains your brutal intention."

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"Ah, ha!" said Crondell, "and that is what you are here for, is it? You have come to punish some one for an injury done your friend. Your friend indeed! Ha, ha, ha! By Jupiter! I am not sure, sir, that you have any friends in this city, or even deserve any."

"The fact is, young man, you will find in me a man—a formidable foe to deal with at any game you may propose.

"I do not doubt that you have friends of the kind I find you associating with. If I am to judge of your moral character by your company, I am not much surprised at your morbidly animal nature, which has led you to attempt a crime, the well-deserved and legal penalty of which is death."

"Be careful, sir, in your judgment of my character; I am not the man for you to trifle with," said Crondell, shaking his finger in Lawrence's face.

"I have not come to trifle with you," said Lawrence. "I have come to protect the honor of the woman to whom I am personally obligated by the most sacred ties known to man and woman."

"Speak out," said Crondell, "what do you mean, when you say you are here to protect one? What are you hinting at? Speak out by g—d—."

"I am here to demand full satisfaction from you, sir, for the gross insult to Miss Maudelle Morroe, and if you are all you claim—a gentleman of intelligence and of manly courage—you will evidence that in your answer," said Lawrence.

"I suppose it is a duel you want?" said Crondell contemptuously.

"Yes, a duel, or something worse, if you have the courage to stand up, and the skill to handle weapons, I demand satisfaction by a test of both."

"We people of Boston are a cultured and a highly civilized people, who adjust our own differences by the

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arbitrament of reason and common sense. You are one of those low-bred Southerners who rule by brute passion. You fellows are red-handed murderers under the title of duelists. You are gamblers, cutthroats, cock, bull and dog fighters.

"Although it is lowering to my fine sense of honor to notice your contemptible challenge, but by Jupiter! you shall not come so far without being accommodated. I will fight you till h— freezes over and then I will fight you on the ice." Turning to his friends, said—"Boys, you must all come and see me kill a black dog," said Crondell; excitedly.

"The guilty wretch who would blast the life and character of an innocent girl, is half dead already by the conscious sting of his own black crime, and only waits the finishing stroke, to be eternally damned for it," said Lawrence sharply.

"You may dictate time, place and choice of weapons now, or it may be left to my friend to confer with anyone you may name," said Lawrence.

"Vandercook, please confer with the darky, and choose the weapon, time and place, where I am to kill this fellow," said Crondell pointing to Lawrence with his lips curled.

Vandercook and Dr. Mayo stepped outside a few minutes, and then returned and reported the arrangements.

The fight was to be in the cellar of the old glue factory on the next night at nine o'clock, weapons to be pistols of large calibre.

"Now, sir," said Crondell, "no doubt your base charges against me are predicated on lies, to which you are fool enough to give credence, and unless you can give some proof of your vicious threat against my life, I will hand you over to our courts, in case I do not kill you."

"I am responsible, sir, for all I say," said Lawrence. "I have made no charge against you which I cannot substantiate by a document in your own handwriting, to which

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your name is affixed as the principal party in the vile plot against Miss Morroe."

"I don't believe a word of it, sir. I dare you to produce the scratch of a pen against me," said Crondell defiantly. Lawrence drew from his pocket the original contract "Did you ever see that before?" said he, as he unfolded it, and held it up to the light.

Crondell, Vandercook, Bill Duncan and the other two roughs crowded up to look at the paper.

Bill grabbed the paper from Lawrence, tore it into three parts, gave Demsy and McGinnis each a piece, and crammed the third piece into his mouth as an example for the others to follow. They chewed the paper into a pulp and swallowed it, notwithstanding Dr. Mayo's earnest entreaties to them not to swallow the poisonous paper.

They yelled, "Bah! shoo! fly!" and "bear, take him out!" and so on.

Crondell went wild with laughter. He mistook Dr. Mayo's warning for the interest he supposed he had in preserving the paper.

Crondell pointing his finger at Lawrence—"Now, what proof have you, unless you choose to follow it down the stomachs of those men? Why, bud, this is the 'Crow's Roost' Don't you know that a crow will eat anything? Look out, by Jupiter! you will go next. Ha, ha, ha! He had it, then he didn't have it. It has gone where the woodbine twineth. Ha, ha, ha! Poor fool! Ha, ha, ha!"

"I want to say," said Lawrence, "to you three men who were Mr. Crondell's hired agents, I attach no particular blame to you for the part you have taken against my friend. You are poor and in want, and it may reasonably be expected that you could be easily influenced for money.

"Now in the spirit of friendship, and the interest I feel in the protection of a human life, let me warn you of your inevitable fate. The contract which you three have eaten,

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is a bit of gray paper through which prussic acid has been filtered by a druggist, and prussic acid is a virulent, quick-acting poison. I advise you to seek medical aid at once, or prepare to meet your God without a moment's delay." Turning to Crondell, he said, "Tomorrow night, as arranged at nine o'clock in the cellar of this building, I will meet you.

"Good night, gentlemen," said he, at the same time turning to go.

Bill Duncan gave a wink, and in an instant McGinnis and Demsy sprang upon Lawrence from behind. Crondell and Vandercook came to their assistance. Lawrence being a powerful man physically, and having been trained in athletic science, was a hard man to capture, and in fact only allowed himself to be tied, when Bill swore he would shoot Dr. Mayo, whom he held at bay at the point of the pistol, if Lawrence did not give up.

Lawrence and Mayo were laid on the floor, on their backs, with their feet and hands extended right and left, then bound with ropes which were fastened by nails driven through the knots into the floor.

"Now, by hooky!" said Bill, "there is no danger of you fellows giving us away to the public. You will stay here until tomorrow night, as safe and sound as dead men."

"We had no intention of informing on you," said Lawrence.

"Ah!" said Bill, "a sure bind is a sure find."

"Now that Mr. Crondell has agreed to meet me on the field of honor, I intend to seek no other redress," said Lawrence.

"The ropes to your feet and hands tell us that without your lips," said Crondell. Now having Lawrence at his mercy, Crondell became mean and abusive. He taunted Lawrence with names too unfit to be inserted here, and worked himself up to such a fevered frenzy, that he began to inflict violent treatment on the person of his prostrated

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victim; first, by blowing great volumes of cigar smoke into his face, then with hard raps, and kicks and stamps upon him.

It was fun for McGinnis and Demsy, as it was for Bill, at first, until the sport and punishment had reached a degree of unbearable, inhuman persecution.

When Crondell but his foot on the neck of his victim, and bore his whole weight upon the bare flesh, Bill winced and became restless.

There was a spark of real, genuine humanity coming up through Bill's rough nature, which forced him to speak out in protestation against any further abuse.

"Mr. Crondell," said Bill, "I, for one, object to that kind of doggish treatment to anyone who can't help themselves. I am as hard as any man. These hands of mine have sent three men to their graves, but it was when they had the use of themselves and an equal chance at my life, and I was saved only by being the quickest shot. I secured these men so as to prevent them from betraying us, and not for you to punish like d— dogs."

Demsy and McGinnis became silent and serious, as soon as Bill began to speak, with nods of their heads as tokens of assent to what Bill said.

"Halloo!" exclaimed Crondell, "the devil has turned saint, and his imps are struck with the namby, pamby, goody, goody influence of the arch fiend."

Having no one on his side but Vandercook, Crondell abused the others as traitors. "This dorky," said he, "is my deadly enemy, and it is my right to deal with him as I see fit, just as a conquering king would with a captive."

"But, Mr. Crondell," said Bill, "you have neither conquered nor captured this man; he is my prisoner, and I propose to treat him as such until I turn him over to you."

"That means, I suppose, that I have no say in the matter?" said Crondell.

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"That is just what it means," said Bill, in a stern tone of voice.

"By Jupiter!" yelled Crondell, raising his voice to a high, shrill pitch, and beating the air with his nervous fists, "no d— traitor shall prevent me from satisfying my vengeance on this darky." He ran to Lawrence, raised his heel, and aimed it at the face of his victim.

Bill was on his feet as quick as the flash of the eye, and with pistol in Crondell's face—"Stamp, by heavens! and you are a dead man," said he.

"He is my prisoner," continued Bill, "and bad as I am, I have not got the heart to tie a man for you to kill. He shall meet you tomorrow night, as agreed, and when he has the use of his hands, it will be your time to get revenge."

"You are right, Bill," said Jack Demsy and John McGinnis, "and by hooky! we are with you to the last ditch."

Crondell saw that Bill was all earnestness, but, in order not to show his weakness or that he was afraid of Bill, he laughed a forced laugh.

"I was only joking, boys," said he. "Of course I have no earthly use for the darky, but I did not intend to go further to-night, because, by the gods! I will slay him tomorrow night."

"That is all right," said Bill. "Only let us be men once in awhile."

It was not long before Crondell and Vandercook went home, after making an engagement to meet Bill in the morning, in the cellar under the "Crow's Roost," where the duel was to be fought.

"Now, gentlemen," said Bill, addressing Lawrence and George, "I want to warn you in time. If you attempt to escape, we will be compelled to kill you to save ourselves. This place is unknown to the police, and must be kept so at all cost.

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"It is a great mystery to me, how you fellows found us, and if you do not object, I should like to know."

"Why, it was an easy matter," said Lawrence. "When Miss Maudelle wrote me, she gave a minute description of Mr. Crondell. It was only a minute's work to find the address and location of the Crondell family in a city directory. Then we shadowed Mr. Crondell and followed him to this place."

"I am a pretty slick duck, but I swear I never would have thought of such a plan to catch a fellow," said Bill.

"By hooky!" said Demsy, "as soon as a fellow leaves the cradle he gets into trouble; and it is a mystery to me how the poor devils live long enough after he leaves the cradle to reach the grave. Yez got to fooling wid that fellow, Crondell, and he's let the fence down, and every scalawag of a police will be in on us next."

"You spake too true, I fear," said McGinnis.

"Well, we must imprison all that come," said Bill.

"You will have to enlarge your pen, if many more come," said Dr. Mayo.

"We will begin to kill and salt down to make room," said Bill.

"Begin at the last comer," said Mayo.

"The killing would be an excellent job for Mr. Crondell," said Lawrence.

"Crondell—the d— fool, don't wait for them to get fat," said Bill.

"After all," said Lawrence, "Bill, there is a great deal of real, genuine manhood down in your nature, which I was surprised to see demonstrated in my behalf, and do what you may I shall always have a kind feeling for you and for your protection. I believe he would have killed me."

"I thought so too," said Bill. "I used to be a kind of decent fellow one time, but—" he ended with a sigh, as he seemed to see a horrible picture pass before him.

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"Boys, I feel plagued bad," said John McGinnis, who sat flat on the floor nursing his stomach.

"I am not faling the bist meself," said Jack Demsy.

"Nor me," said Bill.

"I did my best to warn you fellows against swallowing that poisonous paper," said Dr. Mayo.

"Was that paper sure enough poisoned?" said Bill.

"Deadly poison," said Dr. Mayo.

"Why, the whole thing was not more than six inches square," said Bill.

"But it contained sufficient poison to kill; and I advise you to call medical skill at once," said Mayo.

Bill shook his head. John was growing rapidly worse, while Bill and Jack were restless and frowning under gnawing pains.

"Gentlemen," said Mayo, "you must act quick, or it will be too late to save that man."

"Gentlemen," said Bill, "I can see no difference between our dying here and languishing in prison for a long time, and then, perhaps, be hung. We can't call in a doctor or go to a drug store. Fact is, gentlemen, we can't afford to be seen in public."

By this time John was cramping and begging piteously for help.

Jack was doubled up moaning, and Bill was walking the floor, rubbing his stomach.

"Let me advise you once more for the sake of your lives," said Lawrence. "My friend Mayo, is a skilful doctor. Free him and he will procure the remedy, and do what he can to save you. You can keep me as your prisoner, and if he betrays you, take my life for it."

"For God's sake! somebody help me," roared John, in wild, delirious spasms. "I can't, I can't stand this!" said he.

"I know you can't," said Bill, in a voice full of fatherly sympathy.

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"O, Bill, Bill! I know you have a true man's heart; don't see me die this way."

"No, no! John," said Bill, "I cannot see you die without making an effort to save you. If this man can help you, it shall be done."

Then Bill, with knife in hand, cut the cords from the hands and feet of Dr. Mayo. "Do your best for him and us," said Bill.

Dr. Mayo sprang to his feet, held the candle close to the pale face and the upturned eyes of John.

"Poor fellow! it is too late—he will be gone in ten minutes." He inquired the way to the nearest drug store, and then ran down the rickety steps and disappeared in the darkness.

John relapsed into convulsions and died in great agony, just as Mayo was heard running up the steps. Bill straightened the body and threw an old coat over the face.

"Which one of us next?" said Bill.

"God only knows," said Jack.

The doctor rushed in at the door, looked across the room where John lay; he knew the meaning of the stillness of the man. He turned his attention to Jack, who seemed to be in the greatest pain. Next he came to Bill. "Wait a minute," said Bill who at the same time crawled across the room to Lawrence, cut the ropes from his hands and feet. "Go free," said he, "I am not afraid of being betrayed by men who have such kind hearts."

"You need have no apprehension. We intend to remain with you until tomorrow night," said Lawrence.

It was not long before the poison responded to the antidotes, and the restoration of the men to health was assured.

When the sun rose next morning and stole through the openings in the plank walls of the "Crow's Roost" and fell across the cold, stiff form of John McGinnis, "I hope,"

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said Lawrence, "that the sunbeams on that corpse are indicative of the rising of the sun of righteousness in his soul before death came." He lifted the covering from the face of the dead—"O, my gracious!" said he, as he drew back.

The nose, the eyelids and lips had been eaten away by rats, by which the place was alarmingly infested.

"Poor fellow," said Dr. Mayo, "he surely did not deserve such a violent death."

"Gintlemen," said Jack Demsy, "ye are kinder-hearted thin I expected. Faith! do yez know I am kind of sorry for my mane tratement to yez?"

"I hope yez will not hold it in yez heart agin an unlearned divil."

Bill merely gave his hand to Dr. Mayo and Lawrence as a token of thanks for saving his life. "I may live to serve you in some way," said he, as his eyes sparkled with tears. It was all he said; but far from what he felt.

One could see a firm, earnest resolution to do better speaking out through his eyes, to which no words could give expression. To his surprise, he had found two men in the world who had kind words for him, and as strange as it may seem, Bill felt that it might be possible for him to get on good terms with the world again. It was his common humanity responding to words of kindness. It was the innate consciousness breaking up through the incrustations of his hard, rough nature. It was the immortal reclaiming the mortal. It was hope and faith in somebody—in something—returning on the white wings of love for God and man.

It was with Bill Duncan as it has been, and will always be, with millions of depraved beings. There come times, when circumstances throw one near the track where the Holy Spirit sweeps past and its influence touches and awakens the half-dead souls, which whirl into the holy

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vortex and follow—some—all the way, while others come back never to start again.

Dr. Mayo and Lawrence stood looking through the opening in the planks, upon the squirming mass of depraved humanity, isolated from the well-to-do by an impassable gulf.

"After all, doctor," said Lawrence, "one can hardly blame those starving wretches in the street for cursing the world for their misery and wreaking vengeance on the oppressor."

"I know some naturally gravitate downward, no matter how circumstances may favor them."

"There seems to be a downward tendency, at best, in human affairs, and once a fellow gets tripped, he seldom brings up shorter than the bottom; and the whole world will tramp on him before he can gain his feet," said Mayo.

"Yes," said Lawrence, "while these poor people are pilfering scraps and crumbs to prolong their worthless lives, tens of thousands of their fellow-men wear wealth enough on one finger to make a whole neighborhood happy and useful citizens."

As Lawrence and his friend conversed principally in French, Bill and Jack kept eyeing them, as though they thought the men were planning to do some desperate thing.

"Are you men fixing to leave us, or kill us, or what?" said Bill.

"O, no!" said Lawrence. "We are sympathizing with the poor people down yonder in the streets."

"I guess you are the only ones in this town, who think that way," said Bill.

A rapping with a cane at the foot of the steps was a sign for Bill to come down. In an hour Bill returned. "It was Crondell and his friend, who had come to perfect the arrangements for the duel," said he.

After returning from the old cellar, he sat a long time in deep meditation, as though something was weighing

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heavily on his mind. Finally looking up, he said, "Gentlemen, I am going to try to save a life. If I am arrested, will you gentlemen come to the prison, so I may tell you whose life I am trying to save?"

They promised Bill they not only would come to see him, but would use their means and efforts to rescue him.

"All right," said Bill, "I am going to try it."

He trimmed his hair and beard, greased his shoes, arranged his rags on his person, and went out without saying another word.

In two hours he returned looking really pleased.

"How did your scheme to save a life succeed?" inquired Lawrence of Bill. Bill put his finger to his lips, "Wait," said he.

"Jack," said Bill, "at nine o'clock sharp, conduct these gentlemen to the cellar. Be on time, gentlemen. The duel can be declared off, if you are one minute too late. You have an hour yet. I will meet you in the cellar to-night. Good bye."

This said, Bill descended the steps and disappeared among the huts.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A DUEL AND A FUNERAL.

No doubt Lawrence felt a little nervous, as the last sixty minutes of the allotted time kept dropping off, one by one, and bringing him to the field of bloody encounter with his rival.

He was confident of his own skill, with either the sword or pistol, but he knew nothing of that of his antagonist. Then again, he had not seen Maudelle—the woman for whose honor he was to offer his life. In fact, he had not even sent word to Maudelle that he was in the city, and for what purpose.

When the two had met and parted last, they were children without any fixed notion for the future; now they were matured in age and thought, and had obligated themselves by constant correspondence.

He would have liked to have met her, and have said merely good-bye! "Yes," said he to himself, "I should have liked to have said good-bye! for who knows but—O, well! I will not think of that." It was now twenty minutes to nine o'clock.

"Be careful, be careful," said Bill, as he backed down the crazy steps to the cellar under the glue factory, holding to the nervous hands of two ladies.

"What under the sun are those things making such a noise?" said one of the ladies.

"Rats," said Bill, as he struck a match and lighted his tallow candle. Hundreds of rats scampered off, while many old, hen-pecked fellows, grown gray and lazy in the

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service of foraging, merely dragged a little to one side, and sat on their hind legs grinning, as a warning to keep off.

"This way," said Bill, as the ladies followed him, stumbling over piles of dirt, fallen mortar and brick. The rats gave way to the dull light and ran across the path of the parties and clambered up the broken walls, or slipped into holes in the ground, and were out again as soon as the light passed them.

Half-way down this gloomy cellar—this sepulchre, this catacomb of rats, filth and dirt of every kind, was one particular pile of rubbish and old barrels and boxes. Behind this barracoon, Bill conducted the ladies, and seated them on boxes, himself taking the center one. "This is about the best I can do for you, ladies," said Bill.

"We will not complain," said they, "since this adventure will add something romantic to our history."

"Now, ladies," said Bill, "by all means keep your heads about you. Don't let the scene throw your minds out of kilter. Have a little confidence in me and keep cool. We can see everything that goes on here through the openings in the boxes."

He blew out his candle. "We have not long to wait," said he. "Don't forget, Miss Maudelle, to act the minute I give you the signal. Hush, be still," said Bill, "they are coming."

Nothing but the squeaking of rats, as they lashed their tails against the ground and dragged themselves over piles of bricks and fallen beams, showed any signs of life in the cellar. The cellar was now all darkness. The hearts of the excited women beat quicker than before, as the footsteps of several men were heard approaching. A light flashed in at the entrance to the cellar, then down came six men without speaking a word to one another.

Each one, no doubt, was absorbed in his own thoughts. Tallow candles were lighted and stuck about on the ground.

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Thirty feet were stepped off and marked by Vandercook. "Take off your coats," said he. Crondell and Lawrence removed their coats.

As Lawrence turned to give his coat to Dr. Mayo, he was brought face to face with Maudelle, who was looking through the cracks in the boxes. She started to her feet with a gasp. Bill quickly placed his hand on her arm. "Control yourself, Miss," he whispered.

"I will," she whispered back.

"Take your positions, gentlemen, directly on the mark I have made at each end of the thirty feet I have measured," said Vandercook.

Lawrence and Crondell went to their places and stood facing each other. "To-night you die," said Crondell to Lawrence.

"Then it will be the crowning glory of my life to die for a noble, virtuous woman," said Lawrence.

The two devoted lovers were now separated by the space of only a few feet—he unconscious of her presence. There stood the only man Maudelle had ever truly loved, the choice of her childhood, and now the inseparable tie of her mature years. He stood there, firmly fixed on the mark, awaiting orders to offer his life as a sacrifice for the affection he bore her. "O, God! this is awful," whispered she.

"Keep cool," said Bill.

Vandercook took from a little hand satchel, two dangerous looking pistols of five chambers each.

"This way," said Vandercook to Dr. Mayo. "Examine these weapons and see whether or not they are properly loaded." Mayo examined them and said they seemed to be properly charged.

"Gentlemen," said Vandercook, "it is the rule that the challenged party has the first choice of weapons."

"No objection to that, sir."

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Crondell fumbled a long time over the pistols and finally chose one. The other was given to Lawrence.

"Should either of you need surgical service after the duel, you have at your command, Dr. William Bankston, one of the most skilful surgeons in this country," said Vandercook, in rather a reflective tone of voice, meant especially for Dr. Mayo.

"My friend, Dr. George Mayo, graduate of King's college, England, will look after my interest, gentlemen," said Lawrence. The two medical men shook hands and exchanged a word or two relative to the unfortunate occasion.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" said Vandercook.

"Ready," responded the combatants.

"I will count three, and you will fire on the word 'three'. In case neither is touched by the first discharge, you will continue to fire until all the chambers in your weapon are empty." Miss Bowen shuddered.

Maudelle felt her head swim, and the walls of the cellar seemed to rock and then revolve around her. She felt herself bend forward toward the ground, in spite of all her efforts to sit upright. Miss Bowen grasped her hand.

Bill whispered in her ear, "Keep your head, Miss."

The word from Bill came just in time to wake the flagging sensibilities, or it is doubtful whether she could have performed her part.

Miss Bowen had already bent over and covered her face with one hand. Bill had to let Miss Bowen go and give all his attention to Maudelle, upon whom depended the preservation of a human life.

"Now, gentlemen, you are equally armed, take your places," said Vandercook. The combatants stepped back on the line designated by him.

"Are you ready," cried Vandercook.

"Ready," was the response of both antagonists.

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"I will count three," said he, "and you, gentlemen, fire on the word 'three'."

"O God!" sighed Maudelle.

"Keep your head and be ready to act on the moment," said Bill, as he placed his hand under her arm.

"Take aim at the breast and continue to fire until your weapons are empty or one of you falls."

"Awful, awful!" sighed Maudelle.

"Keep cool," said Bill.

Vandercook cried aloud, "One—two—

Bill quickly raised Maudelle, "Go," said he.

She sprang from behind the boxes and ran between the combatants with arms extended as though to push them back.

Miss Bowen followed close behind Maudelle.

"For God's sake, gentlemen, let us have no more of this," cried Maudelle. "Mr. Crondell," continued she, "I am here unharmed, either in person or character, and I freely forgive you all. Mr. Deleno, you are here to offer your life for me—and what more can a reasonable woman ask?"

The men stood firm in their tracks, with weapons aiming at each other's breast.

"Lower your weapons," said Vandercook, "and let us hear from you two gentlemen."

The weapons went down. "Are you two satisfied to end the contest?" said Vandercook.

"I am quite willing to allow Miss Maudelle to adjust our differences by arbitration," said Lawrence.

"I am not willing to such a trick put up by this woman," said Crondell. "That ducky," continued he, "has challenged me, insulted me, and I am going to have it out with him now. Now that he finds he has met more than a match in me, he has this woman put up a scheme to save himself. He has a weapon in every respect equal to mine;

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and if he is all he claims to be, let skill and courage answer for him."

"Your are right," cried Vandercook. "Step aside there, madam, and let this fight go on, or take the consequence of your folly. Take aim," cried he. The weapons went up. Bill stepped from behind the barricade.

"Hold your fire," said he.

"And you here too?" said Vandercook.

"Yes, I am here," said Bill.

"A d—n pretty nest of filthy birds!" said Crondell.

"What do you want here?" said Vandercook.

"To see fair play," said Bill.

Turning to Crondell, he said, "You have said that Mr. Deleno's pistol is equal to yours."

"I say so now; it is, and if you say it is not, you are an infernal, lying dog," said Crondell excitedly.

"I say you are a cultured, Christian gentleman, but not as mindful of the truth as one of your standing should be," responded Bill, good-naturedly.

Turning to the others, Bill continued, "Ladies and gentlemen, I have this to say, and will prove what I say, or you may—or I will take my own life if I fail to do so. Mr. Crondell's weapon is loaded with balls—balls to kill—while that of Mr. Deleno's is loaded with nothing but powder."

"You are a d—n, lying black-hearted cur, and you shall take it back, or I will kill you," said Crondell, as he attempted to level his pistol on Bill.

But quicker than thought, Bill jerked a pistol from his bootleg, and threw it into Crondell's face. The women screamed and hid their faces.

Crondell dropped his weapon. Bill stepped forward and picked it up, gave it to Drs. Bankston and Mayo, requested Lawrence to give his also to those gentlemen, whom he asked to examine both weapons.

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The examination showed Crondell's pistol to be loaded with balls, and Deleno's with blanks, as Bill had said.

"Now," said Bill, "you want to know how I knew this. In the first place I know Mr. Crondell to be a natural-born coward, and that he would not fight unless he had great advantages on his side.

"This afternoon when he and Mr. Vandercook came in here to select their vantage ground, I slipped in behind them and heard the plot."

"Traitor," growled Crondell.

"I," Bill continued, "thought it was so dogged inhuman, I resolved to save Mr. Deleno's life. I ventured to the home of Miss Maudelle, and got her to promise to help me, though much to my surprise, after such meanness at our hands.

"Some sleight-of-hand trick your doctor has worked," said Vandercook.

"Yes," said Crondell, "give me my favorite weapon, the sword, and I will kill the darky and be done with him in a few minutes."

"That is right," said Vandercook. "I know my friend Crondell to be an expert swordsman, and I would have suggested the sword at first, but I knew he would kill his nigger so quick, there would be no fun in the fight."

"I have anticipated your come-off," said Bill, as he threw back his long, old, tattered overcoat and drew out two, keen, dangerous-looking swords. He bent them across his knee and they sprang back to place. He switched them through the air, handed them to the doctors. "See that they are equal weapons," said he.

"We find no difference in them," said they.

"Come, take your choice," said Bill to Crondell.

Crondell sprang forward and seized one. The other was given to Lawrence.

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Maudelle and Miss Bowen plead for peace. Lawrence, aside, spoke a few words in French to Maudelle. She bowed politely and retired to her hiding-place, followed by Miss Bowen.

"Give your orders," said Bill to Vandercook.

"Measure blades," said he, and that was the last order he had time to give, because Crondell rushed on Lawrence in such fury that all seemed to hold their breath in expectation of a fearfully bloody scene. It was Crondell's intention to strike terror into Lawrence and drive him from the ground. He mistook him for a common, Southern negro ex-slave, without sufficient courage to stand before the menaces of a white man.

Lawrence received Crondell coolly, parried the blow, sent Crondell's sword to the ground, and placed the edge of his own sword against Crondell's bare neck. Crondell grabbed his sword, raised it high in air, sprang toward Lawrence with teeth gnashing and with a wild thrust of his blade.

Without an apparent effort, Lawrence sent Crondell's sword spinning to the opposite wall of the cellar, and placed the point of his sword directly over Crondell's heart.

"I be d—n," said Vandercook. Bill laughed. Crondell's face underwent many colors and expressions. Vandercook brought his sword to him, and he fixed himself for another lunge.

"Gentlemen," said Lawrence, "it must be apparent to all present that Mr. Crondell has no knowledge of sword defence, and I could have killed him either the first or second onset. But when I observed—as I expected—so great a disparity of skill between us, I felt that it would be murder to take advantage of his ignorance.

My training has been thorough in the manuel of every kind of weapon known to the people of France, especially in Paris where I was educated in the handling of the pistol,

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and carried to perfection. But if Mr. Crondell will insist that he is a match for me, I shall not spare him in his next attempt. Mr. Crondell, I have no desire to do you harm, but this drama must end in the death of one of us, if nothing better will do, and I warn you, sir, to guard yourself well against the worst. I am ready, come on, sir."

Crondell threw down his sword. "I am no trained bandit, cutthroat, murderer and sneak-thief," said he, with his lips curled.

Bill moaned. Crondell looked daggers at him. "By heavens! you traitorous skunk, I will see to it that you are hung in less than three months," snarled he.

"And I will tell your history before I go," retorted Bill, as Crondell followed Vandercook and Dr. Bankston up the cellar steps. He turned, shook his fist at Lawrence, and said, "Mr. Nigger, you can crow and strut over your hellish game of to-night, but the end is not yet."

"Good night, sir," said Lawrence, as Crondell disappeared in the night.

Now that the duel had ended without bloodshed, through the timely intervention of Bill Duncan, who modestly received the congratulations of Lawrence and all present, the little party was about to go, when Bill stepped up and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, me and Jack have a little duty to perform, if you do not object to remaining a few minutes."

All agreed to wait.

Bill and Jack ran up the cellar steps and were heard climbing the long string of tottering stairs to the "Crow's Roost." Those present had not the faintest idea of the character of the next scene. Dr. Mayo and Miss Bowen entered into a pleasant chat, while Lawrence and Maudelle stepped a little to one side and began conversing on more serious matters understood by none but lovers.

"Maudelle, I am most happily disappointed in you," said Lawrence.

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"Disappointed, in what way?" said she.

"You have grown very handsome. When I last saw you, your hair was cut short, it was dark brown, so were your eyes. Now both your hair and eyes have changed from brown to black. You were then a square-waisted cub, but now you are tall and as well-proportioned as if chiseled from marble by a master-hand."

Before she could answer him, the two men were heard coming down the steps, seemingly carrying some heavy object.

"O Maudelle dear, I have a thousand things to tell you, whispered Lawrence.

"And I have a thousand ears to hear," responded she in the same anxious tone of voice.

Down into the cellar came Bill and Jack with their curious-looking load. The waiting little party strained their eyes to catch a glimpse of the thing, as the two men emerged from the darkness into the dim candle-light.

The two women drew back in alarm at sight of a corpse. Dr. Mayo explained in a word the cause of the man's death, which allayed the fears of the women, and they became interested in the strange underground funeral.

"Don't be alarmed, ladies," said Bill, "he is the most harmless one among us. Will some one bring the light this way?" said he.

Willing hands followed the dead with the lights to the rear of the cellar and through a lopsided door into what was once an engine room. This was a gloomy-looking place, with its black, damp, sooty walls besmeared with red paint and patches of damp mould, in whose corners and from whose joints hung many years of accumulated cobwebs.

Piles of ashes, broken brick and debris of every sort covered the ground, or dirt floor. In one corner of this place, Bill had already dug a grave across which two pieces of scantling had been placed, and on which the cold, stiff body

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of John McGinnis was laid. Bill took off his hat, an example which the others followed. Bill looked inquiringly into the faces of each one present. "Is there a professing Christian in this party?" said he. The question was so unexpected from that rough, uncouth character of the "Crow's Roost", that no one was prepared to answer.

For a minute all were painfully silent.

"I thought," said Bill, "that some one might desire to give us a word of warning. That used to be the way when I was a better man than I am now, and often attended church and funerals. Of course, that was some time ago. I expect the custom has changed now.

"Come, Jack, let him down." A rope was put under the head and feet of the one plank on which the corpse lay. Then with feet braced on either side of the head and foot of the grave, gathering the slack of the rope, Bill and Jack prepared to lower the body.

"Just a minute," said Lawrence, as he waved his hand for them to stay proceedings. "I am confident there is one Christian here who has kept silent from a delicate sense of modesty. I refer to Miss Maudelle Morroe. If there are others, please speak."

"I am not a Christian," said he. "Nor I, nor I," went the rounds of the company, and left Maudelle like a lone tree in the ragged path of a cyclone. Every eye was turned to her. There stood the timid, modest little woman with one lady friend, a dead man at her feet in this underground dungeon, and four men looking to her for advice.

The color of her face came and went in quick succession. Her lips parted and then closed again; then with an effort, she shook off her timidity, and said:

"Dear friends, I was earnestly hoping that God had a representative among these four men, and that I should be spared this unusual task to which your reticence forces me.

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"Please bear in mind this one thing through life, the excuse of not being a Christian, is not enough to exempt one from his duty to mankind, in fact it rather makes duty all the more imperative. (Miss Bowen nodded assent.)

"Imperative, because God's continual blessing, without some return at our hands, may involve one so deeply in debt, that one may step beyond the boundary of God's indulgence and be lost.

"I know nothing of the life and character of the dead, and it is not necessary that I should—it would not be of any particular use in a mere word of advice to his comrades. The lesson death teaches is the same everywhere—the death of a prince teaches no more nor less than that of this man at our feet.

"No matter how widely we may differ here in our rank and social status, death reduces us to a harmonious level.

"No doubt the spiritual life and character of one in this world will be a basis for a beginning in the next. 'Prepare to meet thy God,' is the admonition of the ages. But I apprehend that a large majority of non-professing Christians misinterpret the meaning of the admonition, and attach only a spiritual significance to what should embrace the spiritual and temporal nature of mankind. If you would have a good government, it cannot be had by cursing its rulers and disobeying its laws, for in exact proportion that we are loyal to law, order and decency, our government will be strong or weak.

"This is true with our spiritual nature; it will grow weak or strong in grace, in exact ratio to our deeds.

"Good deeds, remember, do not consist only in preaching and praying, as some seem to think; but in everything that tends to make mankind happy, good and virtuous, and thereby enhance the coming of the Kingdom of Christ

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"To more clearly illustrate my meaning, you will please pardon a personal allusion, for I cannot let the opportunity be lost.

"The preventing of bloodshed by Duncan, and his showing that much interest in humanity, makes him just that much of a child of God, for which his reward is sure.

"You have but to read the promise to the 'Peacemaker.' With this much of a start in the right direction, Duncan, you and your companion should press on to a higher life.

"What I have seen of you, Duncan, assures me that you have within you manly principles, planted perhaps in childhood at the fireside of devoted and indulgent parents. Principles which only wait a gentle call to duty, which will lead you to some grand and great achievement that will make the world your debtor.

"Lay your friend to rest, and let us hope that when he awakes, he will awake in the likeness of Christ."

The body was lowered into the grave without coffin or box, except one plank beneath the body, and short bits laid crosswise. The hard, cold clods were rapidly shoveled in, and the place left flat, so as to show as little sign of a grave as possible.

Jack gathered up the shovels and rope, Bill took the candle and started to leave the cellar, as did the party. He stopped short, gave the candle to Jack, turned around and walked to the far end of the room, thirty-five or more feet from John's grave. He stopped with his head bent over—"Good-bye, Eva, good-bye forever," he was heard to say, as his voice trembled with emotion. He drew his sleeve across his eyes, pulled his hat well down over his face, and came back to where the astonished party stood.

"To whom were you bidding good-bye, Bill?" said Lawrence.

"To my wife and child," said Bill, as his voice faltered.

"To your wife and child?" inquired Maudelle.

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"Yes," said Bill, "and I suppose you want to know how that comes." Of course all were anxious to hear the mysterious story.

"To go back a little way in my history, I was raised an upright, country boy. I came to this city, married, and got on nicely, until I got into a dispute with my employer over a few dollars he owed me for extra work. He discharged me, and I could not get work again anywhere.

"I used up all my means, and then sold off my furniture; was driven from place to place, because I could not pay rent. Finally I got into this neighborhood—the lowest in Boston. I continued to walk the streets from day to day looking for work.

"My wife and child were both sick and helpless—slowly starving to death." He choked, was silent a minute, then continued: "One night I came home and found my little girl in convulsions." He turned his head and drew his sleeve across his eyes. "When the spasm would pass she seemed to know me. She would put her tongue out and work her lips, which were drawn back from over her teeth. I knew she was trying to ask for bread; and she died without knowing why I could not give it to her.

"Friends, it cut me to the heart, and does yet.

"Three days after my child's death, my poor wife, reduced to mere bones, followed our child.

"I brought them here, put the child in its mother's arms and buried them in the corner yonder. I then moved to the den up in the top of the building, so I could be near them.

"I gave it the name of the 'Crow's Roost' for this reason. We boys caught some young crows one time. We split their tongues to make them talk—as people said they would—but they did not talk; so we cut their tongues out. The poor things died of course. The parent crows continued to come for a long time and roosted in the trees where

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the cage hung. I guess you all see the analogy between my condition and the crows.

"After my wife and child starved to death, I cursed myself for trying to be honest. I cursed the world and everything in it, and made up my mind to be honest no longer. I have become hard and revengeful; but it is all over now,"

Bill silently led the way to the outlet of the cellar. As he reached the steps—"Friends," said he, "I will hold the light that you may see your way out, then I will put it out, so as not to attract attention on the outside.

"Let me say for myself and last surviving comrade, we truly thank you for your kindness, and especially Miss Maudelle, whose words of advice will be from now on the guide of our lives. Good-bye! we shall never see you again." The two men held out their hands, which were warmly grasped by the company.

"You say we are not to see you again?" said Lawrence, as he held Bill by the hand.

"I expect not," said Bill. "It is our intention to be many miles from this city before tomorrow morning."

"This must not be," said Lawrence, "for I have already matured plans for the comfort of you two men."

"My good friends," said Bill, "your good intentions are worth more to us than anything else. No amount of money could compare in comfort to the satisfaction of knowing that there are four persons in the world who are not enemies to us."

Lawrence drew from his pocket a roll of bills. "Here," he said, "I must be allowed to do something."

Bill waved him back. "Not a cent, sir. From this night we have resolved to fight the world single-handed for honest bread.

"Good-bye! to all," said Bill, as he dropped the candle from his nervous hand and his face was lost in a sea of darkness.

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As the party climbed out of the cellar and gained the open alley, a distant clock struck two.

The next two or three days were busy days for Maudelle.

On the afternoon of the third day, Ann and Maudelle walked hurriedly down a broad avenue together.

"Let us step in here," said Maudelle, at the same time taking a key from her pocket. She turned it in the lock, and the two walked into a neat and well-stocked millinery store. Maudelle took from her pocket receipts for goods and a deed to the property, valued at ten thousand dollars. She gave the papers to Ann. "This place is yours. Be a good girl." She kissed Ann's forehead and was gone before Ann could speak through the tears of thanksgiving which were pouring from her grateful eyes.

The red-haired Ann who had saved Maudelle, was herself saved, and established in a business she understood, which placed her beyond want, as Maudelle had promised.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE DREAM REALIZED.

TWENTY years or more had come and gone since Maudelle sat on her father's knee and listened to his last advice but a few hours before he passed out of time and entered eternity.

One among the many things he advised was that when she had reached womanhood, she should devote a reasonable share of her means, time and talents to the elevation of the negro race, if they should become free in her time.

The time to which he referred had come, and much sooner than the wisest heads dared to anticipate. The broad field for willing laborers, and the opportunities to work were at hand. Thousands of busy hands from the North were already employed among the negroes in the South at this date, 1872.

Owing to Maudelle's Southern nativity, she felt more at home than did those who were merely adventurers. The characteristics of the Southern people, and much of the old regime were familiar to her. While to others who had got their information from news journals, which were more than apt to overrate or undervalue the true status of things, they were looked at from a rather narrow, prejudiced center of view.

That mad, impetuous dash to arms by the South, had swept away the old South, and created in its stead a new South, with new political and economic relations to be adjusted to the conditions and needs of the two races.

Whether negro freedom was a military expediency or necessity, or not—as some say it was—is indeed a useless

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thought, as a help in finding a satisfactory outcome of this great, heterogeneous military production. It is not now why, or by whom, emancipation came, but it is here with all its responsibilities, which must be met and mastered regardless of cost of time or means.

Free and uncontrolled ignorance is the most dangerous element that ever fell to the lot of a community, state or nation. The gross ignorance and superstition of the negro which had been slavery's potent factor as a reliable safeguard against loss of life and property right in black men, had reversed itself, and assumed a menacing attitude very alarming in proportions.

The pessimistic "copperhead" critics of the North cried out, "What will you do with the negro?"

At first this question was taken in a sense of light jocularity, but it soon passed from that to a serious, national question, which has been discussed pro and con by the most eminent statesmen and the most humble thinkers in the nation; and yet, to this day, an acceptable solution is unreached. The negro's white friends, both North and South, held firmly to the optimistic idea of education and Christianization, as the most feasible panacea for our political and social fears.

But the pessimistic enemy answered back, that the negro was a beast, without soul or reason, and had not the capacity of mind to think, or grasp the abstract principles of learning.

The white men and women who had given the best part of their lives to bringing about emancipation, were severely criticised for the sudden precipitation of negro freedom, rather than a mild, lengthy, gradual emancipation, which was thought would have been more acceptable to the South.

But these suggestions, like many others in hindsight, came too late to be of service to those already burdened with the responsibility of bringing the negro to his proper

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place in the American nation. The plain fact is, that human oppression is a principle of wrong, and the individual or nation that temporizes with wrong, makes himself debtor to the principles of right, whose accounts must be squared at some time.

I have never believed it was fair to blame the South altogether for negro slavery. Of course, it was a curse, but no more so to the South, which profited by it, than to the North, whose protection sanctioned it.

I have but one apology to make, and it is the only one I expect to make for emancipation. The curse of slavery had outgrown the patience of justice, and was wholly incompatible with the progressive, high-class intelligence of the Anglo-Saxon, and either slavery or the country had to go. It is not necessary to discuss the results of the pleasing and profitable decision by the arbitrament of arms. Now that old things are done away, and all things have become radically changed, if not new, it is wise for all concerned to adapt themselves to circumstances, which cannot be changed.

Maudelle Morroe had just come on the ground, with a head full of knowledge, a heart full of sympathy, a pocket rich with means and hands ready for active work. She saw the dream of her life assuming the sharp and tangible outlines of reality. She very soon saw that she had underestimated the work in hand, and that the draft on her mental, physical and financial resources would be much greater than she had expected. Yet she had all of the needed resources back of her, and was thus made equal to the task.

She saw that the negro's schooling, manner of life, everyday habits, concept of right and wrong, and notion of moral purity, had to be exactly reversed. She knew that anything like a radical enforcement of right principles, before the wrong were unlearned and driven out of the mind, would confuse him and end in failure. She had not forgotten the

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great truth of Francis Bacon, who said, "That truth came out of error much more rapidly than out of confusion, and that if you are absolutely and thoroughly and persistently wrong, you must, some of these days, have the extreme good fortune of knocking your head against a fact that will set you all straight." Since the negro's entire life had been that of error, Bacon's idea furnished a hope for the negro. Yet, when carefully casting up the work in hand, it was plain to be seen that the mental and moral achievements of acknowledged worth would not be that of decades or generations, but of centuries. The word religion in its simple meaning is to turn and go in the opposite direction. Thus the negro had to get religion in the use of text books—it was once a punishable crime for him to be caught with a book in his hand.

Whereas but yesterday, he was amenable only to the verbal law of his master, whose jurisdiction was limited to the boundary line of the plantation.

But now he is amenable to the established laws of the community, state and general government.

But yesterday the negro had a master to think for him and provide for his bread, raiment, medicine, sickness, death, burial and even the destiny of his soul.

But how changed to-day! The negro is out in the broad world with empty head and hands, to compete for bread with a sharp, well-trained, progressive and aggressive white race, who claim the entire world as their rightful, inherited kingdom.

But yesterday the moral status of the negro was regulated by the dictates of his owner, who raised him but one short step above the animal he worked—as the marriage relations were merely in name, to be made and unmade as it suited the convenience of the master.

No wonder the negro finds it so hard to faithfully subscribe to all the sacredness of an institution, whose obliga-

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tions he had never learned. To throw off the impressions of two hundred and forty years, and to attempt to take on the white man's civilization in so short a time, was an undertaking for pupil and teacher, which was sure to tax the patience of the one to its greatest tension, and prove, or disprove, the mental possibilities of the other. The thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments made it necessary for the negro to comply with all the conditions created by the enactment of these laws.

There is a principle in psychology known as Compound Quantitative Reasoning, which embraces two elements known as destroying and sustaining force. This exactly illustrates the condition of the freedmen of the South.

Ignorance, superstition, and immorality are inevitable forces which would, if left alone, drag the unrestrained negro race back to the jungles of savagery; and, with the two centuries of accumulated hot vengeance in his heart, against his oppressors, he would become tenfold more dangerous than the wild beast of the forest. Thus destroying the hope, the happiness and the lives of others, would be the means of his own destruction.

On the other hand, mental and moral training will be the great individual and racial sustaining force, which will, in time, bring the race into moral, religious and political concord with his advanced white brother.

In the very beginning of his freedom, in the South, the law could make no allowance for what the negro had been.

He must rise or fall by its application to American citizens, and not to unlearned, ex-slave negroes, and this made it all the more imperative that these people should come up to the full measure of manhood, in the shortest possible time.

When Maudelle appeared upon the field, she found a good work already begun by the general government, as well as by several white church denominations. As fast

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as the seceded states took their former places in the union of states, each had a free school system incorporated in its constitution. In addition to the public schools, which were established for the children of both white and colored, the colored people—whose need for education was more pressing than that of the whites—supplemented the day school with a night pay school, for those too old to take advantage of the state public school.

With this laudable exhibition of the negro for self-sustainment, Maudelle came to their aid, and made some of these night schools prominent institutions of learning.

The writer of this particular article was installed as a teacher in one of those night schools, and the work was the most pleasant of all other labors of this life.

The scenes presented in these night schools were such as to fill the human heart with sympathy too deep for expression in anything but tears.

The school-building was nothing more than an old log hut, twenty feet square, with no windows and only one door not high enough to admit a common-sized person without his stooping.

The seats were simply logs, hewn on two sides; one of which furnished the seat, and the other, turned to the floor, kept the log in place.

Into this primitive school-room sixty or seventy people crowded every night with intense eagerness for the trial of their long-neglected mentality. Many of the pupils had already grown gray in age, and misshapen in form, in the service of the white race.

Night after night these old people wrestled with their letters, cheered on by the hope that they might learn to read God's word before death overtook them; and they were rewarded with that much learning and more, although many of them were between the ages of fifty and eighty years.

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The teacher gave private lessons to an old ex-slave woman, ninety-seven years old, not able to walk to the night school. The lesson consisted of but one simple word of three letters, the word "God." All she wanted was to know that one word at sight, that she might be enabled to pick out the word from among others in the Bible. She stuck to her task, day and night, until she had learned the word and learned it well.

Then the faithful old soul, almost to the gate of eternity, would sit for hours gazing at the word and pressing it to her heart, while tears of thanksgiving poured down her sweet, old, motherly, honest, furrowed face.

After she had learned the word "God", it seemed that the soul had got the ideal for which it had waited ninety-seven years, and now it hastened on the journey and crossed the gulf between itself and its God, three short months afterwards.

A few hundred yards from where that old woman lived, and but a little way removed from where she now sleeps in death, the teacher had another experience in Southern schools, which may be of some interest to the reader, if only to show some parts of the road on which the negro has travelled to obtain the education he now has.

The second school work, like the first, was in the wild backwoods. The pupils came from within a radius of six or eight miles, especially those of the night school, who were not limited to districts.

The second house, or hut, was almost an exact duplicate of the first, except the improvement by a stick chimney, made of mud, dry grass and sticks. This four-by-five fire-place furnished such warmth as it could against the odds of a sharp, January blast pouring in through a thousand or more large openings between the logs.

But between the compact crowd of pupils and our stick chimney, we managed to go on "swimmingly" without freezing.

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So as to avoid trouble and unpleasant opposition to the work, the teacher made it his first duty to consult the whites and try to win them over to his way of thinking.

But this was a task not always accomplished, and the case in hand was one of those failures.

The opposition seldom came from school boards; they generally made appointments according to law; moreover, the directors were men who favored negro education; but the tax payer of the district had to be reckoned with.

In the present case, the teacher was plainly told by the white neighbors that they would not tolerate a negro school in that district, and it would be unsafe, should he attempt to force it on them.

He tried in every way possible to show them that an educated negro would be a safer and better citizen than one totally ignorant of his duty to his neighbor, to law, to order, to decency, to God and himself.

"But," said they, "We have a method by which a negro is made to behave himself, without all that waste of time and money, merely to spoil him with book learning."

In the little town of whites, consisting of less than a dozen families, there was one really good, old, white man, known to black and white as "Uncle Sipe." Uncle Sipe was postmaster, justice of the peace, preacher and only merchant in the town.

The teacher's last resort was to win Uncle Sipe. He was already won as far as the principle of negro mental development was concerned, but to openly sanction a thing which his constituents opposed, was to him a moral crime which he would not commit.

The nearest that Uncle Sipe would come in using his influence in the interest of the teacher, was, he assured the teacher, that he need not fear personal violence.

With this thin margin on which to rely, the school was opened ten days after the interview.

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The length of the school term was to be six months; three of which the state provided for, and three months by contributions from Miss Maudelle Morroe. Miss Morroe also furnished means for a six months' night school.

For three weeks everything ran smoothly, and teacher and pupils began to feel that the crisis had passed, if one had ever been contemplated.

But, as it happens sometimes, just when one feels most secure, danger is ready to spring from ambush and to crush the fondest hopes.

It came true in this case.

One night, while the school was going through the exercises, the room was thrown into wild confusion by eight or ten rough-looking white men entering the room with guns in their hands. Fortunately, the cabin had but the one outlet, and the men had blocked that. Otherwise, men and women would have run, and, no doubt, would have been hurt, but, as it was, the teacher managed to keep cool and thereby reduced the pupils to order.

The teacher made room and politely invited "Our welcome visitors" to take seats.

"No," said the spokesman, "we are out coon hunting, and we have got a half hundred of them treed," of course meaning the negroes in the schoolroom. The teacher wisely turned it to a joke, and told a good, appropriate story, which set the white men and pupils roaring with laughter. The fact is, the teacher saw eternity in the muzzle of those wicked-looking guns, and he was trying to gain time so as to work his way out of the difficulty without broken bones.

The white men refused to take the seats provided for them, but instead, sat flat on the floor with the guns between their knees. It was impossible to proceed further with the lessons. Every eye was on those guns and nothing else,

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even those of the teacher, who tried to manifest a coolness and bravery becoming a leader—but the truth is, that his bravery, like that of his pupils, was only skin deep.

The dogged expression on the faces of the roughs, and the very indecent questions put to the women, were signs of intended mischief. The teacher suggested that the class spend the remainder of the evening singing, “for the benefit of our visitors,” said he. He knew that music well rendered would come nearer allaying the ferociousness of a wild beast than anything else; much more so that of human beings.

Then song was the only and last resort. He knew his pupils could sing, and would bring out all the efficacy there is in song, when once they should become warmed up to the occasion.

The leader of the singing, was an old gray-haired woman, whose deep, mellow voice would have been a fortune to her, had slavery not interfered with its proper training.

The teacher said to her, “Aunt Maggie, I want you to take the class and do your best singing for our visitors.”

She rose to her feet, as one of the roughs cried out, “Go it, old nigger.”

She bowed politely to him and said, “By de help of de good Lord, I’ll try to please you gemmen.”

She named the piece to be sung, pitched the tune and went to work with her whole heart. The teacher noted every expression in the faces of the whites, while the singing went on.

When the first song ended, one of the roughs said, “Give us another, old gal.”

The old woman caught the spirit of encouragement from the man’s request. Song after song was called for, and given in a hearty response.

By this time the white men were showing a respectful and intense interest, and the teacher took advantage of

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the favorable sign of peace, by telling a story which had the effect he hoped for.

He told of one of the South's black mammies, who cared for her young master from childhood up to manhood, and when he went into the Confederate Army, how she disguised herself in men's clothing and followed his regiment, so as to be on hand to nurse him, in case he got wounded.

He went through several engagements unharmed, but was finally shot down, when she threw off her disguise, hastened to the field of blood, found her young master, and with her strong arms brought him into camp, and held him in her lap with the love and tenderness of a mother, until he expired. As he was dying she sang his favorite song, "Sweet angels, come, come, carry me home."

"Now," said the teacher, "Aunt Maggie, I want you and the class to sing that song and do your best, for it may be that the spirit of that brave soldier is now on its way to this cabin to join in the grand symphony of its favorite song."

The old woman, standing like a white-capped monument of heaven, with eyes suffused with tears, opens the song slowly and modestly, and then carries the class up and up, by gentle gradations, until the sixty-five voices seemed to have fused into one harmonious volume, and reached an excellence of such spiritual height, that every fibre of wood in the cabin seemed to dance in holy rapport with the matchless melody.

During this last song, the teacher noticed several of the men pulled their hats down over their faces and appeared greatly affected; it was evident that the songs led by that dear, old, white-haired woman had saved the school.

The school was at once dismissed, and, as the pupils filed out in perfect order, the white men came forward and shook hands with the teacher and the old woman who had lead the singing. Thus, what at first had the appear-

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ance of the beginning of a bloody massacre, was reversed, and made the occasion of a peaceful and happy ending.

Two weeks after this little episode, as the teacher walked leisurely along through two miles of woods, to the school, when within a quarter of a mile of the place, he heard a terribly distressed wailing going on among the children.

He knew that something was radically wrong, from the unusual outburst of such a noise.

He sprang off into a brisk run, so as to reach them as soon as possible.

On reaching the scene, the first thing which met his eyes was the smoking ruins of the cabin, which had burned down sometime during the night.

The children were greatly distressed, because they took the destruction of the school-house to mean, that it was the end of the opportunity to get any part of an education.

"Dry your tears," said the teacher, "this is not the time to weep, but it is the time to think; and after mature thinking, then to earnest action."

The teacher sat down on a stump, the seventy children sat on the earth around him, and waited breathlessly for a word of encouragement.

The picture, no doubt, was comical, but back of the ludicrous scene, was a moral pathos, worthy the portrayal of the finest, cultured, artistic genius, or the divine, fanciful dreams of a poet.

Here sat seventy infant representatives of a race, back of whose history was a barren, uncivilized ancestry, with a mental and moral rating of equality, with the lower animals. Were these conditions to continue, and perhaps increase in severity, until they forced the negro back into conditions even worse than those out of which he was trying to rise?

If these seventy, crouching, distressed children and other thousands of the South were to bespeak the beginning of a new civilization for the black man, through the school-

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room, it was high time to be about it. These were they, as well as those to follow, who must redeem the hated name of the negro, if it can be done.

When the teacher had matured plans to re-establish the school, he made no explanation to the pupils, because he knew that to give the idea to immature minds which could not grasp it, would leave a doubt as to its feasibility, and a lack of energy on their part in the work to be accomplished.

"I want twenty good, strong boys to stand out there in a row," said the teacher.

Many more than the number sprang to their feet and lined up.

A call was made for twenty girls, and they as quickly fell into line. The other pupils were more than anxious to be called out, but they were too small to be of service, and the teacher satisfied them by assuring them that they should have work with him as a reserve force.

He sent ten boys to their homes to bring axes, the other ten to bring spades and shovels. Ten of the girls were to bring nails, hammers and hatchets. The other ten were to bring cotton sacks, and large baskets.

When the word was given to go, they bounded away on their several missions with a joyous yell.

The teacher and the smaller pupils selected a suitable place in the swamp for a house, where the trees were large and stood apart which let in sunlight.

They built a big fire and waited for the return of the delegates—which was but a short time. They came with broad, frolicsome grins on their faces and tools on their shoulders.

The teacher then explained how a house was to be built, and assigned each one to his work. It was then nearly twelve o'clock, but the pupils were so anxious to get to work, they would not stop for dinner, but with the earnestness

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of beavers, each bent himself to his task, and, as the sun went down on that short, January afternoon, the school-house was completed. A song and prayer were offered, and the building was dedicated to God.

It may be of some interest to the reader to know something of the architectural design, and of the material of which the building was constructed.

The ground plan was thirty by twenty feet.

Ten deep holes were dug, one at each corner, one between the corners on the long side, and two holes on each end between the corners, for door posts.

In the corner holes, four posts were firmly planted in a square, six inches apart. These stood ten feet above ground, and were nailed together at the top with cleats. These posts were retainers for poles, which were to form the sides and end walls of the house.

The boys cut the poles, the girls dragged them to the building and the teacher and smaller children put them into place. The poles were about three or four inches in diameter, and long enough to reach the corners and lap eight or ten inches. The opening for doors in each end were six feet wide, to serve three purposes, for doors, windows and ventilation.

After the walls were up to the top of the corner post, poles were laid across the top for roof support.

The next process was to weave small branches of trees in between the poles, and then leaves were packed against the walls and held in place by layers of brush until the leaves and brush were five or six feet thick.

The top, or roof, was treated in the same way, except that the leaves and brush were built up and rounded off like a rick of straw, which was proof against any rain that ever fell.

Everything was complete, except seats. To this work they proposed to devote the next day (Friday), and be ready to open school on Monday.

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Somehow the news had become current in the neighborhood of the loss sustained by the burning of the log cabin, and the efforts of teacher and pupils to supply the loss.

On Friday morning, teacher and pupils were on hand with tools, for the purpose of cutting and hewing logs seats.

A few minutes after they had begun work, teacher and pupils were startled by the appearance of three white men, who rode up to the hut, dismounted, and went inside, and seemed to be busy inspecting the work.

They came out and called the teacher. He went to them with an air of bravery, but the fact is, the air was all there was to it. The others were in the gravest apprehension for their safety. However the interview did not warrant the foreboding.

These gentlemen congratulated the teacher on his unique structure, and contributed the lumber needed for seats, provided the colored neighbors would make them.

One of the white men was one of the visitors for whom the school had sung two weeks before.

Saturday was a busy day at the school-house—making benches, etc., by the neighbors. The school-house, or more properly speaking, school-cave, was a decided improvement on the log cabin, from the fact, it was ten feet longer, much warmer in winter and cooler in summer, and had comfortable seats. But best of all, the teacher had gained the friendship of the white people of the neighborhood, which remains unbroken to this day.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE REASON WHY.

THOSE on the ground, who were disposed to look at things in the light of fairness to all concerned, could not blame the whites for their stern objection to the manner in which some of the colored schools were conducted.

The establishment of colored schools came at a time when the Southern states were passing through the trying ordeal of reconstruction. Aside from financial embarrassment from the effects of the war, they were chafing under defeat.

The tens of thousands of acres of the fertile fields of the South abandoned to huge crops of weeds, briers, and brush, wild cats, hooting owls and bears, were indeed, a sad sight.

At the same time, the South had to carry the pro rata of taxation to support the state and general government.

The school tax seemed to be a needless expense, against which a majority of the Southern people entered an unpromising protest.

And those who were cognizant of the two-fold purpose which many of the schools were made to serve, are willing to acknowledge, that the Southern people were warranted in protesting against the advantage taken of their weakness, through the schools.

The facts were simply these:

In many of the school districts in the state of A., there were both white and colored teachers employed in colored schools, at salaries varying from eighty dollars to one

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hundred and twenty-five dollars per month, who were totally incompetent as teachers.

These men were not paid for their service in the school-room, because that was decidedly worse than none at all, from the fact that all their teaching had to be unlearned at a later day.

But the school was a kind of sinecure for the teacher who had the tact and shrewdness to work up a political influence among his patrons.

This influence was to be used in the county and state conventions, to further the interests of some friendly political aspirant.

Of course this does not apply to all who were engaged in school work, especially does it not include women teachers, who were more free from political obligations.

But the South had lost its patience, and also its sense to discriminate between the good and the bad, between the competent, conscientious teacher, and the imposter.

The general verdict was, that there were none good who came from the North, and thus the threatening hand of the South was raised against all new comers.

Again, negro education was a new and unpopular thing in the South, to which the South could not accommodate its prejudice in so short a time as seven years.

From a view-point of reason, no one familiar with the former relations between the two races, could have expected a ready acquiescence of the whites to negro education. The idea involved was not only a political parallelism with the white man, but was to him an advanced step toward social equality.

The white man believed that the negro was a product of special creation made to order by the Almighty, to serve, and not to think or rule.

This paradoxical status assumed by the South, was in exact keeping with the teaching of the cradle, school-room

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and pulpit, and reinforced by immovable rock-ribbed environments, which were interwoven in the white man's every-day life for centuries.

Again, they contended that the contents of a text book could never be got down through the thick skull of a negro; but the fact that text books were so rigidly guarded before emancipation, makes the honesty of this statement very doubtful.

To say that the negro could not learn the science of letters and figures, and how to apply education to profit, was a contradiction to the white man's theory. Why was the negro not allowed to try? Why make it a crime of such significance, with a penalty of such terrible proportions, whereby a white man, who was known to teach a negro to read or write, suffered the penalty of having a hand cut off?

If the negro was only a stupid, two-legged brute, with a gift of speech for the convenience of his owner, but without capacity of mind to learn, why not give him the same freedom with books one would his ox or mule?

The Southern white man, of all others of America, was particularly well versed in negro psychology; he knew the negro's process of reasoning and the bent of his mind.

He knew that in education there was power, and that an educated negro would grasp that power and assume the prerogatives of his own being, and strike out for freedom in thought and action, on a higher plane than that of crouching vassals of antebellum days.

Without an education, the negro had already demonstrated a wonderful sagacity and shrewdness in outwitting the white man, and proved a capacity of mind, a daringness and nobleness of manhood against a world of odds. This is made clear, when we take into account the thousands who escaped from the South with but the thread of a chance.

They matched their ignorance against their master's education; the moss on the North side of the swamp trees,

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against their master's knowledge of geography; their native shrewdness, against the trained overseer and vigilant patrolman; their fleetness of foot and cunning manœuvering, against the trained blood hound.

Their alertness and skilful dodging of the Northern slave-catchers, under the fugitive slave law, and their safely reaching Canada, to the number of more than thirty thousand, were achievements which have no parallel in the history of any people.

But these things are behind us and would not be mentioned, but for their value to illustrate the possibilities of the negro race.

With the evidences of every-day negro sagacity, a white man of even ordinary intelligence knew very well that the negro could learn, at least, enough to become master of himself, so as to make contracts and dictate terms of business interest.

No doubt, the South had no faith in the negro's capacity of mind, to take in and digest the intricacies of mathematics, languages, etc., and rather hoped he could not, because this advanced step would move him up from what was considered his place and bring him into uncomfortable proximity to the white man.

This repugnance to negro advancement is the sequence of the negro's tame submission to an abject state of vassalage. The white man is by nature a fighter, and he has great respect for fighters, but the utmost contempt for a coward, either in an individual or a nation.

Had the negro put less value upon life, and more upon freedom, he would have gained the world's respect, as did the Indian.

The negroes were giants in physical make-up, but insignificant pygmies in moral courage, when occasions rose for them to rise and strike for liberty. A few rose to a respectable resistance, but not enough to give the race a

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character of courageous manhood. No one but can admire the bull-dog combativeness of the Confederate soldier, who fought until all resources were exhausted. And when the cry came "enough," it was not in the sense of an acknowledgment of any wrong-doing, but because they were too weak to fight longer, while the spirit of resistance still lives. The South would as readily fight to-day, as it did in 1860, if the occasion were such as to warrant it, and the outlook promised success. But it will never be necessary to fight again to re-establish the lost cause, or, at least, as much of that as relates to the negro, because the controlling influence over the negro, as a master, has been more than regained under another name—autocrat, perhaps, is the most suitable. The fact is, that the great mass of ignorant negroes presented a much more lucrative field for the white man's pecuniary gain, at less expense than slavery.

With a keen business sense, for which that race is distinguished, they took advantage of the opportunity. Under the new condition of things, there is no loss to the white man by runaway negroes, no loss of time to him by the sickness of the negro, no thousand dollars lost by the death of the negro, no loss for clothing and food supply for negroes, no expense for overseer, patrolman or bloodhounds.

And the best of it all is, that the autocrat, unlike the master, can, at least, sleep well at night, without any fear of his two-legged property walking off between suns, or striking back in a bloody insurrection.

The ignorant negro neither knew the correct purchasing power of a dollar, nor how to exchange values for profit, nor how to estimate the worth of his labor. When asked to put a price on his labor, either by the day, month or job, nine times out of ten, he would answer, "Whatever you think is right."

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What could be expected of an employer, but that he would first think for himself, when allowed such unquestioned latitude? This is world-wide human nature. Thus, it is the application of the same old principle under a new name. Whereas the negro had an overseer at the expense of the white man, under the old principle, it is an agent, under the new, for which the negro pays. The negro was sold on the auction block, in the good old days; he is now sold on the agent's books, in these days, at the plantation store.

His allowance per week was a peck of corn meal, and a few pounds of hog meat, under the old regime; but under the new, it is to the extent of his crop, specified by an iron-clad mortgage.

The truth is, that a large majority of plantation negroes are just as much in slavery to-day as at any time in the history of the race, and with decidedly less chance for freedom, because they have ignorantly bargained, sold and delivered their own persons, and no one has the right to interfere. The negro is now, and will be until educated, a profitable and easy prey to those who are disposed to gamble with ignorance. It is a sinful shame, how negroes were induced to buy up all the old, broken race horses, which may have had a reputation twenty years ago, but were represented as the finest and fastest horses in the country and capable of winning thousands of dollars for the owner.

Unreasonably high prices were paid for old carriages and even dogs. One negro, well known to the writer, paid one hundred and fifty dollars for an old gun used in the war of 1812, because the gun was represented as having a wonderful reputation, and "would kill a mile."

When the writer protested against such imposition, and explained the truth of the matter to the negro, he slipped off and told the white man that the writer was meddling with his trade; and the writer had to answer for it.

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To question a white man's word, was a serious thing. He was supposed to be infallible and could not make a mistake. For this thought the negro should not be blamed, because, to him, the white man had everything, knew everything, and could do everything.

The negroes fresh from slavery were nothing more than big, black, overgrown children, set free to enjoy a great play day without interference. Their concept of law, order and common decency was analogous to the ruling of the former master, which was applied differently to different households.

Some masters allowed their slaves to forage, (a refined name for stealing) from their neighbors; and unless they were caught in the act, there was neither sin in the robber, nor redress for the robbed. Hence the reputation for stealing little things, which could be used up in a night, or secreted in some small place, obtained then and even now. This habit of petty thieving is a means by which the county farms are now supplied with labor, and it will continue thus, until the negro is educated out of this day of small things, and learns the tricks of his white brother—how to be a decent thief by stealing a state treasure, a national bank, an eight-million-dollar or a ten-million-dollar stock company, a railroad train, or a governor of a state, or president of the United States.

This shows the large and matchless capacity of the Anglo-Saxon mind, which is much to be admired, inasmuch as it assumes a character of honor, and power over the courts, which seem to have no jurisdiction to punish such offenders.

But there is great hope for the success of the negro on this plane, since he is an excellent imitator of the white man's vices, and sometimes his virtues. While the habit of imitating is an unconscious acknowledgment by the negro, that whatever the white man does, is right, it will be one

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of the most potent principles in the work of bringing the negro to the white man's level.

The negro began the important work of copying the habits of his former master in the first hours of his freedom.

He had seen his master take plenty of rest, and the more rest, the higher the grade of aristocracy.

The really high-toned, pure-blooded, Southern gentleman neither laced nor unlaced his shoes, combed his hair, took his bath, nor scarcely ate for himself.

This was indeed an attractive phase of freedom, which the negro was going to try; but not having slaves like his master, he partially supplied the missing link by pressing his wife into service.

Of course it was the general rule for the wives of the ex-slaves to plow, hoe and pick cotton, side by side with their husbands, and at the same time take care of their infants, by placing them in the shade of a tree in the field. A half hour before noon, the wife was allowed to go to the house to prepare dinner by twelve o'clock.

The husband would eat his dinner, (the wife invariably waiting until he got through), and lie down to rest for an hour, while she had to take off his shoes, fill and light his pipe, give him a drink of water, etc.

Then she had to eat her dinner, clean the dishes, and be ready to go to the field with him, without a moment's rest.

The writer has seen this more times than there are days in a year.

Again, it was a common thing for a negro to hire out his wife by the month, or year, to work on the plantation. Whether it suited her or not was no business of hers. He also collected the money for her service, just as the master had done before him. Had the negro's treatment of his wife stopped with this—it was then bad enough—but it even went into corporal punishment, on the same basis as that learned under his master. And these ex-slave women

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never raised their hands in self-defense until they had learned in the school-room, under competent teachers, that they had redress in the courts.

Unfortunately for the black man of the South, he was imposed upon by a class of unprincipled white men from the North, who had been camp-followers of the Northern army, and who remained in the South as spoil seekers, after the war. They saw a political value in the negro, of which they took advantage.

They represented themselves as having, "fought, bled and died for negro freedom." Their word on that was enough to entitle them to all the adoration which the soul of the negro was capable of expressing.

The Southern white man tried in vain to convince the black man that these fellows were imposters. But that these men had never owned a slave, was in itself a recommendation worth more to the negro than all the wisdom of the South. And it was not until these irresponsible men had put the ex-slave and his former master to fighting, that the negro saw his mistake.

This by no means applies to that class of honest, upright, Northern white men who came South for a better purpose. They brought with them money, brains, and push, which they willingly put into the Southern soil for their own good and the good of the commonwealth of the state. The negro always has had safe advisers in these men. Of course the Southern negro did not know the difference between the two classes of white men from the North, but they are well known to the writer.

The South never did, nor never will, produce a white man who was, or can be, a greater enemy to the negro than were those poor, low, unprincipled white men of several large cities of the North. From 1858 to 1866, the negroes of the North lived a life of restless intolerance, with no more assurance of life than a stray dog.

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He had neither the protection of the law nor of a master.

To be caught out after night in any back street in Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Troy and many other cities, was imminently dangerous to life and limb of the negro. Although they were chased, caught, beat, cut and often killed in the presence of the police, who never offered so much as a simple protest.

During the Civil War, mobs became more frequent, in open day, in any part of the city and for no offense, except that of being black.

When negroes appealed to the city authorities for protection, they were advised to keep off the streets, as the best means of safety.

They were not allowed to do any kind of public work. They were driven from the stores, as porters, and from buildings, as janitors, and hotels, as waiters.

The spirit of mob violence reached its inhuman, bloody culmination in 1863, in New York City. It was brought on by a draft, which was ordered by the general government, to make up the state's quota of men for the army.

Although the draft applied to black, white, rich and poor, the low class of whites resisted it on the excuse it was to free niggers.

The mob swelled to more than three thousand wild, mad, drunken men, armed with axes, picks, crowbars, knives, pistols and firebrands. Their first work of death was aimed at the colored orphan asylum with its several hundred children and teachers, nurses and help.

The building was fired, and every known place of exit was guarded by the mob, intending to murder those who should attempt to escape.

Night and day for seventy hours, that raging, ranting, howling mob made the city a boiling hell of tears, blood and fire.

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"Kill the nigger, kill the nigger," was the demoniacal howl which rose highest above the roaring flames and the smashing of doors and windows.

Black men, women and children were dragged from street cars, from their homes, and places of business, their throats cut, skulls crushed, and some were tied to lamp posts and burned alive.

But enough of that. It makes the soul sick to recall those horrid scenes; and the writer has forced himself to do so, that the negroes of the South may see that they misplaced their trust, when they reposed it in the low class of Northern white men.

It is not the intention of the writer to shield the South in its crime of killing negroes, which will be more fully explained in its proper place. But suffice it to say, at present, that the South never has made a wholesale slaughter of negroes without some kind of a provocation—not always enough, of course, to justify the crime. But the Southern mob has never sunk so low in brutality, as to wilfully murder innocent women and infants. The Northern mob, in its beastly savagery, slew everything with human life, from the oldest, infirm and decrepit person to the nursing infant. This is no doubtful information, gathered from news journals, but it was under the painful and personal observation of the writer.

Five years had now passed since Maudellé came into the South to give her time and means to the work of educating negroes—which brings us to 1877.

After travelling through all the Southern states and noting every phase of the condition of the negro and the tone and temperament of the whites, she saw but one hope for the negro, but one hope for a self-sustainment in the struggle of life, and that hope was education; not simply an education that ends with a knowledge of a few text books, but an education which develops the whole man.

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"The head, heart and hands," said she, "must enter into the work of a successful life. And without this the majority of negroes will never advance a step from the gloomy background where slavery left him.

"Unlike the white man, the negro has no cultured antecedents to draw on, no center point from which to begin—a measurement of his racial possibilities.

"He is just born to-day from the great womb of slavery, with eyes still closed to the light of civilization. His infantile racial life is not assured, and cannot be, until he has successfully passed the experimental stage of human uncertainties.

"Among these uncertainties are industry, economy, perseverance, endurance, business sense, capacity of mind, honesty, integrity and sobriety. But if it is shown by a fair test of patient experience, that the negro is wanting in these essential elements, then state aid and philanthropic interest should be withdrawn, and the negro left to his fate. But, thank God! the reverse is true. And this is the much discussed question of to-day, in every part of this country, by the wisest heads in state and church."

Continuing, Maudelle said to a very prominent Southern gentleman who opposed negro education:

"Ignorance is a contagious malady, and more dangerous in its effects than any other disease which ever plagued a community. It is a worse distemper than any other, because it is the hardest to get rid of, and each victim goes through life spreading the deep-seated disorder on all sides of his pathway. But more to the point," said she, "I notice that the negro not only has a dark, superstitious mind of his own, but he has imparted his ignorance to the poor whites—which indeed, has often shown itself in the high circles of white society as well.

"This is seen in the foul use of tobacco and snuff. It is a common occurrence for black and poor white women

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to loan and borrow snuff, and even use the same snuff brush from each other's mouths. I have also seen white women of wealth and culture abandoned slaves of snuff-dipping, which they learned from their black mammies and other servants.

"I have seen white and black men exchange compliments with tobacco, by biting a chew, not only from the same piece, but from the same place where the other had bitten.

"It is still worse when one sees the tobacco come from the pocket of dirty working pants, of either race, which never had been washed, and which had vitiated the tobacco with the perspiration and the odor of the body.

"I have seen the negro's thick, tobacco-stained lips hug the mouth of a whiskey jug; and when he had drunk and gurgled his fill, then the white man has drunk from the same jug without a thought of wiping off the slimy saliva of the negro's lips.

"I have seen the poor whites worshipping in their backwoods church, and go through all the wild and frantic hallucinations of the ignorant negro. He has also firmly fastened his belief in ghosts in the minds of the poor whites.

"He has a large following of whites, who believe in conjuration, witch-craft and fortune-telling. The cunning negro conjurer manages, somehow, to turn his eyes red; and with a pair of red eyes as a native, genuine diploma, he exerts a wonderful influence over black and white. Very frequently, young white men and girls seek the aid of the root worker in complicated cases of love affairs. The conjurer always keeps a great number of little packages or bottles, in stock, known as 'a hand,' which range in price from twenty-five cents to five dollars, according to the gravity of the case to be treated.

"'A hand,' consists of parts of a dried snake and lizard, various roots, earth from a grave and pieces of bone of a dead human being.

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"If any person or persons, has enemies whom he wishes to injure, the conjurer prepares what is known as 'a throw'. The 'throw' is a preparation of roots and powders of dried reptiles, liquids, etc., which are to be planted in the path or under the door step of the enemy. If the enemy is not brought down according to the promise of the conjurer, the failure is charged to the interference of some other conjurer at work for the enemy. In a case of this kind a stronger 'throw' has to be compounded, and, of course, a considerably larger fee exacted.

"A very large majority of whites and blacks wear luck bags about the neck. The famous rabbit foot is a negro conjurer's invention, notwithstanding I have heard of the credit going to others.

"Again," said she, "the ignorant negro has a sign for good and bad luck for every day and almost for every hour in the year, and all these he has saddled upon the whites as well as upon his own race.

"Those who believe in such things live a life of constant uneasiness, as they are tossed back and forth between the signs of good and bad luck, hoping in one and fearing the other.

"I see also that the negro has incorporated his peculiar words into the language of the whites, which are in everyday use. Some of these are, 'gwine' for going; 'I's done done it,' for I have done it; 'gwon' for go on; 'I gin it' for I gave it. In fact, there is a long list of words of purely negro origin, which are in common use among both races, that will require years to unlearn.

"There are also habits and rules of the household which are common to both races, when they approach others' social standard.

"Of course, the white man generally poises as the negro's adviser, in right of his color; but while he assumes the role of teacher, he himself is being unconsciously taught by the

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cunning negro, and the result is, the two grow up alike in everything but color."

Col. Stephens, who was radically opposed to negro education, said in reply, "Miss Morroe, your argument is that of a Northern lady, and I could not expect you to have any other opinion than that which favors negro education, negro preferment and even negro social equality.

"We Southern people know the negro as you know a book. He is not ready for education, and will not be, until he has first learned the meaning of freedom, which means to be honest, industrious and morally pure; and it will take a hundred years to get all this into his thick skull.

"Education, at present, will make the negro insolent and overbearing, and we would have to kill him to make him know his place."

"It is not the negro," said Maudelle, "more than other people, in whom the Northern people are interested."

"It would be the same for the whites, under the same conditions as the negro. We are moved by a sense of duty to common humanity, and not especially to creed or color; and this shows a nobleness of heart, which, at least, should be commended, if not agreed with."

"O, well, if you people have plenty of money and time to waste on the experiment of negro education, that is your business, but it will go without my sanction," said the colonel.

Continuing, Maudelle said, "I have tried to show you that the influence of the ignorant negro is reflected in the life and character of your own race, and this state of affairs will continue as long as the two races are in proximity to each other."

"You will have to segregate or educate. Which will you do?"

"We will legislate the negro out of social and political existence," said the colonel, as he turned and walked away, pulling at his long, gray mustache.

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Maudelle saw that all argument in favor of negro education only irritated and invited a more formidable opposition, and that the work would be of slow growth for want of Southern sympathy.

The outside world has had a great deal of sympathy for the negroes of the South, whose struggle for simple existence seems to have been the hardest ever met with by any other people before. This may, or may not be true, but there is a truth back of the negro's trouble, which the prominent negro who writes, lectures or preaches, either lacks the courage or the will to tell, as it is, for fear, perhaps, he will become unpopular and thereby lose some one's influence or dollar.

It is different with the writer; he is neither courting friendship nor punishing enemies.

He will tell the truth on both races, as he understands it, and he ought to understand it, since he has been on the ground for a third of a century.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE NEGRO IN POLITICS.

To tell a story on an individual or a nation, which in any way reflects their bad qualities, it is in justice to them to give the reason why, in the spirit of truth and fairness. It may be, however, that truth will sometimes come to one in an unpleasant form with a sharp, keen edge, which may cut deep into the soul's quietude for life.

We are to say something about negro politicians and the politics of the South which have been the prolific incubator of almost all the negro's troubles. To go back, if you please.

1868 to 1876 were years which produced the largest crop of negro politicians ever known before or since. Unfortunately for the negro, he was inducted into politics before he had time to learn the first principles of self-preservation, much less the politics of the state or community in which he lived. He was told by the cheap, third-rate, white politicians, that nothing stood between him and the presidential chair of the nation. Thus he was encouraged to quit the plantation, sacrifice the opportunity for bread-winning with plow and hoe, and join in the giddy chase for the alluring phantom of political office.

That wild, heated campaign of 1872 between Grant and Greeley—perhaps the sharpest and most intense ever waged between parties before or since—was a test of strength between former master and ex-slave.

The one holding with a death-like grip to the advantage gained by emancipation, and still later by that of the fifteenth amendment, which gave a voting power to be dreaded by the opponent; the other making the effort of his life to

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regain his lost political power at home, and his prestige at the capital of the nation. Hence, anything which promised to attain that end, was brought into requisition.

On several occasions, Maudelle and the writer were quiet observers at political meetings, where joint debates were had between representatives of both political parties.

It was not unusual to see negroes, who could neither read, write nor think correctly, on the platform replying to influential, educated, Southern white men.

Of course, the negroes not having the use of proper words in which to clothe such thoughts as they had, their harangue became abusive and often insulting.

There were thousands of such characters in the Southern states, appealing to their constituents, trying to show, in their way, reasons why they should be elected to the legislature, or to some state or county office, in preference to their white opponents.

Whether their method of disjointed, argumentative jargon had sense in it or not, it served the purpose of electing hundreds of ignorant negroes to office over their former owners.

Of course, there were great numbers of colored men of mental and moral worth, competent to fill the places they sought, but to these we shall give a separate place further on.

The close of the election of 1872, put twenty-seven colored men into the legislature of the state in which the writer happened to be at the time. Six of those men were educated, seventeen could read and write, four could neither read nor as much as write their names. Besides those in the legislature, several colored state officers were elected, such as Land Commissioner, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Superintendent of the Penitentiary, County Clerk and Judge of the Police Court, also a great number of justices of the peace, deputy sheriffs, constables, police, etc.

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The writer was well acquainted with a justice of the peace and deputy constables who could barely write their names, and that was in letters partially printed like those of the alphabet.

It did not take a genius nor a prophet to foresee the formidable threatenings gathering upon the brow of the Southern white man, whose patience was goaded to the extreme limit of forbearance.

He felt his oppression more keenly than the negro had felt slavery, from the fact that it had come without preparatory schooling, while the negro was conceived, born and reared under the heel of oppression and to him it was second nature.

Again, the Southern white man's condition in several states was, in some respects, worse than that of the negro. From the fact that the negro had nothing to start with, and, if he gained nothing by the plunge into politics, he would, at least, have as much as before.

On the other hand, there lay a shattered fortune with home and home comforts at the white man's feet, which had to be redeemed at any cost whatever, or there would be open to him a straight road to a beggar's grave. The negro had a fortune in the art and physical strength for manual labor. His wants were few, and those few wants were easily satisfied.

The white man's wants were many, but he was without the means to supply them, because he had neither the skill, physical strength, nor disposition to dig, thus he knew that he and his would have to suffer or resort to means of support, other than by the plow and hoe.

The only feasible and easy way out was for the white man to turn the black man's labor to his own account. And he had the proper requisites at hand, which were more than a match for the black man's physical strength; and that was, the white man's superior intellect, which served him

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to find a way out of the most obstinate difficulty. The writer has personal knowledge of great numbers of negroes who paid not less than seventy, and sometimes a hundred per cent. on everything they bought from the plantation store, the negroes expected to pay twenty-five per cent. on goods purchased under mortgage on credit, against which no protest was ever made.

But there was a secret method known only to the whites by which the negroes were absolutely robbed of more than half their earnings, and of which they knew nothing for a number of years, or until their children had learned enough in school to keep some kind of accounts.

The plans of robbery were exactly these; as were stated by some of the white men who were parties to the scheme, which the writer overheard, and will recite as nearly as possible as he heard them.

The writer was going down the Mississippi on the steamer *Mary Belle*, bound for New Orleans. The steamer was loaded to the water's edge with passengers and cotton, so heavily indeed, the captain gave orders on the evening of the second day, not to make any more landings between Greenville and Vicksburg, Miss. It was in early Spring, when the Southland forest and fields were dressed in their soft, dreamy, delicate gray greens, and the farmer, with his mule and plow was turning the earth upside down, preparatory to seed-sowing.

After supper, and the wasteful, foolish cigar-smoking, and the lively chat and the hop in the salon, the people, one after another, retired, the writer had decided to sit up all night and watch the developments of a cigar stump, which he had seen a man aim to throw overboard, but which missed its destination and went down sparkling among bales of cotton. The writer went to his room, made the life-preserver ready for adjustment, should the crisis come. He then took a seat on the cabin deck, directly opposite

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where the cigar stump had gone down among the cotton bales. It was long after midnight, and on this deck, there was no one about, except a watchman or two, who paced the deck and now and then, had a word with the pilot.

There was decidedly more life on the boiler deck, which seemed to be the lounging place for those too poor to pay cabin fare.

Just below where the writer sat, were twelve or fifteen white men, lying upon cotton bales, frequently passing their whiskey bottle around, and discussing the negro question with a great deal of warmth. As this question was one in which the writer was interested, he gave their version of the subject his silent and earnest attention.

These men evidently belonged to what is now the middle class of the whites, as their language and show of prejudice against the negro indicated. During slavery this class of whites had no assured social standing with the better class of whites. The ruinous, heavy footsteps of war had almost reduced all the whites to the same level, and this group of men lounging on the cotton bales were representatives of those who had gone up by negative gravity to the middle strata of society, and were poisoning the industry of negroes. Their explanation of the organization and the working principles of the Ku Klux and other death-dealing schemes was that they were necessities. The writer saw, as he never had seen before, how little value that class of men put upon the negro's life. It was evident, that the negro had no recognized claims to secure him from wholesale slaughter, except his industry, which was turned to the profit of this class of white men.

With no one to oppose or please, and no one to hear what was said, as they supposed, but themselves, they were open and unreserved in their conversation, which gave the writer a true index to that part of the negro question. To say that these men and those they represented were not honest in

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their convictions, would be doing them an injustice, which would neither change their inborn opinion, nor benefit the negro.

Their reason for mobbing negroes will be mentioned in another chapter, while in this, the method of doing a mercantile business with the negro will be stated exactly as those men talked it over. Said they:

"We rent the land to the nigger for all it is worth—which we step off—and we give five or six acres less than is in the piece of ground.

"We then take a mortgage on everything of value and about what we think his crop will be worth. That ties the nigger, hands and feet, so that he cannot buy anything anywhere except at the plantation store. Whatever he buys by the pound, or quart, or gallon, we knock off on him. For instance, when he buys ten pounds of meat, we give him seven, or, if it is sugar, meal, coffee, etc., we take off, at least, one-fourth. In the same way we also cut down molasses, coal oil, etc.

"Sometimes we run upon a nigger who is kind of sharp, and we may have to let up on him a little, and if he complains, we give him a little something extra, and tell him it was a mistake in measuring. Again, we charge niggers never less than twenty-five per cent. profit on everything, and at the end of the year we run his account into all kinds of fractions, and in that way we get him again for a good sum, especially if he has made a good crop. In this way the nigger pays us much better than he did as a slave, and it will be a long time before the d— fools find out they are being robbed."

They gave a detailed statement of how these robbing plans were organized and worked among a large majority of the Southern planters.

They were particularly bitter in their denunciation of a class of white men whom they designated as "nigger

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lovers," and also spoke unkindly of some of the former slave-holders, who, they said, were spoiling negroes by their method of dealing with them, as though they were white people.

Whether this system of robbery applied to other states or not, is not known by the writer, but it was certainly true of the state in which the narrator lived, and in which the writer travelled and took special care to find out by weighing and measuring after the plantation merchant, in those parts of the state known as the "black belt." But when investigating thus, the writer did not dare to let the negroes into the secret, although it would have been a protection to them, yet they would have betrayed the writer, as they had on other occasions, and the result would have been serious.

By ten o'clock next morning, our faithful steamer, after bringing us safely down the river and landing us at Vicksburg, took fire and burned in twenty minutes, and no doubt, the cigar stump was the origin of the fire. Had the fire come on a half an hour before it did, two or three hundred people, no doubt, would have lost their lives. Although moored at the landing, several persons were lost, as it was.

We come back now to politics as our theme, from which we digressed, a few minutes ago, in order to give place to a story which was at one time prevalent in some parts of the South.

If the colored politicians of the South had all been men of culture, dignity and acknowledged statesmanship, it would be the pride of the writer's life to refer to them as proofs of racial possibilities, but, as it is, there were so few who measured up to the standard, that their career is but dim, flickering lights on the broad plane of political activity.

At one time the race had seven or eight Congressmen at the nation's capitol, and for education and mental finish, they ranked among the best, but for practical, political

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sense, they were removed but a few steps from the average plowman. But if that seems to be putting it too strong then will anyone tell the writer of some thought or principle that was matured and worked out into a statesmanlike document, and then introduced into Congress and pushed through it, and become a law that stands to-day as a living, working instrument to better the condition of mankind?

There was one negro from Virginia, distinguished as a lawyer and a man of brilliant attainments, who introduced a bill into Congress to disfranchise the negroes, so that the white politicians of the South might suffer the loss of the negro vote. But, after all, that was an idea borrowed from James G. Blaine. If these are not facts, and the reader will bring forward attested negations, the writer will make a public and graceful retraction.

The writer has no desire to belittle racial efforts on any plane, neither will he overestimate racial mentality, in order to give the race an exalted reputation it never won.

At the time when the negro was so largely represented in Congress, he had also a liberal share of state officials, such as auditors, secretaries of state, superintendents of public instruction, county and probate judges, and, in one state, a governor.

Some of these officials maintained the dignity of their office, and retired with a clean record. Others, again, found their exalted position a too sudden lift to prosperity, a load too heavy to carry; so they sacrificed position, honor and all future expectation to women and wine—two roads on which a man can make the fastest time downward.

The writer was personally acquainted with several, and knew of many others, who made fortunes ranging from twenty-five thousand dollars to one hundred thousand dollars, between 1868 and 1880, but who drank, debauched themselves, and died without money to pay for the most common, pine burial box.

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In the enthusiastic moments of race pride, the negro reader may say, that these downfalls applied also to white men. To this the writer makes willing assent, but that will not reverse the judgment of the American people, nor lessen the offense of the negro leader. ✕

Again, the white race has prominent men to spare; if one drops out of place, another fills the breach so quickly that racial character never feels the least tremor. But not so with the negro race, whose prominent men are few, and when one disappears, the place goes blank for a generation, or longer.

Again, these recitals of Southern politics and politicians are meant to serve two purposes. First, to stand as an index to a great deal of the trouble which the negroes of the South have had, are having now, and will have for years to come.

Second, it may serve as a guide and friendly warning to the new school of young, negro, political aspirants, and, if in the evolution of human events, the wheel of fortune brings the negro to the top again, he will know better how to keep his footing.

From 1874 to 1876, the local politician became so desperately sanguine of reaching the top, that a claim and title to the second place on the national ticket, or at least a place in the cabinet, was seriously discussed.

But those who had sense enough to see the political trend of twenty-four hours ahead of every-day life, certainly saw an inevitable limit already well defined. The growth of negro politics and politicians was too quick, because anything of speedy growth means early death.

The mushroom, which matures in a single night, begins to die at sunrise next day. A rapid, high flight without swaying power, means a destructive, hard fall. In less than a dozen years, the negro politicians had won, lost and disappeared.

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And when it was all over, and the great, political cal-dron had cooled down to normal, the negro found himself without friends, bread or credit. For the laborers of the massive Black Belt of the South to face such a positive reality at the end of the crop season leaves them to a choice among three, desperate alternatives—starvation, theft, or going into the hands of the enemy at his own dictation.

They chose the last of the three propositions, and when they realized the unlimited power of the iron-clad mortgage by which they were bound, they cried out against the white man's oppression.

But the white man, like any other man of good business sense, generally goes hunting for the fool who has got something valuable, but with not enough sense to keep it.

At one time the negro held command of the open door to all that goes to make a people independent and happy. At the close of the war and for several years after, the negroes might have bought two-thirds of the South's finest land for a mere exchange of labor for land or a small cash payment.

This brings up a thought of which the general public may not be cognizant. The writer frequently has heard it said by public speakers and private individuals, that the negroes came out of slavery in a condition of extreme poverty. One eminent colored bishop said "They came out of slavery too poor to own a name; they had to borrow names from their masters." The expression was a nice piece of original wit, but by no means did it give the true picture of the negro's financial status. If the truth were known as it really was with the master and slave, the latter's condition was more easy and independent than the former's. A very large majority of ex-slaves who had been cunning and industrious came out of bondage with handsome sums of money, some of which had passed down through one or two generations.

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To buy one's self and family before the Civil War it was an every-day occurrence well-known to those familiar with the history of those days. The writer has gone over the ground and has given thirty-two years of careful research to obtaining reliable data relative to what was true of the old South and to what is true in the new.

It will be within the safe bounds of truth to say that the emancipated negro started on his new career of freedom with more ready cash in hand than a majority of their former owners.

The industrious, frugal slave had several ways to make money. First, they always had, or, at least, could have, an individual "truck patch," which they cultivated at odd times. Again, each slave had his own task to perform, and was paid for all overtime. Another source was to steal—no, not steal, but rather *take*—eggs, chickens, hogs, corn, cotton, etc., and sell them to merchants who would buy at reduced prices and keep the secret between him and the slave. In this and other ways, a large majority of ex-slaves were well prepared to have bought tens of thousands of acres of the South's finest lands.

From 1866 to 1870, rich bottom lands, with a soil from ten to twenty feet in depth, could have been bought at prices varying from fifty cents to two dollars and a half per acre, on which the negroes of to-day are paying from four dollars and a half to eight dollars rent per acre by the year.

Now let us see what a thousand acres of land brings to the owner at an average of but five dollars per acre as rent, for fifty years, an average life-time. It runs up to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in the gross. Taking into account the stock law, which obviates fencing, and the inexhaustible soil, that needs no fertilizing, leaves only a state tax to be deducted, which is so little, that there is but a small difference between the gross and the net rental profit.

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But the planter with but a thousand acres is but second rate; from ten thousand to twenty thousand acres make a reputable planter. The negro's best opportunity to become land owners in desirable localities has passed never to return.

The writer has interrogated a great number of ex-slaves who seemed to have made such little, or no tangible use of the money accumulated in slavery. The reason the majority of them give is about the same. That they had saved the money to buy their freedom, but when freedom came for nothing, their interest in money was partially lost, and the money went for foolish things.

A few miles from where this article is being written, there lives an old ex-slave and his wife, whose ages are somewhere between the seventies and eighties. These old people live as mean and destitute as it is possible for human beings to live. The old floorless and almost roofless log hut, would not make a decent hog pen.

The old people and the writer have been friends for more than twenty years. The old man is undoubtedly the most sharp and cunning negro in the state. While at the old people's hut one night, as the writer rose to leave, the old man said, "Wait a minute, I want to show you something." He got down on his knees, scratched away the dirt from under the wall, or logs, and drew from the earth an old-fashioned, silver, two-quart tea kettle. He raised the lid and said, "Look in." The writer was amazed to see the vessel full of gold pieces, which the old man said had come through three generations, for the specific purpose of buying, first, the freedom of his grandfather—but his master would not sell him. Then it passed into his father's hands, whom his master sold into another state, and he had no chance of carrying his treasure with him. Then it fell to the son, the present owner, whose freedom came through emancipation soon after he

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came into possession of the money, to which he has steadily added.

"Why in the name of God do you not establish a comfortable home?" said the writer.

"I would," said the old man, "but let me tell you," continued he, "these white folks are going to sure put the niggers back into slavery; I want the money to buy my—and the old woman's freedom."

The writer argued with him, then and often since, to convince him of the impossibility of such a thing, but he remains hopelessly insane in his belief, and the several thousand dollars rest secure in a hole in the dirt floor of his cabin, while the two old people subsist on corn bread, coons, opossums, and even rattlesnakes. Of course, there are great numbers of ex-slaves who have put their money to good use and to-day are independent. There are twenty-seven in this county and city well-known to the writer, whose start in freedom was begun on money made and saved in slavery. There are great numbers of such cases in all the Southern states, to attest the truthfulness of our statement. We know several of those well-to-do negroes, who are now supporting their old masters and mistresses, who never overcame the misfortune of the Civil War, and, but for the faithful ex-slave, would end life in the county poor house.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE SKULL AND CROSS BONES.

No sooner had the rebellious states been reconstructed, and the white man restored to citizenship, than he bent his whole effort to the work of freeing himself from what was then known as the negro domination.

Certainly no people in any age of the world ever resorted to more cruel and desperate means than did these people.

Not only negroes but men of their own color and nationality suffered alike for like offences, especially those from the North whose sympathies were with the negro.

As strange as it may seem to those not conversant with the facts, fully ninety-five times out of a hundred, when negroes were beaten or killed, they had been betrayed by some sneaking, tell-tale, deceitful negro.

In every political meeting, every secret caucus, conference in secret orders, or even a social gathering, there was always a sneak, a white man's watch dog, who carried them every word that was said, with the addition of a thousand lies.

Said Maudelle to the writer, "True friends have repeatedly warned me of the danger of talking too freely among all classes of negroes. Yet I gave no credence to such advice, because I was of the opinion, that on account of their long suffering together, and now that a more unrelenting punishment had returned upon them, they would be driven together in one compact body into which treachery could not enter."

I could not believe that the negro could be less humane or, at least, less sympathetic than the common, soulless

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animal. I have seen the indolent, stupid hog, with mouth agape, rush on to the rescue of one of its kind, when it squealed for help. I certainly expected this much, or more, from the negro whom I came to help. But in this I was sadly mistaken and humiliated, when I found myself confronted by enemies, to whom I had to answer."

This chapter will embrace records of some of the most cool, deliberate, bloody scenes that ever blackened the pages of American history, before or since. The writer will mention only such cases as he knows to be absolutely true, many of which were from personal observation of the victims and places after the crimes were committed. He will withhold names of states and places where these murders occurred, in order to protect the state and its better class of citizens who were not in sympathy with mob violence.

The writer will give the first or last name of the victim, the one by which he was known in his neighborhood, so that should this book fall into the hands of those cognizant of the facts, they can attest the truthfulness of the statements.

A city located on the banks of the Mississippi River, has in it a spot stained by the blood of an innocent young man, who was known to his friends as Boaz. He came from St. Louis, Mo., to take the management of a department store which was owned by two negro planters.

Boaz became very popular among the colored people. He was a fine scholar and also a man of pleasing address. He was honest and upright himself, and took others to be the same, thus he was outspoken on all occasions, and asserted his political convictions without reserve. The whites hated him for his radical republican principles, and the local negro politicians were jealous of his influence with the prominent white and colored politicians of the state.

It was agreed between the low class of whites and a low, unprincipled negro, that Boaz must be sacrificed to the

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demon of prejudice and jealousy. The plans were perfected, the night chosen, the assassins assigned and the place selected for the bloody deed.

Between ten and eleven o'clock at night, Boaz had closed his place of business and walked leisurely to his boarding house. When within a few steps of the gate his name was called. He stopped, answered, as the report of a gun startled the neighbors. Boaz cried out, "My God! gentlemen, what have I done that you should kill me?" He was taken into the house and placed on the bed. Just then the negro whom everyone suspected as the traitor came hurriedly into the house, feigning sorrow and surprise. The facts were well known afterwards, that the negro came in especially to see whether or not the shot was fatal. When he saw the victim dying, he left the house and reported to the mob, whose footsteps were heard in the yard, and who immediately retired after the negro went out. It was the intention of the mob to rush into the house and finish the work of death, if the victim showed any signs of recovery.

He died in the arms of the woman to whom he was engaged to be married in a few months.

On the opposite side of the Mississippi River, in another state, several miles north of the town in which Boaz was killed, another negro lost his life while delivering a speech.

This victim was a negro lawyer from the North, whose surname was Wynn. He was a polished, educated man of ability. The state was under Republican administration at the time, who were pushing a project to build a railroad in the state. A public meeting had been called, at which ways, means and the feasibility of the undertaking of the work were discussed. The Democrats were bitterly opposed to the movement, owing to the taxation and the state bond feature. Several had made speeches pro and con. Wynn was in favor of the road, and in his speech made some allusion to the Democrats, as a slow-going,

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non-progressive party, whose ox teams were more in keeping with their progress than steam cars.

This speech so incensed the whites, that Wynn was attacked by two of the whites, (Sanders brothers), who stabbed Wynn in the neck with a pocket knife. He fell dead in his tracks.

The two assassins were jailed to await trial. A few days afterwards, at midday, a hundred masked negroes rode into town, demanded the jail keys, took the men out, tied them and shot them to death, and rode off as quietly as they had come. Of course, investigation was had, but nothing definite developed at the time. But several years after the white men were mobbed, and the administration of the state had changed, the case was re-opened, and dragged slowly through several terms of court, and would have worn itself out and been lost sight of, but for a negro accomplice who betrayed his associates for a small consideration.

In the same state, in an inland town, sixty miles from the other tragic scene, and just one quarter of a mile from where the writer was teaching school, another tragedy occurred.

This victim was a white man from the North, who was very active in organizing "Loyal League Clubs."

On several occasions he was warned to leave the state in a given time, to which he gave no special attention. The last threat was a coffin placed on his doorstep, on which were painted a skull and cross bones, and the time limit of twenty-four hours to leave.

On the next night, he went before one of the clubs and denounced the whites in the most bitter terms, and appealed to the negroes to arm themselves and be ready to resist to the last drop of blood any attack of the Ku Klux.

The negroes indorsed all that he said. A number of the negroes were assigned to guard the house of their white

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leader, and to shoot down the first man who approached the house in the disguise of a Ku Klux. But unfortunately for the man, the negro watch dog was there, in the guise of a friend, and so well covered under his base, cowardly deception, that he was known only to God.

A few hundred yards from the log hut in which they held meetings a mob of fifty or sixty armed men were secreted in the woods, to whom the negro traitor reported all that was said. The mob surrounded the hut, broke down the door, and captured a number of negroes, whom they beat severely. The white leader and one of the most prominent negro officers of the club were bound together with ropes, face to face, and a dozen or more bullets were shot through both bodies. The next morning they were found lying on the ground as they fell, and on them was pinned a paper containing these words, "This is the way we propose to treat all d— nigger-loving white men."

The last name of the white man was Dollar, that of the colored, Dyne.

Seventeen miles from this scene, and in the same state, in a small town, was the scene of another tragedy, in which the writer came within a line of being one of the principal sufferers.

A public meeting was being held in the town, preparatory to an election of town and county officers. The speeches made for favorite candidates were fierce and sharp. Each opponent and his friends brought forward every phase of one another's history, from childhood up, and woe unto him whose life could not stand the test of honesty, sobriety and fair dealing.

The negroes had centered on a white man for sheriff, who was running as an independent candidate, and the general rule of the Democrats was to oppose whomever the negroes endorsed, regardless of his standing. A gentleman with a proud history of Confederate Civil War fame

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honored with the title of colonel, made a speech at the public meeting, replete with intense hatred for the negroes and their candidate, one paragraph of which we shall reproduce. Said he, "The white man who is low enough to run over the county and solicit negro votes, does not deserve an office nor the respect of decent white people. I would starve to death, and go to h— before I would have it said that niggers put me in office. God never intended a nigger to vote, nor be voted for. His place is among the mules and oxen, because he is nothing but a two-legged brute, without soul or reason."

There went up a tremendous shout as an approval of what the colonel said in reference to negroes. The candidate rose and defended himself in a very neat little fifteen minutes' speech, but seemed to be at a loss what to say in defense of the negroes, or it appeared so to the writer, he was brought into a dilemma, where a choice had to be made between that of sacrificing the negroes' or the colonel's friendship. Thus the negro was offered upon the altar of peace.

The writer was then called for, to make a speech, as a kind of go-between.

But we shall not impose upon the reader with any more of the speech than the part referring to the colonel's assertion, that a negro had no "soul or reason."

Said the writer, at the close of a thirty minutes' speech, "Colonel ——— has stepped upon dangerous ground, and unless his feet are stayed upon the authority of God and a clear conscience, we shall see him go down. He arraigns the negro before you as a brute without a soul. I understand that this state has a law which prohibits a man from cohabitating with a brute, which is a penitentiary offence.

"This being true, I condemn Colonel ——— as being a gross violater of that law and claim that he should be in

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prison at hard labor, for it is known by everyone present that he has cohabited with a negro woman for more than twenty years, by whom he has fathered three children, Mary, John and David, whom you all know as well as I do."

The building shook with wild applause. The colonel sprang to his feet with a drawn pistol, cursing and ranting, and, no doubt, would have shot the writer, but for the display of a large number of pistols, by friends of the writer, holding him at bay.

His friends got around him and held a close caucus for a few minutes; some plan was agreed on which seemed to satisfy the colonel for the time. The writer was advised by friends not to stay in town that night.

As the sun crept slowly down behind the tall swamp trees, which cast their long, lank shadows across the road and away out into the clearing, like ragged, black patches on the earth, and the evening began to put on its dark shroud of mourning, and while the town folk were at supper, the writer made that his chance to get out of town unobserved.

He ordered his horse, mounted it and loped away homeward. A quarter of a mile from town, and before entering the thick woods, the horse stopped as abruptly as though encountering a stone wall. He threw his ears forward, blew, pawed the earth, wheeled about and ran back to town—stopped, looked back and blew a long, wild blast.

The writer turned and went back. The horse did the same thing three or four times. All the coaxing did no good. He would stop, tremble, and raise his foot, as though trying to force himself to obey, then, as though something started at him, he would wheel, blow, and run for life.

It was not yet dark. The road was broad and open, without stump or bush to deceive the animal. Three other friends were on their horses and ready to start home in another direction. They had noted the action of my

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horse and put their version on it in this way, that the horse saw an apparition, and it was a warning to me of danger. These friends decided to go my way, although it would throw them fully twenty miles out of their way.

Each man had his big, navy six-shooter, which they took from their cases and carried in their hands, ready for action. I rode a few paces in front, and expected the horse to repeat his behavior, but nothing of the kind happened. A quarter of a mile into the swamp, as we turned a bend in the road, which led down a hill and which brought the horses to a walk in descending, behind a clump of wild grapevines, stood Colonel——— and three others with guns. But on seeing themselves evenly matched, the Colonel could do nothing but curse the writer with the foulest language that ever escaped human lips, and ended with the threat, "I will get you yet as sure as h—."

Between twelve and one o'clock that night, from a negro hut in the edge of the same town, a cry of death broke the hush of the night, while a negro was hurled into eternity. by a mob for the offense of opposing the same men in the election. The body of the negro was left lying in the public street, where the hogs stripped the bones of its flesh by the next morning.

At no time in the history of the South was there such restless, intense excitement among negroes, as there was between 1875 and 1877, in one particular state especially.

This period was known as the Kansas Exodus. More properly it should have taken its name from the state in which the uprising and movement to Kansas was organized. However, in order to protect the people of the state, we will withhold the name of the state, because of some atrocious, bloody scenes to be uncovered, such as may seem to be incredible, yet they are absolutely true; and names, places and data can be given, as the writer went into the state at

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the time, especially to take note of the disturbance. We do not intend to mention any of the hundreds of cases reported to us by Maudelle and others, but only those which came in some way under our personal observation.

The great movement westward by the negroes was brought on by the whites, who seemed to feel justified in resorting to the most inhuman cruelty, to throw off what was known as negro domination.

Although they had assumed control of the state's affairs, yet they seemed to feel insecure in their position, as long as the negroes had the free use of the ballot. It was not enough to surround voting places with shot guns on election occasions, but tens of thousands of negroes were forced to vote the Democratic ticket, under penalty of speedy death to those who made any protest.

The whites had a well-organized system, with committees appointed for every district in the black belt of the state. Each committeeman was furnished with a blank book, in which the name of every voting negro was inserted, with obligations which bound the negro to vote the Democratic ticket, without a scratch.

Those who subscribed to the obligations made a mark (x) or wrote his name opposite his name in the book. He was a "good nigger", and should be allowed to live, but the one who refused to sign, was doomed to die, and through his name a black line was drawn.

In one of the inland towns of the state of perhaps fifteen hundred souls, was the slaughter pen of many negroes, three scenes of which we will portray just as we knew them to be.

In the outer limits of the town, there stood a neat little cottage, facing, and perhaps thirty feet from the main or center street, leading to and from the town. The month was May, the year 1877, the day of the week, Sunday, the hour, eleven thirty at night.

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The writer, two ladies and a gentleman, sat on the front gallery, shaded by a prolific growth of morning glories and honeysuckle, which protected us from the brilliant rays of the moon, that poured down from a cloudless sky, as well as shielded us from the view of those passing.

We heard a dull, thudding noise approaching nearer and more distinct, until we felt the vibrations of the steady tramp of horses, only a hundred yards away. No one of us asked the other what it was, nor did anyone of the party dare to go to the street to see the cause, but sat motionless and scarcely breathing. We soon recognized it as the tramping of a hundred or more horses draped in black shrouds, which hung within a few inches of the ground and left no part of the horse exposed except the eye, which looked through the headpiece of the shroud. The riders were also covered with the hideous gearing of disguise.

Between the two horsemen who led the way was a man, about whose neck a rope was tied, the two ends of which were held by the two horsemen on each side of him. The man had nothing on but his drawers and undershirt, and his hands were tied behind him, which threw his body into a stooping position, as he walked on without a word or a moan.

We knew what it meant, and when the murderous mob had passed, men and women gave themselves up to tears and prayers for the poor victim. "That," said the man, "is brother Bell. He was threatened a week ago with death unless he should call the negroes together and advise them to vote and act with the white people. But he told them, he would rather go to God with the truth than save his life with a lie. Brother Bell said in his sermon this afternoon, that he felt sure he was preaching his own funeral. It was the most powerful sermon I ever heard him preach."

A half mile from town, in the edge of the swamp, the mob halted, dismounted, and prepared to execute the

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victim. Bell was given five minutes to pray. He prayed, not for himself—that had been done before—but he prayed for his murderers and for his people, who, he said, many would be brought to end their lives in the same manner.

One of the white men present told this story a year afterward. Said he, "The prayer made by Bell was so unselfish, so touching and earnest, that the leaves on the ground began creeping under our feet like things of life. I begged for Bell's life to be spared, but in vain. Then I said, 'men, I for one shall have nothing to do with killing this man.' Then I walked away, mounted my horse, and went home."

For forty-eight hours, the body hung by the neck in a state of decomposition, until one of the rich planters, ordered negroes to take it down.

Two weeks after that, one of the murderers who lived on the bank of the river in the neighborhood, was attacked with swamp fever, and at its crisis, leaped from his bed and ran to the river, crying "Go away, Bell, don't kill me." He plunged into the river, was drowned, and the body never was found.

The negro who had dogged Bell from day to day, and reported every word to the enemy, got drunk to hush his conscience, lay down on the roadside, and was torn and nearly eaten up by hogs, so that he lived and suffered twelve hours, and in the meantime made full confession of all his treachery toward Bell.

Two days after Bell was hung, another prominent negro, whose last name was Hill, met his death in a horrible manner. Hill was a prominent man of extensive influence among his people. He was a barber by trade, and had established a business especially for whites. His residence was in the thickly-settled part of the town, and he had appropriated the front room for his shop. The front gallery, gained by two steps, lay along the sidewalk, with no space or yard between.

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Hill had been waited upon by the committee, who insisted on his signing the political class book. "Gentlemen," said Hill, "you have known me from childhood, you know my political faith, and, were I to sign my name and promise to vote your ticket, it would be a lie. However, I will do this, not vote any ticket, nor will I advise anyone to vote against you."

"This will not do," said the committee, "you have great influence among the niggers, and they will follow your example. You must come out and vote and work with us."

"I cannot do that, gentlemen," said Hill.

"Then, by G—! you will be a dead nigger before you know it." They walked off smarting under the repulse.

Two days after that, about four o'clock in the afternoon, Hill was sitting on the front gallery of his shop. He saw two men coming down the street toward him with guns on their shoulders, game pouches, and with dogs following them, which gave them the appearance of hunters and kept them from attracting any particular attention. When they came opposite Hill, they stopped, faced him, and, without a word, poured two loads of shot into his body, and walked on without showing the least excitement or concern. Hill's wife and mother heard the shots and the outcry of Hill, "O God! I am killed," said he. They lifted him in their arms, took him into the house, laid him on the bed, and his wife ran out to hunt a doctor. As she was passing the two assassins they stopped her.

"Where are you going?" said they.

"For a doctor for my husband," she answered.

"Isn't that nigger dead?" said they, at the same time wheeling about with an oath. "We will doctor him." Hill's wife ran back, knelt in the door, and prayed to the assassins not to do him any further injury. They kicked her aside, entered the bed-room, threw Hill's mother away

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from the wounded man's bed, placed a gun at his head and tore the head away from the body, bespattering the walls with blood and brains.

The writer and a great number of others visited the house the next day.

It may appear to the reader that it was rather dangerous to go to those scenes of murder, but that was just the thing the whites wanted the negroes to do, in order to strike them with a panic and cower them into servile submission. Thus negroes were told to go to see how bad niggers were treated.

On the same day Hill was killed, in the middle of the night, four negroes were hanged to one limb of a tree in the courthouse yard. It was said their offense was breaking into a store, but no definite information could be had, so we will not attempt the recital of a tragedy, that is uncertain in its facts.

On several occasions, the writer was spied by the negro watch dog, but he understood their treachery and was always on guard. "He was a doctor, a specialist," and that is all they got. Yet whenever public inquiry became too frequent, he generally moved on.

Forty-eight hours after the assassination of Hill, the writer had gone twenty-two miles from that town to the country, where excitement had been raised to white heat. A great many negroes had been severely beaten, while several were killed and hundreds of others were hiding in the swamps as a means of safety.

There was a trustworthy man who went with the writer on this occasion.

We stopped at a little hut on the banks of the Red River. The proprietor of the hut was a sharp, cunning, old negro, seventy-five or eighty years old. He always spoke in an undertone and his voice dropped to mere whispers, while his little, weasen eyes, were continually sweeping

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around the room, and he would very often go to the door and peer out into the darkness, as though expecting an attack.

No attorney-at-law was ever more astute in squeezing a witness for information than was that old man in his effort to pump us dry of every thought which had any bearing on the political rupture between the two races. But to our advantage we had read Shakespeare, and had profited by the character in Richard III., who was sent as a messenger to lie, and was particularly cautioned not to overdo the thing.

In his effort to impress us with his trustworthiness and fidelity to his race, the old negro uncovered himself, and put us on guard. (Williams was his name).

It was long after twelve o'clock that night before we took the bed assigned to us in one corner of the same room in which the old man slept, and even then we kept a vigilant eye on him during the night. In fact, the writer never put in a more restless night, owing to his close proximity to a big snake, which he had seen let itself down from the roof of the hut, and drink from a water bucket, which sat on a shelf attached to the hut. The writer cried, "Snake, snake!" It drew itself up into the old, rotten stave roof, and stayed there secure. To the writer a tiger would have been more welcome than that nasty, greasy-looking, wriggling snake.

At break of day, the old man was up and out somewhere, and we were up also and ready to be off. But before we got away, a vicious-looking white man, riding a very large horse, appeared at the gate, kicked it open, rode up within three feet of the writer, drew a navy six, flourished it over his head, and cried out, "By G—! I want you to leave here forthwith, right away." His manner of putting his command, "forthwith, right away," evoked a smile from the writer, although in the face of imminent death. No doubt

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the man would have shot the writer, but for the fact there were two of us to deal with, and the writer's friend was less than a dozen feet off, sitting within reach of a shot gun. The man wheeled about, and galloped off, threatening something we did not distinctly hear, yet we knew the meaning, which was to bring reinforcement. We hurriedly put our horse to the buggy and made off in a direction opposite to that which we had told the old negro, the night before, we were going.

We were told by persons who had also suffered, that the old negro was the most cold-blooded and treacherous man in that neighborhood, and that the white man's father had been killed some time before, in the tracks where his son stood on the morning he came to kill us, and, strange to say, it was exactly for the same offence stopping over night at the negro's hut, which was on the white man's plantation.

To give the reader another idea of the feeling of the whites against the blacks, I will relate the following incident:—

On the same afternoon that we reached the hut of Williams, the writer went down to the river, where wood was being hauled and corded on the bank, to be sold to managers of the steamboats which traversed the river. The day was extremely hot. Among the several teams one was a ox team. It is the nature of a thirsty ox to have water at any cost, when he sees it.

The man who drove the team, sat upon his load of wood, flourishing a long whip, talking to, and calling each ox by name, to which they responded by swaying right and left and quickening their steps. The team was slowly but surely, drawing a cord of wood, while their frothy tongues hung from their open mouths, and their flabby sides rose and fell like a smith's bellows.

When the river was reached and they caught sight of the water, they dashed down the embankment to the river,

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which stood twenty-five or thirty feet, almost perpendicular, above the water. Oxen, wagon, wood and driver plunged into the river and all disappeared for several seconds. Then the wood rose to the surface, and floated down stream. Next the oxen came up and struck out, swimming for the opposite shore, dragging the submerged wagon. Then the driver rose from the eddying water, wailing for help. The other negro teamsters made a dash to his rescue, but the white boss stopped them with this cold, heartless remark: "Attend to your work. If the damn nigger cannot save, himself, let him go to hell." The man sank, and in a minute more, further down the river, was seen only his hand rising above the surface of the water, and clutching rapidly and violently at nothing—it slowly sank and never was seen again.

Our next stopping place lay forty-five miles east of the Red River, on what was known as the Jones Plantation—we mention the name because of its little scrap of history. Our travel was rather slow owing to the Red River bottom mud, for a dozen or more miles. Then came the steep hills and sand, after we left the bottom, until we dropped again to the level bottom lands of the river, whose name is withheld for the reason it would give the reader our geographical status, and thus we would unintentionally damage the name of the state.

Of the forty-five miles, only thirty had been covered, when the sun left us in the swamp. Having long before learned to accommodate ourselves to circumstances, we turned off the road, drove a mile or more into the swamp, selected a dry place, raked up a big, circular, bank of leaves, fifty or more feet in diameter, put the horse, buggy, etc., inside the circle, fed the horse, ate our lunch, and raked up leaves for our bed. With our double-barreled shot gun heavily charged with buck shot, and a box of matches, and the gun between us, we lay down. Perhaps the reader will

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ask why such preparations? We have anticipated the question, and will give the answer for the benefit of anyone who may be caught out under similar circumstances.

The swamp was infested with bears, wolves, wild cats, and catamounts. Should these animals come to attack us, the horse would blow violently, which would wake us. The circle of leaves would be fired, and we would shoot from the center, as wild animals will not come too near fire, we would be comparatively safe in our leafy fortification.

Sure enough, late in the night, the horse gave a violent blow, we rose, lit a fat pine faggot, which my friend held above his head, while I, gun in hand, peered out into the darkness for eyes of wild animals, which a light will reflect.

We swept around and around the circle and saw nothing, but distinctly heard a walking through the leaves. We cried, "Halt! if you value your life." We said this for fear it might be some person merely passing that way. The thing stopped for a minute only, and then came forward. I raised the gun, my friend cried again, "Halt!" It came on toward us. I sent a load of buckshot in its direction. A hog squealed, and we heard a violent kicking in the leaves, and we knew but too well that the ever present hog was done for. Nothing more disturbed us that night, except spiders, bugs and toads, which insisted on creeping over us, object as we might.

Next morning we rose early, fed, lunched, harnessed up and set out to make the fifteen miles, the balance of the forty-five to the Jones Plantation. The road was hard and level, and while the morning was cool, our horse wheeled us along at a brisk gate, without seeming effort. By ten o'clock we had reached the front, or South boundary of the plantation, but still five miles from our destination. Those who never saw a large, Southern plantation, might be excused

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for calling it a town owned by one man. Such was the great house and out-buildings of the Jones estate, but now abandoned for the past ten or twelve years.

The plantation comprised thirty-five thousand acres, which is said to have carried a working force of a thousand or more men and women. While I cannot vouch for that statement, the stables, negro quarters, corn cribs, cotton gins, old plows and vast number of farm-implements seem to warrant the belief.

The great house, or Jones residence, sat back from the main road at the rear end of a ten-acre lawn shaded by very large water oaks, which stood as sentinels on each side of a roadway with interlocked branches, twenty-five or thirty feet overhead.

The house was a two-story building, but from a distance had the appearance of but one, owing to the flat roof and the wide extent of ground it covered. A twenty-foot hall ran all the way through the center of the first floor, which divided it into two parts.

The hall joined flush with a back gallery only half so wide, and which ran along parallel with three one-story spacious rooms, perhaps dining, sitting and nursery rooms. This gallery butted against a kitchen, which formed an ell to the three rooms.

The ornamentation of the galleries and rooms showed that the owner had decidedly more money than artistic taste. Such of the wood carving and turned wood as could be seen through the wear and decay of time, was out of harmony with other embellishments of the rooms. The kitchen seemed to be treated as well as the parlors. The entire structure was fast falling into decay. The roof had caved in, allowing the rain to pour down through the floors and ceiling. The walls had fallen out of line and careened over, threatening to collapse. The openings had neither shutters nor sashes, which gave a free entrance

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and exit to bats and owls. Grass, weeds, briars, and vines had enveloped the first story and hung inside the openings.

The house had the reputation of being haunted, and we were warned not to enter it, but our mission was not to reckon with the dead, but rather the living, so we went in. The fact is, the mansion was much too gloomy and repulsive for the habitation of a decent spirit. In the second story front window, looking toward the main road, was a human skull, with a great number of bones (lower animal), suspended from the ceiling. Almost every night in the week lights burned in the rooms.

After going into the house we at once discovered the meaning of all this. It was the headquarters for the Ku Klux, and the bones, etc., were to strike terror into the negroes. We counted fifty-four slave quarters, which flanked the right and left, along the outer limits of the lawn, and bore away toward the main road, horse-hoe in form. Many of these huts had rotted and gone down in a pile, through which lizards and snakes gamboled. A whipping post was planted in the earth on one side of the lawn, at which a number of slaves had died under the lash, and near which a young master had been brained by a desperate slave who would not be whipped, so we were told by neighbors.

There was a great number of negro quarters and houses for overseers, and horse-power gins, sheds, stables, etc., at intervals of a mile or so on the plantation.

Two of the Jones sons were killed in the Civil War. The senior Jones and wife died soon after in New Orleans, and the last surviving daughter is insane in the same city.

We left the old mansion, and drove through the plantation, a distance of six miles from boundary to boundary, the shortest way. A quarter of a mile beyond the plantation, at the neat home of a prosperous farmer, was to be our

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stopping place for a week or more. Notwithstanding the neighborhood was wild with excitement, Mr. Davis, our proprietor, was at ease, from the fact that he was not antagonizing the whites, in any way, but rather fell in line with their notions as a means of self-preservation.

Taking into account his well-stocked farm, comfortable home and growing family of seven children, we rather think his choice was wise. But for this, however, he did not have the confidence of his people, nor share the respect of those negroes who either ran or struck back. It is not to be understood that Mr. Davis lent any influence to the cruel treatment of the negroes in his neighborhood or elsewhere, but on the other hand, he had often gone before the whites, sought and obtained mercy for negroes who were marked for punishment. A friend or stranger under the roof of Mr. Davis was always safe from molestation. This was a promise made by the whites and faithfully kept. The farm of Mr. Davis lay between the Jones plantation and a vast swamp broken every few miles by negro huts and a clearing of a few acres, on which was grown a little corn, cotton and tobacco, in all merely enough to keep a family of two or three from starving to death.

To the fate of one of these isolated families we shall now give space. After eleven o'clock at night, we were still up talking over the troublesome times. We were all startled by the rapid firing of guns, seemingly a half a mile back in the swamp. It was all over so quickly, we could not get the exact bearing. "Another negro sent into eternity," said Mr. Davis. Presently we saw light springing up and faintly coloring the tall cypress trees and steadily increasing until the swamp seemed to be red-hot for a quarter of a mile in diameter.

While we stood on the back gallery watching developments, we saw something white coming hurriedly through the field of green cotton toward the house. Whether it

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was a man, ghost or devil, no one could tell, and before we had time for much conjecture, the object was in the yard, on the gallery—we stepped aside—into the house and under the bed it went. By this time we had discovered it was a woman in a nightgown. Mrs. Davis held a light under the bed. “Mary Hunley, what is the matter?” said she. The poor thing frightened into nervous insanity, made no answer, but crouched the closer in the corner with the dread of death depicted upon her face.

She was the wife of a man whose last name was Hunley, and whose house was then on fire in the swamp. Hunley, like hundreds of others, had refused to sign the political class book; and that was the night of reckoning with Hunley and the Ku Klux.

He had been threatened and was on the lookout. Having served as a soldier in the Federal army in the late war, he knew how to prepare for an attack. He had already taken up planks in the floor, so as to have an opening for his wife to escape, should they come on him at night. He placed a large sheet-iron trunk on end in the centre of the room, opposite the door—the only one to the hut. The trunk was to serve as a breastwork. He charged his ‘double-barreled shot gun with heavy charges of buck shot and waited for the attack. One, two, three nights passed without trouble, but on the night mentioned, between eleven and twelve o’clock, a hundred or more men seemed to have come up out of the earth like seven-year locusts. Hunley and his wife crept out of bed, she in readiness to go through the floor and off, as soon as the mob gathered about the door. Hunley with the gun in his hand took his position behind the trunk. They came to the door, called and rapped on the door. Hunley answered, feigning to be half aroused. “Open the door,” said they.

“O, no; gentlemen, I am sleepy and tired; come in the morning,” said Hunley.

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At this they began to punch the door with poles. Mrs. Hunley went through the floor, crept from under the house and ran. When she was a hundred or more feet from the hut, they saw her and sent several loads of shot after her, wounding her slightly. Hence her coming to the house of Mr. Davis, as we have mentioned.

The door was battered down and several shots were fired into the room. One of the two children in bed was hit. It screamed. "Lord, have mercy!" said Hunley. Supposing he was wounded, the mob cried, "Come in, boys, we have got him." There was a rush to the door. Hunley opened both barrels of his gun in their faces, and four or five men fell dead. He sprang to the door, leaped out over the dead men, and was gone before the mob recovered from the surprise of the unexpected retaliation and repulse. Failing to kill the father, they set fire to the house and burned his two children, while they screamed for help.

The next morning the writer, his friend and Mr. Davis, went to the smoking ruins of Hunley's house, and with other friends gathered up the charred remains of the two children and buried them in the garden near by.

There were several other colored men mobbed in that district at this time and afterwards, but as we were not near enough to see any of the parties concerned and have to trust only to statements of others, we shall pass them.

We shall mention but one more case, which came almost directly under our observation, or, at least, enough of the details are known to us, to enable us to speak with truthfulness.

The victim in this case, whose last name was Sims, had an interesting history. Sims was the son of his master, was badly used, and grew up with a heart full of intense hatred for his father and white brothers and sisters. He had one half-brother, who was black. Sims was devoted to his mother, who was about the only friend he had in the

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world. He was put in the field to work at six years of age. He was made to go without hat or clothes, except a short tow shirt reaching to his knees; in this way his color, which was nearly white, was changed to a copper color. He seldom went a day without a beating from some one of the white family, and each chastisement added another and another revengeful curse in his heart against his tormentors. He swore by the God of heaven to strike back as soon as he had reached manhood. That time came in his twenty-second year. He had prepared himself for such an attack. With the assistance of his mother, he had saved four or five hundred dollars for the purpose of running away after retaliating, when it came to that. As "all things come to those who wait," the opportunity came to Sims.

His young master and half-brother, threatened to whip him for some trivial offense. Sims politely explained to him that he was a man; he had been beat and kicked about like a dog, and had given his service all his life for nothing; and if they regarded him as a brute, he was half human, at least, since he and the young master were sons of the same father. The young master went wild with anger, ran to the house and told his father. The two returned with ropes, whip and gun. Sims was ordered to cross his hands. He did so. But just as soon as they were in reach of him, he grabbed the gun, and, with a powerful swing, felled the young master to the ground, crushing his skull. He sprang upon the old man, threw him to the ground, gagged him, tied him hand and foot, went to the house took the blood hounds and made off.

The hounds protected him in two ways. First, it would be many hours before matters would come to light on the plantation. It would also be hours before other dogs could be secured and put on his track, which would give him a day's start. Second, his having the dogs and gun gave satisfactory coloring to the story he told those he met, that he was

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chasing a runaway negro. After he had safely crossed the Ohio River, and had proceeded some distance into Illinois, he sold the dogs for first-class fox hounds. He made his way to Canada, where he remained from 1855 to 1877, when he returned to his old home in search of his mother, who had died two years before. His brother still lived only a few miles from the old homestead, but had the reputation of being so mean and treacherous, that Sims did not make himself known to him. Sims' appearance had undergone such a vast change that no one knew him. He had not only educated himself and was polished, but twenty-two years in a cold climate had bleached him to almost pure white. He had also changed his name, and thus his identity was securely concealed.

Unfortunately, Sims took to politics, ran for office, and was elected sheriff. The whites resolved never to be arrested by a nigger sheriff. He gave them to understand, that the only way to avoid arrest was to commit no crime within his jurisdiction. Two months after his election, a negro was brought to court for the crime of arson. A mob gathered at the jail to lynch him. Sims and his deputies met the mob and warned them of their danger, should they attempt to break into the jail. They were held at bay for a while, and then with an impatient, mad rush they came on. Sims and his men opened fire. Three men were wounded. The mob retreated. The negro was given trial, convicted and sent to the penitentiary. Sims knew very well a worse end was yet to come to him, if the mob got the opportunity, thus he was kept continually on the lookout. Several weeks passed, however, without trouble, and Sims began to feel easy. One morning he found a coffin on his doorstep, with the usual sign of a skull and cross bones marked on it, and an inscription in these words: "Nigger, get up and get out of this state within twenty-four hours, or you will be a d— dead nigger."

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Sims split the coffin to pieces, and threw it into the road. He made preparations to meet the mob. He dug a trench from under his house, leading off thirty or forty feet, large enough to crawl through. He covered the trench with planks, which in turn he covered with earth and grass, so no sign of his underground passage appeared. It was his intention to fight the mob, until they set the house on fire, when he would go through the floor into the underground passage and come out thirty or forty feet from there, at the lower end of the trench. But, unfortunately, the treacherous negro watch dog had kept all his movements shadowed, and reported them to the leaders of the mob.

The second night after the notice, the mob appeared at his house, one hundred strong. They knew they had a fighter to deal with, so they proceeded with caution. They came to the gate and called, but got no response. They threw rocks against the door, but no answer came from the house. They doubted his being in the house, notwithstanding the negro traitor assured them, he had seen him go in, put out the light and never come out.

The negro led a dozen armed men to the exit of the trench, while others began breaking down the door. When it fell, Sims opened fire on the mob, with what effect was never known. He then made his way into the trench, and, as he emerged from its lower end, was shot down. The mob mounted their horses and rode off. When they were two or three hundred yards from the tragic scene, the negro suggested that it would be advisable for him to go back and see whether or not Sims was dead. Said he, "You know, gemmen, it takes lots o' shooten to kill a nigger." This said, he went back to where Sims lay on the ground dying. The negro flashed the light of the lantern in his face. Sims opened his eyes. "Ah! I thought so; dis will settle wid you," said the traitor, as he placed a navy six-shooter at the dying man's head.

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"Don't kill me, Bob; I am your brother Charlie," said Sims. "Look on my breast, and you will see a birthmark by which you will know me," continued he. Bob tore the shirt from the bosom of the dying man, and sure enough the familiar mark told him that they were the children of the same devoted mother, whose last breath on her death-bed was spent in prayer for the return of her absent boy.

Bob tenderly raised his gasping brother in his arms, and rent the midnight air with pitiful wailing.

Such were the suffering, wailing and reign of terror in that particular state, that at one time there were more than thirty thousand negro men, women and children huddled together, living in swamps and on the Mississippi River banks, waiting for boats bound up river. As fast as boats touched the landings, they were at once filled to their utmost carrying capacity with negroes escaping to Kansas. The state was being so rapidly depopulated of its laborers, that the white planters found it necessary to guard boat landings with shot guns, and to forbid captains taking negro passengers. But the cutting off of this outlet did not discourage the exodus; they left the river and swamps by thousands to tramp the hundreds of miles across the country. The whites followed them and inflicted upon them cruelties unsurpassed by savages.

The writer saw plantations comprising from five hundred to as many as a thousand or more acres of land without a laborer on them, except here and there one or two negro couples too old to travel, and of no service at home.

Further back in this chapter we had occasion to speak of the treachery to their race of a certain class of negroes. All we have said is true, and much more, for which we have no apology, but rather an explanation to make, which will take off the racial stigma, and place it where it more properly belongs.

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Treachery is not a natural characteristic of the negro, but it has been acquired under coercive methods, against which he had no means of redress. Black men, like white men, are made to fit their environments, and, struggle as they may, it is the lucky few who rise above them.

Sometimes it happens, that a strong swimmer may buffet the billows and make headway up stream, but ninety-eight out of a hundred will be swept to a common level. The slave's jurisdiction either in mind or action, circled within a radius of his master's will; thus he had the freedom neither of locomotion nor decision, except by delegation from his owner.

The owner of slaves took the advantage of anything and everything which promised to insure his human property for him, against the least chance of loss. This was done in several ways, one of which, and only one, we shall mention, especially because it leads directly to the cause of negro treachery.

On every plantation and in every household, there was one or more negro men or women trustees, whose business, it was to watch every movement of his fellow-bondsmen and to report everything he heard or saw that was irregular. He was the more prized for his sleek, secretive, crafty vigilance in his detective work, for which he was often requited with some special favor, if nothing else than "good nigger" and the negro, like a good dog, was willing to risk life and limb for a kind word, or sacrifice his fellows to please his master, and establish his own security from the lash. As a means of self-preservation, the slaves became keen, sly and cunning, in order to elude the eye of the traitor, thus the watched and watcher cultivated about the same characteristics, which have come down through ten generations without a break in the racial line of transmission. Could any fair-minded person or persons, expect anything other than racial disloyalty under such compulsory training?

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The negro by nature is the child of innocence, good-nature, open-hearted laughter and mirthfulness. He is hopeful, satisfied with a full meal at the close of each day, and willing to let tomorrow take care of itself, if it ever should come.

He is patient, sympathetic and generous, to his own ruin. During the Civil War, the negro hut sheltered many Confederate and Federal soldiers, with whom the last crust of bread was divided; then he guided them to safety, no one of them ever having been betrayed.

So it is evident, that treachery, deceit, lying, and other immoral traits in the negro's nature are products of slavery, and they have been bred, and fostered by his forced subjugation to the white man's will. Had the negro come here from a civilized, or even a semi-civilized country, with a mind and character as much as half trained, then better traits of character might have been expected. But as it is, he is all, and no more than a true prototype of the white man's will, and a defection of his civilization.

Coming from the wilds of Africa, as nature's children of absolute freedom, and being unwillingly pressed into service by the lash, the negro saw but one side of American civilization, as presented to him by his owner, and that side was greatly minimized, in order to weaken the mental power of the slave, and strengthen the authority of the master.

In this relation of the one to the other, the master was the negro's object and ideal of veneration, if not adoration, at times; he was the sole embodiment of all that was powerful, all that was wise and great. He owned all and had the best of everything to eat, drink and wear. His fine hair and color bespoke his near relation to God, as he claimed, and the negro could conceive of a God only as he was prefigured in the white man, somewhat exaggerated in size.

In the dreams, visions and spiritual travels of the ignorant negro, he always pictured God as a "great, big white man with long hair." A tale of this kind told in some of

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the backwoods churches was a sufficient guarantee of a spiritual change and an embrace of religion, to admit one to full membership in the church. On the other hand, the devil was pictured as a big misshapen, cloven-footed, red-eyed black man, inhabiting a deep pit, with black, smoky walls. Thus the negro's color seemed to give him kinship with the devil, and against his color he has set up a vigorous protest against God and nature, and is to-day using every suggested remedy to change it. Perhaps not exactly for the same reason did the slaves do it fifty years ago; it is not now to get away from slavery, but it is now to get away from its effects and present condition, which slavery created and to which the color assigns them.

But we are getting too far away from the principle on which we predicated our first proposition, that treachery was acquired by the environments of slavery. We assert that trustworthiness is really the basic principle of the negro's nature. This is made clear in the fact that hundreds of state convicts, known as trusties, who go where they please, night or day, on business for their keepers and themselves, return to prison and report for further duty. White men are never allowed such freedom, or, if they are, they do as did Noah's raven, never return. Thousands of white men who went to war, buried their money, and other valuables as a means of safety against confiscation. They did not take their overseers, wives, sons nor daughters with them to the place of concealment of their money in the earth, etc., but the old, trusty slave, and those two, and no others, knew the secret; and in no case did the negro betray the trust. If the master never came back alive, the treasure was handed over to the one, or ones, designated by the master. The writer knows of one case, where an old negro was slowly tortured by soldiers, who tried to make him tell where his master buried his money. But the old negro died under the torture, with the secret still in his faithful breast.

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But the negro could not do this for one of his own race, simply because faith and confidence in each other had never been developed. The schooling was exactly the reverse, it was suspicion and distrust; and one negro measured the others by his own standard of feeling, and also gaged every negro he ever heard of by his own condition and opportunity. It was impossible for the ignorant slave to believe that one of his race could know, under any circumstances, what his master knew, nor that he had any right to have the same comforts a white man had.

Hence the negro's nature has been warped, twisted and distorted, and, even now, with a good number of years this side of slavery, we see the growth of confidence in racial ability remarkably slow.

The negro doctors, lawyers, and men in business ventures are timidly patronized. Somehow one of the race does not feel safe in the hands of another, unless the professional man is vouched for by a white man. This is very unfortunate. A colored girl would sooner starve to death than hire out to nurse a colored child. The writer has lived in the South more than thirty years,* and has never seen a colored nurse care for a colored child. The colored mother, North or South, will not buy a colored doll for her little girl, it is always a white one or none at all. Thus the colored mother, and first teacher of the child, is unconsciously grafting in its nature a permanent dislike for its kind and color, and deeply implanting instead of a reverence for the color of the other race, it is a morbid hatred. Again, these impressions of the colored race are more than supplemented by the Sunday School papers and story books for small children, which come from the press of the whites, in which little Harry, Johnny, James, Mary, Myrtle, etc., who are made heroes and heroines of child-life perfection, are always white, which really means that there are no black children who are models of perfection.

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The cause of the disloyalty of negroes to each other might be discussed much further, but the conclusion would be the same—the cause and curse of slavery.

But the last thing, and by far the worst thing, which can be said of the effects of human bondage, is the habit of some low, depraved negroes speculating on the chastity of their women.

I know of cases where colored men have made it convenient to be away from home for the purpose of giving up their wives to satisfy the passion of some white man, to whom they were obligated for a favor. Also, there are a class of old, sneaking ex-slaves, negro men and women, who buy and sell the virtue and good name of every prepossessing colored girl within their reach, no matter how promising or prominent the girl may be, if she is wanted by a white man, an attempt will be made cunningly to entrap her, and offer her up to gratify brutal lust. If the better class of colored people would organize vigilant committees, or rise in one compact mass in a fearless crusade against these negro vultures, who are feasting on innocent, young negro virtue, and drive them from the community, it would raise the negro a thousand fold in the estimation and good opinion of the world.

The white man who negotiates to buy negro virtue for dollars and cents, is not one whit better than his negro agent, who consummates the trade. Both should be known and both exposed to public gaze, that the immoral white man may share the odium with the immoral black man.

CHAPTER XXXI.

GOD AND MYSELF.

WHILE the writer was actively engaged in one part of the South, investigating and collecting data, Maudelle was in another part establishing schools and furnishing them with appliances and teachers. She had learned enough and seen enough of the fatal effects of ignorance, to satisfy her that the only feasible way out of the negro's present condition was through the school text book.

Many thought the church could supply the want, but she contended that the schoolroom must supplement the efforts of the church. She knew that the negro could not be preached out of ignorance, prayed out of ignorance, frightened out of ignorance, nor mobbed out of ignorance, but he could, and must, think and work it out through books. But she knew also, there were many essential requisites necessary to secure an education, at least, three, among the many which could not be dispensed with, under any circumstances, where anything like promising results were expected. These elements are money, time and capacity of mind.

Philanthropists may, and often do, furnish the money, which makes it possible for one to have the time, but nature only can give the important mind functions. "Fortunately for the negro," said Maudelle, "he is mad-hungry for information. A school-building is no sooner completed, installed, and the doors thrown open, than it is filled with pupils panting for the start in the mental race.

The negro's insatiable thirst for books was the best evidence that he would give a respectable account of himself at some point along the line of negro thinkers.

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When ground, (twenty acres) had been bought, the plans had been matured, the contract let, and work begun on a large school building, in ———, the work was brought to a sudden stop by an unpleasant occurrence, whose facts are about as follows:—

In the month of April, on a quiet Sunday night, between eight and nine o'clock, while the church-going people were happy under the spiritual influence of their respective services, the tapping of alarm bells gave notice of fire. The streets soon filled with anxious people, straining their eyes to catch a glimpse of the fire. Horses, with their usual wild, mad dash were jerking along the fire engine and hose and ladder truck, whose wheels jumped, bounded and rebounded and flashed fire from their iron tires, as they spun away and disappeared in the darkness. Men and boys, who had caught sight of the fire and the spirit of the excitement, joined in the chase, many of whom were hatless, coatless, and shoeless, and some senseless. By this time there were signs of a big fire showing itself above the house-tops on, or near, the city limits. Those who had gone at the first alarm, were returning and spreading the sad news along their route of the burning of the N. C. Cotton Compress and Cotton Seed Oil Mill. The two plants belonged to and were managed by one firm. The cotton seed oil department was a new enterprise for the South, and was highly appreciated by the planters, owing to the lucrative market it created for their cotton seed. There were hundreds of tons of seed, hundreds of bales of cotton, thousands of gallons of oil, a great quantity of cotton seed meal hulls, etc., together with buildings and machinery, aggregating in value to nearly a half million dollars. The inflammable matter and the headway gained, before the engines arrived and began the fight, made the plant a total loss.

The origin, or cause, of the fire was the next information eagerly sought, and, by the next morning, was supposed

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to have been discovered. A week or ten days before, a negro lad of twenty years, or thereabout, had been discharged from the mill, and, not moving off of the premises as fast as the foreman desired, was severely kicked and roughly handled by that officer. As the boy left, he shouted out, "I will get even with you some day." The fire following so closely behind the threat seemed to establish the boy's guilt beyond a doubt, so much so, that further research or investigation for another cause was abandoned, and summary punishment for the boy was the only thing in the minds of an angry, excited populace. The boy was arrested and jailed to await the examination set for the next day. That he never would be brought to trial, was the general opinion of the colored people, but owing to the tone and temperament of the whites, which were excited and intensely aggravated by the political aggression of both national parties, the colored men of prominence were not in position to interfere.

Toward evening the town began to fill up with rough-looking men from the country, who stood about in small groups, earnestly discussing matters not known to the general public, yet no one, white or black, was so stupid as not to surmise what was being discussed. The colored people became alarmed and restless. When some friendly white man would suggest to the colored men that they should make an effort to save the boy, they invariably held up their hands and walked off.

As Maudelle had shown so much interest in the colored people of that and other states, she was appealed to for advice. It was now four o'clock in the afternoon, and whatever was to be done for the boy, had to be done quickly. Eighteen or twenty of the most trustworthy colored men were called together in a private room, and Maudelle met them.

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"Gentlemen," said Maudelle, "I have given my advice in good faith to your people several times before this, and I have been betrayed by those I was trying to help. What I have done for the colored people, or may do in the future, is not for any favor or even their gratitude, yet I do expect those I help to be reasonably honest, and, above all, true to themselves and their friends who make sacrifices for them.

"I am quite sure that the boy who is accused of arson has but few hours to live, unless some effectual work is done to save him. I want to explain my position, from which I will not vary a line. First, I must have proof positive that he is innocent, before I will in any way interfere. I will not condone the crime of a guilty person, neither should you, except so far as sympathy goes for one so unfortunately misguided.

"What have you to say in regard to his guilt or innocence?" Everyone present testified that the boy "Sam," as they called him, had been at work five miles from the city, since the day following his discharge from the mill, that he came directly from the country to the church night school, and was there from seven P. M. until long after the fire. These and other facts established Sam's innocence beyond all doubt.

A committee of five were appointed to wait upon the sheriff, lay the facts before him, and ask for protection until the boy could be brought to trial. The committee hurried off on their mission, while Maudelle and others waited impatiently for the officer's reply.

In less than an hour the committee returned with the information that the sheriff was so thoroughly convinced of the boy's guilt, that he gave no credence to the statement of the committee, but made use of the occasion to advise them thus:—said he, "The best thing for you niggers to do, is to behave yourselves. You can't fight the white people of this country, but, if you choose to take the advice of your

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Yankee friends, go ahead and try it. This is a white man's country, and niggers must keep in their place, if they expect to live here."

After giving close attention to the report of the committee, Maudelle said, "What have you to suggest as the next best step?"

No one made reply.

"Will you let that innocent boy be dragged to the woods and slaughtered like an ox, without, at least, making an effort to save him?" said she.

No one answered.

"I have a plan," said she, "a daring, desperate, and perhaps, dangerous plan, but it happens sometimes that the more reckless and daring one is, the less danger there is to life, because, if the aggressor shows an insane, careless disregard for his own life, when earnestly bent on a hazardous duty, it strikes the enemy with such amazement, he is disarmed for the time. Or, in other words, the enemy seems to be hypnotized and rigidly transfixed in his tracks by the sudden stroke of the unexpected. I have in mind such a plan, which will require courage and quick work. How many men are there here who will follow me and stand at their post regardless of the outcome?" She rose to her feet and continuing, said, "Are there ten men who will take a firm stand with me to save that innocent boy?" Everything was silent. "Are there five brave men among these twenty?" No answer came. "Are there two?" Still no answer from those strong, sturdy negroes, whose eyes stared upon the floor with a keen sense of shame, which did not dare to meet the earnest, flashing eyes of Maudelle. "Is there but one man among you, who will take his stand with me?" said she, in a voice tremulous with rebuke. No answer came. "Then go home," said she, "go home and to bed, for your silence sanctions the murder of your innocent brother, so far as you are concerned.

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"Away men, to your places of safety, while I, with God and myself, will at least attempt the rescue of an innocent soul." This said, she left the room.

It was now after sundown and getting dark. Men were hurrying about the streets with hats drawn down low over their faces. They met one another, whispered, nodded their heads meaningly and passed on. The places of business began closing much earlier than usual. Women and children were off the streets and were shut indoors for the night, while the town seemed to be abandoned to hundreds of grim, strange faces, on which murder was indelibly stamped.

Within the next hour, Maudelle was seen in close conversation with Col. Nelson, at his home, just out of the city limits. The plans, etc., explained by Maudelle are not fully known, but the outcome, at least, is suggestive. As the colonel rose to his feet, he was heard to say, "Little woman, I must acknowledge, that with my four years' service and experience in the army, your proposition is the most daring I have ever known. Yet I am going to stand by you, and, if you fail and the emergency comes, I will strike the blow of my life in your defence. Of course you will not know me from the others, when you come, but my life for it, I will be there and near you," said he, as he stepped out on the gallery and called Uncle Ben, the faithful, old ex-slave, who had been fifty years in the Nelson family. The colonel ordered his horse. "Miss Morroe," said he, "I will be back in thirty minutes." He leaped into the saddle and rode off.

He returned exactly to the minute, gave Maudelle a package and said, "You have thirty-five minutes to dress and be at the pike. Remember, don't fall in behind them too quick, keep at least a half a mile between you and them. If you should be detected and have to retreat, just give the reins to Bettie, and tell her what you want, and I assure you, with but her length's start, there is no horse in the state

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that can overtake her. I have given Uncle Ben orders what to do, he is as prompt as clockwork, and everything will be ready for you to the minute. Good night, God be with you." This said, the colonel mounted his horse and galloped away toward town.

At fifteen minutes to eleven o'clock, Uncle Ben reported to Maudelle that the mare Bettie was saddled and waiting at the side gate. "I am all ready," said she, as she stepped from the gallery wrapped in a black shroud, which covered her entire body as well as head and face, with two holes cut opposite the eyes, through which to look. There was a three or four-inch slit cut opposite the mouth; around the eye and mouth openings, blood-red cloth was stitched, which gave the appearance of lips and eyelids, while between the lips bits of white cloth were stitched and cut into the shape of long, large teeth. A piece of bright tin, three feet long by two inches wide, cut in the shape of a sword, was suspended from the waist. The headpiece of the shroud was elongated, back and front, which gave the appearance of a double-headed monster.

"How do I look, Uncle Ben," said she. "Mighty scary madam," said the old man. She sprang into the saddle like a bird. Uncle Ben led the way round back of the house and through the plantation toward the public road, which ran back of the orchard, one quarter of a mile from the mansion. When within a few hundred feet of the road, and concealed among the fruit trees, Uncle Ben said, "We will wait here until they go by."

In less than five minutes a great tramping of horses was heard, coming up the road from the city. "They are coming," whispered the negro, as a deep sigh shook his whole frame. A deep sigh from Maudelle involuntarily answered that of the old man, but perhaps it was not prompted by the same feeling, or, at least, by something more added. Uncle Ben felt a deep sympathy for an unfortunate victim,

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whose life hung on the narrow margin of less than an hour of time.

Maudelle felt her courage flagging, now that the mob was coming with the odds of a hundred to one against her. She began to doubt her ability to take the step which seemed to be beset with apparent, certain fatality. On came an almost silent, black mass of draped men and horses marching as compactly as possible. They passed within a few hundred feet of Maudelle and Uncle Ben, who were covered by the fruit trees. When they had gone up the pike, perhaps a half mile, Uncle Ben led the way to the pike, opened the big gate and Maudelle fell in behind them. "Don't forget the way back," said the old man.

"No, I have it all straight before me. Good night," said she, as she disappeared in the darkness.

Two miles out she came to the terminus of the pike, which branched into two roads, which bore away from each other right and left, at right angles. Somehow Colonel Nelson had forgotten to mention these two roads, one of which led to the swamp. She halted, meditated, strained her ear, leaped from the saddle and placed her head close to the ground, so as to catch the sound of the tramping of horses. But they had left the hard pike, and were travelling in sand, and the sound of the hoofs fell dead.

She became restless, excited and disappointed, because she had not been better informed. "To stay here, is to lose all, to go, if even wrong, can be no worse," said she, as she sprang into the saddle and took the right-hand road, although the mare pulled to the other way. She let the mare out into a slow pace to make up for lost time. Going a mile or more, the road ended abruptly at a river, which convinced her that she had lost more than two and a half miles, which the little mare must recover in a few minutes, or the loss of a human life would be the result.

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She turned about, patted the little animal, on the neck and said, "Bettie it is all my mistake, I am sorry to impose such hard work upon you, but for God's sake, my little friend, take me to that spot where I am to save a human life; can you do it?" She gave the word, "Go, Bettie!" The animal seemed to be inspired with human intelligence. She shook her head, squatted and bounded away with the swiftness of a spirit. She was a famous pacer, valued at thousands of dollars. Her motion was so easy, that one could conceive of her speed only by looking at the earth, which seemed to slip backward from under her feet.

When the forks of the road had been regained, Maudelle expected the mare would turn homeward and so she tightened the reins to guide her into the left-hand branch, but, to her great surprise, Bettie shook her head, swept into the right road, and redoubled her efforts, and never slackened her speed until the swamp was reached. She came down to a slow gait at the entrance of the swamp, then stopped, gave a little snort, and threw her ears forward, and peered into the swamp. Looking in the same direction, Maudelle saw a dim light, a few hundred yards from the main road. She dismounted, tied the mare in the thick underbrush, gathered up her long shroud, and ran as fast as she could toward the light. When within fifty or more feet of the mob, she heard the victim pleading thus, "Gentlemen, for God's sake, please don't hang me. I really did not burn the compress. Just give me a chance and I will prove it." Then a strangling and gurgling in his throat was heard, as several strong men began to draw him up and the rope tightened about the neck. Like a supernatural apparition bursting from the earth, came Maudelle with a bound, into the midst of the mob, who fell back with their hands up, while she sprang to the victim, and with a keen-edged blade, cut the cords about his feet, and neck, and with a sharp, commanding voice, exclaimed, "Escape for your life."

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At the same time she whirled about and disappeared as suddenly as she had come. The boy plunged into the thick brush and was gone.

There stood a hundred men as though completely hypnotized, and transfixed to the earth like bits at inanimate statuary, bereft of reason and physical strength. For more than a minute they stood thus dreaming, under the magic influence of Maudellé's daring deed, until the spell was broken by someone crying, "Shoot, shoot! the nigger's gone." A hundred guns were emptied in the direction of the fleeing negro, but it was too late, for he was beyond the reach of shot.

The next thought was to capture his liberator. Each man sprang to his horse, mounted, emerged from the swamp and turned into the road, just when Maudellé did, not more than a dozen yards ahead of them. By a miscalculation, she missed the place where she had left the mare, and thereby lost several minutes in finding her and getting out of the brush. To her consternation, as she turned into the road, a man on a very large horse dashed up to within a few feet of her, and made a desperate grab for her. She quickly bent forward and cried to the mare to go.

"It is your friend Nelson," said the man in an undertone. "Let your mare out into a run," said he, at the same time letting his whip fall on the mare's rump. She leaped into the air and went away like a wounded stag.

Maudellé looked back, the road was black with horses in mad chase, while their riders were laying on the lash and urging them on. For a half a mile or so, the race of the pursued and pursuers seemed to be about even. Maudellé knew from the way men slashed their horses, that there was no more reserved speed in them, that it was all out. She did not know about her little animal, but decided to urge her on and give her a chance to maintain the reputation her master had given her.

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She brought her hand down on the back of the mare and said sharply, "Go on, Bettie." The mare gave a grunt, threw her head down between her knees, dropped lower toward the earth and beat the ground so rapidly with her little hoofs that it would have been impossible to count the strokes. Maudelle looked back over her shoulder, and saw the distance between her and her enemies begin to widen more and more, until they were lost in the distance and, finally, could not even be heard. Maudelle checked up her animal and put her in a gentle pace.

Five miles from the scene in the swamp brought her back to the Nelson plantation. She turned from the main road, as previously directed, and went up along the outside fence, for several hundred yards, to where a panel of the fence was laid down, at which Uncle Ben sat anxiously waiting. "Is that you, Uncle Ben?" said Maudelle, as she approached the figure of a man.

"It is me, mam," said the old man, as he carefully led the mare through the opening in the fence, replaced the rails and led the way through the seeming world of a plantation. Maudelle knew that the old man was anxious to hear from Sam, but was too modest to ask, so she said "I suppose you would like to hear from Sam?"

"Indeed I do, mam," said he.

"Sam is free, if he will keep going until he is out of the South."

"Thank the Lord, thank the good Lord, and you, too, Miss Maudelle!" said the old man.

"You should thank Bettie also, Uncle Ben," said she, laughingly.

"Did Bettie do all right?" inquired the old man.

"Yes," said she, "Bettie is the most easy-going and the fastest animal I ever rode."

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"O! she can go when she will. But sometimes she gits kind o' lazy, like folks, and wants things to go her way," said Uncle Ben.

By this time could be heard the tramping of horses' feet on the hard pike, a quarter of a mile off from where Maudelle rode leisurely along in a walk, inside the Nelson plantation.

When Maudelle reached the Nelson mansion, she found Colonel Nelson there, waiting for her at the gate. As he lifted her from the animal's back, he said, "Little girl, you are a first-rank heroine. I feared," continued he, "that when you did not appear earlier on the scene, your courage had failed, and that you had dropped out." Maudelle explained how she had missed the way, and how hard she had ridden to make up the time. "All my fault, my stupidity, not to think of the two roads, when directing you how to find the swamp. Had you been two seconds later, they would have had him hung up beyond your reach," said the Colonel, with a show of excitement at the narrow margin by which the boy's life was saved.

Maudelle put two dollars in Uncle Ben's hand, bade him good night, or rather morning, and went to her boarding place, (Major Warne's), accompanied by Colonel Nelson. Major Warne was also in the rescuing plot, had got home, and was stitting on the gallery, waiting to congratulate Maudelle on the success of her peerless adventure.

It would be mean ingratitude to close this part of the story, without acknowledging the indispensable service that Colonel Warne and others rendered in saving the life of the boy Sam, as well as other innocent negroes of that part of the state.

Colonel Nelson had fought the entire length of the Civil War on the Confederate side. At the close of the war, he accepted the result in good faith, and was ever after as true to the Federal Government as anyone who ever wore the blue.

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When he returned to his home, he found his extensive plantation (fifteen thousand acres) under cultivation by the same negroes he had left there four years before, although free, they had not left the estate. What was more remarkable, that Uncle Ben, who was overseer or foreman of the plantation, turned over to the colonel thousands of dollars in cash from the sale of cotton, as well as an accurate account of all the running expenses of the plantation.

Uncle Ben, like other negroes on the place, had learned to read, write and figure. Of course this was not compatible with the Southern notion, but the colonel encouraged his slaves to learn all they could, and, if that will make them run away, "Let them go," said he.

The fact is, none ever went. Colonel Nelson never sold a negro, but bought them, as he used to say, to give some poor devil a better home.

Major Warne, whose plantation joined that of Colonel Nelson, was a man also distinguished for his conservative principle and fair dealing with black and white. Through the influence of these gentlemen, that part of the state had never been disgraced by the mobbing of an innocent negro. It was a profound secret how they managed to protect so many negroes; and those rash, impulsive whites never found it out. A negro might be jailed, or even in the hands of a mob, and then, as by magic, be spirited away. If the party was guilty, they kept their hands off.

In the case of Sam, Maudelle had convinced the colonel of Sam's innocence; she explained her plan of rescue to him and the colonel joined her.

He found out when the mob would take the boy from jail, where they would go to hang him, what kind of disguise they and their horses would wear. He secured black cloth, etc., for himself and Maudelle, dressed himself and horse, fell in line with the mob, feigning to be one of them,

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so as to be present when Maudelle released the boy, so that should any violence be attempted on her, he intended to throw off his disguise and protect her.

Major Warne was there disguised for the same purpose.

The reader has not forgotten that when Maudelle mounted the mare Bettie, and came out into the road, the man who dashed up to her and grabbed at her was Colonel Nelson, who pretended he was trying to catch her, but took the opportunity to tell her to put the mare into a run and outdistance the mob.

Colonel Nelson had been unfortunate in raising a family. Two daughters and one son died in their early teens, which left him but one son, the youngest, who had graduated at the naval school at Annapolis, Maryland, and had been commissioned lieutenant in the navy. Young Nelson was in principle an exact prototype of his father.

In personal appearance, he was prepossessing, but not handsome. But he had the strongly-marked characteristics of a manly man, which more than supplemented a handsome face.

Harrison—as he was known at home—was the idol of black and white, yet he made no effort to be that. He was always an old man in his manners, a kind of matter-of-fact plain boy. Yes or no was all of it with him, and he never made any further effort to convince those who seemed unwilling to accept his word. Although Colonel Nelson was very rich, he never allowed himself nor his family to make an extravagant use of money. Industry was a part of his religion, and he and his had to work.

He became intensely interested in Maudelle's work among the negroes. It seemed to be a great pleasure to him to watch Maudelle, as she superintended the construction of the large school-building, a few miles from the city, on land purchased from him.

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It was discovered that the leaders of the mob were making strenuous efforts to find out who was Sam's deliverer from the mob. From the interest which Maudelle was taking in the negroes, she was suspected. Some said that the wonderful exhibition of courage was not that of a woman, while others contended that the only difference between a Yankee woman and man was, that one wore skirts and the other trousers.

But in a few weeks the web of guilt was slowly, but surely, winding about Maudelle, and, at a time not remote, she knew she would have to answer. Her friends, Nelson and Warne, were keeping as closely up with developments as possible, and assured Maudelle of their protection without secret reserve, if it should come to that. But Maudelle objected to anything like bringing them into open revolt against anyone of their neighbors. Thus she suggested a better plan, which was agreed to. Said she, "I have already obligated myself to do some work in another state, whenever the people comply with the conditions. They have done so and are waiting for me. I will stop the work here for a few months and take up the work there; it may be by the time I return, that the mob or its leaders will be more fully convinced of the boy's innocence, and may be willing to forgive his liberator."

So as to give no semblance of running from the enemy, Maudelle made it publicly known that operations on the present work would be suspended for a few months, or until previous engagements in another state were filled. She settled with the laborers and also for the material, left the unfinished work in care of friends and took leave for other parts, without let or hindrance.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"THE SPEECH THAT MADE HISTORY," AND THE ANSWER THAT COST A LIFE.

THE speech, which we shall copy, or as much of it as relates to the negroes, was delivered in ---, at the time that that state was working its way out of what the speaker was pleased to vividly designate as "negro domination."

The speech is credited to an orator by the name of "Gaston," according to the eminent author of "Leopard Spots," and is headed by him thus:—

"The speech that made history," said Mr. Gaston. "You cannot build a Democracy inside a nation of two antagonizing races. The future American must be an Anglo-Saxon or a mulatto. The future North Carolinian must therefore be an Anglo-Saxon or a mulatto.

"The hour has come in our history to eliminate the negro from our life and establish for all time the government of our fathers. What is our condition to-day in the dawn of the twentieth century?

"If we attempt to move forward, we are literally chained to the body of a festering black death. Fifty of our great counties are again under the heel of the negro, and the state is in his clutches. Our city governments are debauched by his vote. His insolence threatens our womanhood, and our children are beaten by negro toughs on the highway to school, while we pay his taxes.

"Shall we longer tolerate negro inspectors of white schools and negroes in charge of white institutions? Shall we longer tolerate the arrest of white women by negro officers and their trial before negro magistrates? Let the

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manhood of the Aryan race, with its four thousand years of authentic history answer the question. It is no longer a question of impossible government. We lag behind the age, dragging the corpse to which we are chained. 'Who shall deliver us from the body of this dead?'

"Hear me, men of my race, Norman and Celt, Angle and Saxon, Dane and Frank, Huguenot and German martyr blood. The hour has struck, when we must rise in our might, break the chains which bind us to this corruption, strike down the negro as a ruling power and restore to our children their birthright, which we received as a priceless legacy from our fathers.

"I believe God's call to our race to do His work in history.

"What other races failed to do you wrought in this continental wilderness, fighting pestilence, hunger, cold, wild beasts and savage hordes, until out of all has grown a mighty nation of the earth. Is the negro worthy to rule you? Ask history. The African has held one-fourth of this globe for three thousand years. He never has made one step in progress, or rescued one jungle from the ape and adder, except as a slave of a superior race.

"In Hayti and San Domingo, he rose in servile insurrection and butchered fifty thousand white men, women and children, a hundred years ago. He has ruled the beautiful island since. Did he make progress with the example of Aryan civilization? No. But yesterday we received reports of the discovery of cannibalism in Hayti. He has had one hundred years' trial in the Northern states of this Union, with every facility for culture and progress, and he has not produced one man, who has added a feather's weight to the progress of humanity.

"In an hour of madness the dominion of the great states of the South was given up without a struggle, and a saturnalia of infamy followed. Shall we return to this? You

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must answer. The corruption of his presence in our body politic is beyond the power of reckoning. We drove the carpet-bagger from our midst, but the scallawag, our native product, is always with us, to fatten on this corruption and breed death to society. The one was a highwayman, the other a sneak.

"So long as the negro is a factor in our political life, will violence and corruption stain our history.

"We cannot afford longer to play with violence. We must remove the cause. Suffrage in America has touched the lowest tide-mud of degradation. If our cities and our Southern civilization are to be preserved, there must be a return to the founders of the republic. A government of the wealth, virtue and intelligence of the community by the debased criminal is a relapse to elemental barbarism, to which no race of freemen can submit.

"Shall the future Carolinian be an Anglo-Saxon or a mulatto? that is the question before you.

"We grant the negro the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, if he can be happy without exercising kingship over the Anglo-Saxon race, or dragging us down to his level. But if he cannot find happiness, except in lording it over a superior race, let him look for another world in which to rule. There is not room for both of us on this continent."

When Mr. Gaston had finished his speech, the people went wild with enthusiasm. It was put to his credit as being the most statesmanlike and unanswerable effort ever before made in that part of the state, and won for him the gubernatorial chair of the state. Some of the rough whites cried out, "Where are you now, Mr. Nigger? Get up and dust; we are after you." The crowd caught up the slang epithet amid yells and groans, at the expense of the colored people present.

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Several weeks from then the colored people made arrangements to have a large meeting in another part of the state. They selected for their chief speaker Lawrence Deleno of New Orleans. Mr. Deleno had taken a very active part in the campaign in several of the Southern states, as well as his own, (Louisiana.) He was invited to speak, and, at the same time, a copy of Mr. Gaston's speech was sent to him with a request that he answer it. He accepted the invitation, after he had brought the matter before Maudelle, by a long, explanatory letter. She made a vigorous protest against his taking any part in the politics of ———. He contended that the character of Mr. Gaston's speech was so damaging to the negro, it should not go unanswered, but promised to make that speech his last.

The meeting was held at a county race track, where an amphitheatre afforded seating capacity for several thousand people. It was crowded long before the hour for speaking. Hundreds of prominent white people occupied their carriages within hearing distance of the speaker's stand.

Of course the colored people came to hear an argument in their defense. The white people came out of mere curiosity, to see and hear the negro who had the daring assumption to attempt to answer what all agreed was the greatest speech on the records of the state.

A few minutes before ten A. M., a double carriage swept through the gate and dashed down to the speaker's stand, before the amphitheatre, and halted. Three gentlemen, (two colored and one white) stepped from the carriage and at once ascended the steps to the stand and took seats. A colored brass band set the building and the surrounding air vibrating with a national melody, which touched and put in motion sympathetic chords of patriotism in the breast of every negro.

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J. H. Boden, a colored man, a townsman of the place, and one of the three men on the stand, acted as chairman. A prominent white man was introduced as the first speaker. The hearty applause given him by the colored people, bespoke his friendship for the race. He made a logical, clean-cut speech of thirty minutes, which was received with a great deal of warmth by all present.

Next the chairman introduced Mr. Lawrence Deleno, attorney-at-law, of New Orleans. Lawrence rose to his feet, with a well-proportioned strong framework, and clean-cut, French features, an exact counterpart of Judge Deleno, his father.

As Lawrence came forward, three thousand or more negro throats opened, and the ovation became deafening, for several minutes. Lawrence stood silent with embarrassment, which showed that he possessed great modesty back of which there is great reserved power.

LAWRENCE'S SPEECH.

"IN response to your kind invitation, I am here to interchange thoughts with you relating to the political, moral and social status of the colored and white race.

"We may differ in our process of reasoning to reach the same conclusion. We may introduce propositions and elements which may be susceptible of two or more interpretations, but if they are sustained by truth, there should be no unpleasant friction between individuals or parties, especially in this country, which has for its basic principle freedom of speech, press and pulpit.

"And this is the chief thing which gives America that acknowledged prominence over other countries of the world. Its form of government adapts itself to all the reasonable wants and laudable aspirations of its citizens, as well as throws open a door to the worthy stranger of foreign lands.



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"Every separate individual, every family circle, organization in church or state, whether composed of white, black, rich, poor, learned or unlearned, has a power delegated to it from the great head, from which each department derives its authority to become the embodiment of a minor government within itself replete with such laws or rules as are suited to its wants, purposes and conditions.

"But whether we are all keeping faith with our promise or not, is a question which our deeds and actions will answer, whether we would have it so or not. Perhaps there has never before been such a time in the history of our Southland as there is now, when the temptation to break over the sacred boundary of one another's rights prevails.

"Men who have heretofore enjoyed the reputation for clean characters, honesty and uprightness, are now sacrificing not only all this, but even all claims to higher, spiritual preferments, simply to satisfy their political ambition for political domination. What is true of an individual member of a political party is, in the concrete true of the entire party. And whether right or wrong, each partisan and his respective, composite party claim infallible wisdom.

"It seems to be unfortunate for the negro, that he has uncompromisingly allied his influence and interest with the Republican party. It is not necessary to discuss the reasons why it is so, but from the fact that it is so, is proof enough that there is some just and tangible reason for their choice.

"It is the opinion of some race leaders, that a dissemination of negro votes equally among both political parties would have secured to him better protection, owing to his worth as a political factor, than he has now. As it is, the negro is charged with his own political sins, and also with

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those of the party with which he affiliates. This is unfair in principle and wholly unjust in the methods and means resorted to in this and other campaigns, not only to rob the negro of his political rights but even of his life, if he dares to insist on maintaining and exercising those rights.

"These thoughts remind me that I am here to answer a speech delivered a short time ago by Mr. Gaston of your state. I shall not attempt to reply to him in the same vehement spirit of hatred and disregard for facts which characterized his speech.

"On the other hand I shall deal in a spirit of truth and fairness.

"But if Mr. Gaston has been unfortunate in a choice of argumentative elements for his speech, and the answer to these elements must necessarily be drawn to a sharp edge, it will be no fault of mine; as he has thrown down the gauntlet, I have no choice but to take it up.

"The future American must be an Anglo-Saxon or a mulatto."

"This is Mr. Gaston's first and unwise assertion, with which he begins his speech. Such an assertion cannot but bring a blush of burning shame to the face of every right thinking white man and woman in America.

"These words may have sounded pretty for the occasion, and no doubt brought a tribute of applause to the author at the time, but he or she who knows anything about the meaning and power of words, cannot but see that those who applauded and those who have read them with approval have sanctioned the condemnation of their own immoral conduct.

"Modify it as you may, dislike it as you may, when you reduce the assertion to simple truth, it will admit of but one interpretation, and that is an intended, wholesale aggression of white men upon colored women, thus changing the complexion of the American people to a mulatto race.

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"This righteous conclusion is drawn from the past and present moral status of the black and white races. You have but to look about you and you will see living, walking, talking evidences in the persons of mulattoes who have an illegitimate parentage of ninety-nine white fathers and black mothers out of a hundred, until one-fifth of the negro race may rightfully claim kinship to the white race.

"Does Mr. Gaston propose to augment this number of mulattoes by the same unholy process, until the entire American nation becomes hopelessly mulattorized? God forbid!

"But if Mr. Gaston objects to my interpretation of this much of his speech, then I have another explanation, which, to my mind, is decidedly more insulting to the American people than the first.

"Are the American white people ready to acknowledge that a black man's persuasive eloquence at love-making is so powerful, charming and irresistible, that a white woman will become infatuated, hopelessly entranced, and fall into his arms, and the outcome will be a fulfilment of the prophecy of Mr. Gaston?

"Is there a white man of sane mind, high or low, rich or poor, learned or unlearned, Christian or infidel, who is willing to acknowledge that ten million ignorant, misshapen, and moneyless negroes can at will infuse their blood into the productive nature of sixty million cultured, powerful, wealthy whites? Is it possible that the mind of a cultured orator of Mr. Gaston's calibre has conceived and given birth to an idea, the father of which is hatred, an idea which is a gross, belying insult to the moral and Christian character of the American people. Just think for a moment of the woful scene, if carried out by Mr. Gaston's scheme by which millions of proud, cultured families of wealth and world-wide honor and refinement are to be given up

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to negroes without protest. Just think of husbands and trusted fathers stepping out of their homes and abandoning their sacred charge of wives and daughters and standing aside while the work of transformation from a white to a mulatto race is going on.

"Yet, as absurd as it may seem, it is the contention of Mr. Gaston. 'The future American must be of an Anglo-Saxon or mulatto race.'

"We do not question the thought of America being Anglo-Saxon, but we contend that any change from that is optional with the whites and not with the blacks. One question will make this as plain as a whole volume. Which way has the encroachment upon race chastity gone heretofore, from white to black or from black to white?

"It would be wisdom for Mr. Gaston and for those who sanction his belief conveniently to let the mulatto question quietly sleep and thus guard his race against a humiliating but just criticism. Of course the outcry of a wide-mouth, guilty conscience is hard to hush into silence, notwithstanding the subtle cunningness of the guilty to muzzle every immoral sin, it happens, at times, that the voice of a tortured soul breaks away from the restraint and condemns the unsuspected criminal.

"That indiscriminate, clandestine commingling of the two races, by the authority of the white man's ownership in negro womankind, was a sin against the two races, God and common decency.

"And now these things come up to disturb the social and political quietude of the South. But this is only a truthful verification of that warning, 'Be sure your sins will find you out.'

"It is but the natural result of the formative, public mind, bringing up before the South the two and more centuries of pollution, by which the negro was forced back many centuries beyond what he was in morals when brought

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to this country, and now that the day of redemption has come, you are struck with a terrorizing panic.

"Says Mr. Gaston, 'We drag behind the age, dragging the corpse to which we are chained.'

"Here Mr. Gaston draws a sharp line around the condition of the people of ———, and makes a very unfortunate comparison between his people and the murderer mentioned in Jewish history.

"The analogy is indeed remarkably striking, and if Mr. Gaston did not see the trap into which he was going, that is none of my business. The Jewish murderers were chained to their victims and driven into the uninhabited country, followed by vultures, jackals and other carrion-feeding animals, flies and reptiles. The murderers had to eat, sleep, drink and drag these offensive, putrefying, grinning corpses about with them until the flesh had decomposed and was torn from the bones by carrion-feeders and the bones had fallen apart, before the criminal was free. His punishment became so loathsome and terrorizing that the poor wretch cried day and night, 'who shall deliver me from the body of this dead?'

"Mr. Gaston has pictured his people in exactly the same condition, and even cries out in his speech, 'Who shall deliver'—his people from the racial dead body of their negro victims?

"I assure you, Mr. Gaston, that you and many of your race will no doubt drag the negro corpse until the penalty incident to your crime is paid.

"There was an unseen hand which chained you to that body in 1620, and at the hour and minute you exchanged dollars with a Dutch captain for negro souls, and now all the wailing of the lifetime of this great nation will not effect a deliverance, until you have returned to the negro an exact equivalent for toil, life and liberty; and every unjust murder of to-day, by mob violence or otherwise, and deprivation will only defer that deliverance

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"But this is not all of it. Turn back a page in your history, the dates of which begin on 1503 and run through three and a quarter centuries—centuries which are as black with crime as though written with the smutty finger of hell.

"You not only stole the African but you induced the natives to burn and destroy villages and homes and kill the old and those not salable, for which you paid in rotten rum and worthless trinkets. You drove your human cargo to the coast, and to distinguish them from those of other owners, you branded them with a hot iron which hissed and smoked as it was pushed into the quivering flesh. You crowded thousands below decks, where their filthy condition bred disease and death. And not only the dead but the dying and those thought to be too sick to recover were hurled into the sea while pitifully begging to be allowed to die on deck—not less than twenty-five thousand a year perished in this way.

"Again, to force negroes into a country of books, Bibles and Christian civilization, and then make it a penalty of death for him to attempt to aspire to intelligence, is another dead weight added to the body of the dead, of which you complain.

"Again, Mr. Gaston says, 'The hour has struck when we must rise in our might and break the chains that bind us to this corruption.'

"You may 'rise', my dear sir, as high as you can, and exert as much 'might' as you may, but be assured, that corruption will rise with you, as a part of your being and as inseparable as any other sin of the soul, until you have satisfied the requirements of the God of justice.

"I know your disposition is to eliminate the negro by violence and thus free yourself of his presence and your responsibility. Try it if you will, strike them down on all sides with the vengeance of a wounded, blind serpent, but

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this will not bring to you and yours relief, until the thing you made a beast you have remade into a man.

"Our God will not hold you so greatly responsible for bringing the negroes into this country, and even enslaving him, in the blind ignorance of that age, but in this hour of freedom and better enlightenment, you continue to rob the negro of the facilities and opportunities of the making of himself all that God intended he should be—and for this you must atone.

"Again, Mr. Gaston says, 'Ask history. The African has held one-fourth of this globe for three thousand years. He has never taken one step in progress, except as a slave of a superior race.'

"This assertion is sadly in want of proof. The author is either color-blind with hatred or he is wofully ignorant of ancient history, which he invites the American people to search for facts, and those who will take the time to do so, will find the answer adverse to his assertion. It may truthfully be said of the Hamitic races, of which the African is one of the branches, that they all have had their entrance and exit, and each one has played his part in the drama of nations. When the ancestors of the African were teaching a civilization replete with science, art, mechanics, medicine, law, civil government, social and political economics, and military tactics, the ancestors of the Anglo-Saxons were living in holes in the ground and drinking blood from human skulls. But the offspring of these savages should not be thought less of on account of their low origin, nor should the African be cursed because he has changed places with them for a time. I say, 'for a time,' advisedly, because it is the current opinion of unprejudiced thinkers, that the cycle of time will wheel into line the black and yellow races, in combination next time, who shall take the lead of the world again.

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"It would be only a needless and rather tiresome repetition of familiar history to go into a detailed account of the African races and their descendants. We consider a mere allusion will be sufficient to show the fallacy of Mr. Gaston's assertion. It is not necessary to say but one word for the Egyptian, who rose to a wonderful height in science, art and mechanics. These people were unquestionably Hamitic and by no means so far removed from the African of to-day as are the Anglo-Saxons from the Aryans.

"Again, the ethnographic relation of the Phœnician is Hamitic, in which well-founded authority and the Bible concur. Gen. X., 6-20 verses inclusive, refer to these and other peoples.

"The Phœnicians were the first and greatest navigators of the world. Writing and arithmetic and the tables of weights and measures are accredited to these people, which the Anglo-Saxon has borrowed and reduced to the science of his age.

"Says a great author, 'The Phœnician inventors of ship-building and skilled seamen were never matched by any nation before them nor after them.

"Again, the Abyssinians in Eastern Africa were a powerful people. These people were Hamitic, with a direct origin in the Ethiopian, and later became mixed with the Hebrew. They were rich in pastoral and agricultural possessions. They founded a strong and powerful kingdom and held their own among the nations of the world.

"Next, the Carthaginians on the Northern coast of Africa were of Hamitic origin, though mixed with other peoples, some of whom were of the original, Hamitic stock. The beginning of the Carthaginian glory dates back one hundred years before the founding of Rome and eight hundred and fifty years before Christ.

"These people gave their language to the Hebrews and Greeks, and established an empire which stood against the

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combined forces of surrounding nations for more than four hundred years. The Carthaginians rose to be the highest military power of their day and held the world by the throat five hundred years B. C., and at one time launched upon the turbulent bosom of the ocean three thousand ships of war manned by one hundred thousand men. Two thousand one hundred and twenty-two years ago, the great Hannibal began a military career, which no age has equalled for the daring and invincible genius of the man.

"He was not only the first to make human tracks over the defying, formidable Alps, but he opened a road for the safe passage of the civilized nations of to-day.

"Now turn further toward the Northeast of the African Continent and you will be brought to the Ethiopian empire, the beginning of which runs back into the early morning of time, when mankind first began to come together and establish governments for mutual protection.

"Ethiopia at one time rose to such military power and independence, that she conquered the entire Nile Valley, and placed her kings on Egyptian thrones and dominated that country for several generations.

"She also rose high in the literary status of the age. She compiled a great number of books on science, law, religion as well as poetry of a high order, one example of which in sentiment and meaning at so early an age, which was, 'My God Reigns.'

"In the Ethiopian Canon there are a great number of works of interest, such as the Kufale, Book of Enoch, Ascension of Isaiah and thirty-five books incorporated in the New Testament.

"Many of these are still preserved in European libraries. There are three hundred MSS. in the archives at St. Petersburg, Russia.

"The Ethiopian may justly take credit for giving the world the basic principles of civil law, which has wound its

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way down through twenty-seven centuries to accommodate all civilized peoples. This is set forth in the XVIII. chapter of Exodus, when Jethro, the Ethiopian priest and father-in-law of Moses, came to bring his wife and children to Moses. The experienced eyes of the black priest saw that Moses was wearing himself out in his efforts to adjust the differences among his people. Hence the laws and rules suggested by Jethro were approved by our God and at once put into practice, and stand until now.

"We might speak of the Queen of Sheba, who exchanged state courtesies with King Solomon. We might speak of Hiram of Tyre, the great master worker in wood, stone and metal, to whom Solomon appealed for help in building and ornamenting the temple. Said Solomon, 'We have no skill in Israel like the Sidonians.' He made a contract with Hiram for skilled workmen and material, I. Kings, V.—VIII. chapters inclusive. We might speak of other well-known Bible characters and even prove to you that Jesus Christ was the great, great grandson of a negro.

"But let us go deeper into the dark continent, where all civilizing influences have been shut out from the negro, and whatever is found will simply be the product of innate nature and self-creative ideals.

"All that I may say will be taken from the most reliable and unbiased explorers of the African continent. That region which lies between the Mountains of the Moon and the Great Desert, running through Central Africa westward into Negroland, are large cities, containing from ten thousand to thirty thousand souls, preserving the forms of social justice and enlightened worship. These people carry on productive industries and have many of the arts and appliances of civilization.

"Mungo Park gives an account of Sego, the capital of Bombuwa, which is a city of thirty thousand inhabitants

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with two-story houses, with mosques in convenient and well-kept quarters. They have their ferry and pleasure boats plying on the rivers and lakes. Park says, 'The cultivated state of the surrounding country formed altogether a prospect of civilization and magnificence which I little expected to find in the bosom of Africa.'

"Further East he found a large and flourishing town called Kaffa, situated in the midst of a country so beautiful and highly cultivated that, 'It,' says he, 'reminded me of England.'

"Of the Mandingoes, he says, 'They are shrewd merchants and industrious agriculturists. They are kind and hospitable, entertaining with generous disposition and open and gentle manners.'

"'But,' says the same author, 'the most remarkable people among the natives are the Fuenloes, whose native seat is in the Southern part of the plateaus. Here in their lofty independence, they cultivate the soil, live in clean, commodious dwellings, raise numerous flocks of sheep, goats, horses and cattle. They build mosques and worship one God. They also have schools for the education of their children. They practise the mechanic arts with success, forge iron and silver, make cloth and work skilfully in leather and wood.'

"The Ashantees rise highest in civilization, and have always maintained their footing against invasion up to date. These have a powerful kingdom, replete with laws and social ethics, schools, etc. I might continue my answer to your sweeping charge against the African for hours, but I have said more than enough to prove your ignorance of history and that you intended to misrepresent the negro, to damage his standing before the world.

"Next, you force me to pay my respects to your charge against Hayti and San Domingo. You say, 'In Hayti and San Domingo he rose (the negro) in servile insurrection

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and butchered fifty thousand white men, women and children a hundred years ago.'

"I am cognizant of the truth of Mr. Gaston's statement, and my sense of honor and method of fair dealing with mankind will not allow me, under any circumstances, to cover a national or individual crime of which the negro is guilty, now or a hundred years ago. In this case let us reason from cause to effect and place the blame where it belongs, whether for or against the negro.

"In our retrospective survey of the history of San Domingo and Hayti, we shall see whether the 'servile insurrection' complained of was a righteous blow for freedom or a morbid, inhuman, savage butchery for greed and the love of human gore.

"When the island was discovered, it was the happy home for more than a million people of gentle disposition, but they were reduced to a relentless system of slavery by the white man, which was so inhumanly cruel that in fifteen years nine hundred thousand had perished by starvation, lashing and even the sword, under their white masters. The island was soon depopulated of its laborers. Then began the importation of negroes from Africa to supply the want, which was carried on at the rate of twenty thousand a year, so that in 1789 the blacks had reached seven hundred thousand, all of whom were slaves. There was an acquisition of sixty thousand mulattoes, whose fathers were white planters, merchants, professional men, etc., and whose mothers were negro slaves.

"The mulattoes were educated by their fathers and then left to fight the world single-handed for a competency. They were deprived of all the social functions of their father's household and other civil liberties of church and state. This caused them to hate their white fathers and white relations with all the intensity of their souls, and they were ever on the alert to strike for their rights.

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"On the French part of the island lived twenty thousand whites in the midst of thirty thousand mulattoes and five hundred thousand slave blacks. In the Spanish part of the island the preponderance was much greater in the number of slaves.

"The slaves knew their strength and waited only for an opportunity to use it.

"That opportunity came—as it has come to others in similar distress—through the efforts of Wilberforce, Sharp, Buxton and others to end the slave trade in the island.

"The mulattoes sent a representative to Paris in the person of Oge, to urge their claims for equal rights. Their request was granted.

"On the return of Oge to the island, he was murdered by the whites. The mulattoes then appealed to the blacks to join them in a blow for freedom. The slaves rose to the occasion and carried fire and death to every part of the island.

"And this is what Mr. Gaston is pleased to designate a 'servile insurrection.'

"We might speak of the treachery of the whites, who finding themselves defeated, appealed to the mulattoes to join them to put down the slaves, by a promise of equal rights. But no sooner had they shifted the war off their hands to the mulattoes than they violated every pledge.

"There were more than one hundred and fifty thousand slaves put to death by the whites in the most barbarous manner. Men, women and children were sewed up in sacks and thrown into the sea. Others were chained and thrown into pits to be torn to pieces by hungry, savage dogs.

"Now let us place the finding of Mr. Gaston of the number killed in 'servile insurrection' in juxtaposition to our finding and we shall see how the figures look to a civilized people.

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Caribbeans killed in fifteen years.....	900,000
Africans perished on shipboard in transit to the island.....	350,000
Slaves put to death in time of insurrection.....	150,000
Total,.....	1,400,000

Whites killed by Mr. Gaston's 'servile insurrection' 50,000

"Some authors place the number of slaves killed from the discovery of the island to its independence at least a third higher, but I take my figures from Dr. Brown, who visited the island in 1859. So as to give Mr. Gaston the advantage of the doubt, I take the lowest estimate.

"Again, says Mr. Gaston, 'He, (the negro) has had one hundred years of trial in the Northern states of this Union, with every facility of culture and progress; he has not produced one man who has a feather's weight in the progress of humanity.'

"Mr. Gaston is woefully ignorant of the negro's history in America, or it is his intention to mislead and prejudice the public against the colored people. The assertion he makes is as untrue as it is unkind. There never has been a time — nor is there now in this Union—when—and where—the facilities for colored, mentally, morally or even religiously, were ever anything like equal.

"The facilities for learning trades have never been fully open to the colored youth of the North. There are hundreds of cases on record where colored boys and men have been mobbed and driven from machine establishments, although the owner was good enough to give the colored person a place.

"It is only of very recent date that the schools and colleges of the North opened their doors to colored students. The negro always has had white friends who were willing that he should have the same chance to learn professions

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and trades side by side with the whites, but the great majority of whites were greatly opposed to the negro occupying any place of industry, except such as the whites did not want. When Miss Prudence Crandall started a school in Connecticut for the education of colored females, in 1831, it was considered an offence of such magnitude to educate colored youth, that her school was not only broken up and the pupils stoned and beaten by the mob, but she was arrested and thrown into prison and made to suffer as a common criminal.

"In 1835-6-7, whenever a negro school was established, it was broken up by mobs, and whenever the better class of white people showed friendship for the negro, they were also mobbed. In 1835, a society of white ladies in Boston, those who stood for freedom and the education of the colored people, were mobbed and insulted on every occasion. Cruelty to the negroes became so unbearable that the colored people of New York and Philadelphia in mass meetings appealed to the state and city authorities for protection in their civil rights. The authorities gave no attention to the negroes, but showed a contemptible silence which warranted the enemies of the negroes to increase their violence.

"Negro schools and churches were broken up, and even the homes of those who made any protest were also destroyed and the inmates killed or driven off. In Boston, where some of the whites showed a friendliness for the colored people, they were insulted and mobbed, not only by the rough and ignorant whites, but by some of the first families. Such composed the mob which dragged William Lloyd Garrison through the streets of Boston, whose life was saved only by the authorities putting him into prison.

"In Utica, N. Y., a mob was headed by one Judge Beardsley, a prominent citizen, who broke up a meeting of colored and white citizens, who were devising plans to better the condition of colored people.

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"In 1837-9, in Philadelphia, New York, Troy and Utica, if a negro, when insulted, dared to make any attempt to defend himself, he was hunted like a wild beast and, if caught, was murdered like a mad dog in open daylight, under the eyes of the officers of the law, who never interfered.

"A white man with impunity might grossly insult the wife or daughter of a negro, who could offer no protest.

"When the first fugitive slave law was enacted in 1793, it was bad enough, but when it was amended in 1850, its effects became intolerable.

"The law was made so as to allow the slaveholders of the South to go into any Northern state, employ officers or mobs to hunt down not only their slaves, but even the children of the slaves born and reared in the North. Thirty-six hours after the passage of the bill, colored people who owned homes and other property left all and fled to Canada, the only safe place in the great North American Continent. Those who did not go suffered a living death.

"Cincinnati, Ohio, has on her history one spot of blood caused by her sanction of the Fugitive Slave Law, which is charged up to her everlasting discredit. A slave woman, by the name of Margaret Gardner, who escaped with her daughter to Cincinnati, was hunted down. The officers came to arrest her, she and her daughter being at work in the kitchen of a white family at the time. The mother seized a butcher knife, stabbed her little daughter to the heart, exclaiming with an outcry of deepest agony, 'Great God! I send the soul of my child to Thee, rather than let it become a slave and mistress to a white man.' This said, she turned to her captors and said, 'I am ready to go.'

"'Equal facilities,' says Mr. Gaston. Back of 1860, and several years after, colored men desirous of studying

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beyond what could be had in a common, district school, had to go to Canada or England and get what their native land positively denied them.

"Dr. McCune Smith, could not enter an American college of medicine, but had to go to the University of Glasgow, Scotland, where he graduated with honors and received the diploma of an M. D.

"Miss Edmonia Lewis, a sculptor, had to go to Rome.

"Robert Elliot went to Holborn Academy, London, England, in 1855, entered Eton College, England, studied law, graduated in 1859 and came back to America.

"It was not until 1848 and 1855 that colored youth were admitted into some of the white schools in the New England States.

"Facilities for negroes to do common, public labor in the Northern cities have never been equal nor partially so. The low Irish, who always have been the negro's greatest enemy, have always controlled and claimed for themselves that kind of work. Whenever negroes were engaged by white men, who were willing to divide work with negroes, the negro laborers were mobbed and driven off. In 1863, negroes were employed to load and unload steamers plying between New York and foreign countries. American white labor did not desire this kind of work, as it is particularly hard, very much like handling cotton bales on the Mississippi steamers. But the Irish, like the dog in the manger, determined the negroes should not have it, therefore armed themselves and mobbed and killed negroes wherever they found them. The negroes appealed to the city authorities, but got no hearing. They sent a delegation to Governor Seymore, and his reply to the committee was this, 'The state cannot hire officers to stand guard over black men. You must protect yourselves like white men do.'

"Such advice from the governor of a state was calculated to precipitate bloodshed, but the negroes bent to their

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fate. Up until 1862, negroes had open to them two recourses to get bread, the barber shop and the hotel, as dining room waiters. But the poor whites have even gone to waiting on table and scraping faces. Yet Mr. Gaston and other enemies of the negro complain that he has not come up to their expectation. Could Mr. Gaston and those who think as he does have done better with no better chance?

"There is no reasonable excuse for the poverty and ignorance of a white man, who always has had this country to draw on for help and protection. He has had nothing to do but climb, and if he has not reached a respectable standing all these ages, with the unstinted advantages at his hand, then he has not shown the progress and economical industry of the negro, whose advantages have been ninety per cent. less.

"However, Mr. Gaston says, 'The negro has not produced one man who has added a feather's weight to the progress of humanity.'

"Mr. Gaston may have forgot, or perhaps never knew, that the first bloodshed for the independence of America—of which he boasted as the country left to him by his ancestors—I say he may not know that Crispus Attucks, a negro, led the white men of Boston against the British soldiers, March 5, 1770. The British fired and the negro fell dead, as the first sacrifice of the independence of this great but unkind country to the negro.

"From then until the present there never has been a war in this country but that the negro has freely given of his life and labor. But to give an account of the many battles in which negroes distinguished themselves would extend this speech unnecessarily long.

"Bancroft's history goes into details and makes honorable mention of the fight of negroes at Bunker Hill, Cambridge, and the capture of Major General Prescott, by the

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negro Prince; also the Battle of Red Bank, also the desperate fight over the dead body of Colonel Green, their commander.

"Again the part the negroes took in the war of 1812, is mentioned so favorably by Major General Jackson and others.

"Again, in the Civil War, of 1860-1865, there were one hundred thousand black men under arms, and not one of that number ever deserted or quit the field as long as there were officers to command them.

"We shall mention but few negroes out of hundreds who have distinguished themselves in science and art before 1860.

"First is Benjamin Banneker, a negro, self-educated, but who mastered five languages as well as astronomy. Mr. Banneker gave the world an almanac, a copy of which was sent to Thomas Jefferson. Mr. Jefferson thanked Banneker for the gift in a long, friendly letter. Banneker was one of the commissioners to lay out the District of Columbia.

"Next is Miss Edmonia Lewis, a renowned sculptor. Up to 1870 she had brought out from her studio in Rome several masterpieces, the bust of Colonel Shaw, Hagar in the Wilderness, a Madonna, the Infant Christ in her arms, and two adoring angels at her feet, two groups illustrating Longfellow's poem 'Hiawatha,' 'Hiawatha's Wooing and Marriage,' a bust of Longfellow, ordered by Harvard College.

"There was William H. Simpson, a fine portrait painter, who ranked high in his art. His pictures were of Charles Sumner, prominent persons in Canada, Liberia, Hayti, California, New York and Philadelphia.

"It is not necessary to more than mention the name of Ira Aldridge, the negro tragedian who won fame in Europe.

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If what we have said of negroes does not 'add a feather's weight to the progress of humanity,' it will be simply because Mr. Gaston is both blind and deaf to truth, and we pity his condition rather than condemn his intelligence.

"Says Mr. Gaston, 'The scallawag (negro,) our natural product, is always with us to fatten on this corruption and breed death to society.'

"The negro is undoubtedly a product of the South, or at least those of which Mr. Gaston complains, and whatever may be his shortcomings in mental or moral character may be charged to compulsory training. He is fresh from the school where gross ignorance and superstition, theft, deceit, immorality and treachery were the every-day lessons for two centuries and more, and he should be congratulated for his aptitude for so thoroughly mastering slavery's curriculum. Yes, Mr. Gaston, the negro is a 'natural product,' made exactly to the order of Southern choice—of course for the years gone by. But a man of reason will not expect one, two or three decades to unmake and then remake what two and a half centuries did. If Mr. Gaston has discovered that emancipation has put the negro out of harmony with the new South, and a better, safer and wiser negro is demanded for the age, then the old order of things should be reversed.

"Substitute the school-house for the slave market, the pulpit for the auction block, books for blood-hounds, honest pay for honest labor and friendly advice for the bull whip.

"Notwithstanding the discouraging speech of Mr. Gaston, the negro is cognizant of the fact, that there is no place in America where he has more and better friends than he has in this great Southland, and it is here of all other places in America, where the two races should join friendly hands and interests, because each one has what the other wants.

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One has the means, the other the labor. One should be patient and the other should be teachable. One should protect and rule justly, the other should obey the law respectfully.

"But this method of the strong ruling with a rod of iron to induce fear in the weak, has always doubled back, sooner or later upon the ruler, and he has been the agent of his own destruction.

"To boast of a country's greatness does not make it so, but the best evidence of a strong and stable government, and a wise, cultured people is seen in their just and fair dealing with weak inferiors. The kindness of a people toward the weak, ignorant and inferior is not a weakness of the superior, as some half cultured people may think.

"There is much more that could be said in defense of the people whom Mr. Gaston seems bent on crushing, without allowing them a chance for a hearing, but I thank you for this opportunity to speak for them.

"In closing I would say, that the negro is here and to stay, or at least a very large majority of them, and they are going to be good or bad, thieves or honest men, moral or immoral, murderers or upright, God-fearing people, in exact ratio to the treatment of the dominant race. It is with the white race to make of the black race, by precept and example, very much what they want them to be."

Here Lawrence left the platform amid deafening applause.

THE LAST SPEECH.

NOTWITHSTANDING Lawrence had promised his friend, Miss Maudelle Morroe, that his speech as an answer to that of Mr. Gaston's would be the last political speech, or such as to antagonize the Southern people, unless it should be necessary for the defense of an innocent negro, he erred again.

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For several years Maudelle had plead earnestly with Lawrence, by letter, to have nothing to do with politics, that it was not the feasible way out of the racial difficulty between the whites and blacks. She contended that under all circumstances intelligence would govern ignorance, and the only way to reach an equation of friendship between the two races would be on the basis of moral and mental equality to be had through the school-room.

Lawrence had agreed to all this, but it was hard for him to break away from the excitement and fascination of politics. Thus, after answering Mr. Gaston's speech, he engaged himself to make another speech, thirty-six miles from there, on the next day at ten o'clock, a notice of which was given at the present meeting. As there were no railroads or public conveyances going that way, it was necessary to travel on horseback, and to start that night so as to reach the place by ten o'clock next day.

In the middle of the night, Lawrence and his friend, Davison, started. The night was dark, except such light as fell from the stars through an unclouded atmosphere.

At this time of night nature seems to be lifeless, as all things are between two days, one is going and the other coming.

Now and then a cool breeze from the South bestirred the lazy foliage, and the lone mocking-bird, like a sentinel on a watch tower, bespoke the hour of the night in his matchless notes of the forest.

The two horses stepped off into easy double-quick time—for which the Southern horse is distinguished, and by which he easily covers fifty miles a day.

"You were down on the ground among the people, how did the whites take my speech?" said Lawrence.

"Well," said his friend, "some parts were taken very well, but those parts which disproved Mr. Gaston's statements seemed to arouse bad blood and a spirit of resentment."

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"But I told the truth," said Lawrence.

"So you did, but your truth exposed a falsehood, and that is the thing which is going to kick up the devil," said Mr. Davison.

"I have one more speech to make, and then I am forever through with political speech-making," said Lawrence.

By this time the two men had just crossed a branch of running water, from which their horses drank, and were slowly ascending a steep bank in single file, with Davison leading the way.

"Lawrence Deleno," called a seemingly friendly voice from the thick underbrush twenty feet or so from the roadside.

"Hello," said Lawrence. The next moment the flash of a rifle blazed out, from the brush, and Lawrence threw up his hands and cried out, "My God! I am killed." He fell backward from his horse to the ground, a dead man.

The horse of Mr. Davison reared on his hind feet, wheeled and plunged down the embankment and through the branch followed by the other horse. Back they went in a mad, sweeping gallop for seven miles to H.

No one would venture out that night to recover the body. By sunrise next morning two men were on the road in a light wagon to bring in the body. It was found as it had fallen, with the following note pinned on its breast:—

"This is the way
we will treat all niggers
who come to this state
to teach white people
their duty."



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Truly as Lawrence had said to Davison two or three minutes before he was shot, that he was to make but one more speech and then forever give it up. That speech consisted of five words,

“My God, I am killed!”

A DREAM OF THE LIVING AND DEAD.

IN a few days the report of the assassination of Lawrence got into the papers and flashed over the country, North and South.

At the time, Maudelle was in another state. Notwithstanding she for a long time had expected trouble of the kind and repeatedly had warned Lawrence of the danger; when it came she broke down, overwhelmed with grief. But she had to assign another cause for her distress, from the fact that no one in the South knew anything about the relation she and Lawrence sustained to each other. This plan of secrecy had been agreed on before she left Boston, a plan which was greatly against her will, for the reason that she was to go under disguise as a white woman. Lawrence convinced her that she would find her mission hard and unpleasant enough to go as a Yankee and much more so to go as a colored woman.

Thus she and Lawrence had kept in constant touch with each other through the mail only, but had not met in person since they parted in Boston.

She sent the paper to the Gillispie family which gave an account of the sad ending of her intended husband.

The family were greatly alarmed and sent a telegram urging her to come home at once.

Her first thought was to leave all and go. There was no one in the South to whom she could go and explain the true status of her trouble; she had not only to bear it alone, but “cowardly feign an untruthful cause, which made it doubly hard.”

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She went to her room early in the evening to battle alone with an inward anguish which the world was not allowed to know.

She shut the door, locked it, drew down the window shades and dropped into a chair. She struck no light, but sat in the dark, which seemed to be more in keeping with the cause of her grief, which had shut out the brightest prospects of her future life, and all that was hopeful, fair and promising, had vanished into nothingness like the blaze of a momentary meteor.

She sat with her face buried between her hands resting on the center table. There were no tears to release the heart of its congestion of agony, but the current of grief flowed inward thereby intensifying the strain on the soul's subconscious reservoir.

She had several times before seemed to have reached the point where the margin between herself and eternity was but a thin thread, and hope for restoration seemed to be insanity, yet she never until now lost faith in the ultimate predominancy of right.

"Surely there is no God," said she, as she rose to her feet, and paced the floor in the dark room. "No; there can be no God where there is no justice, no recognition of righteousness, no reward for virtue, no peace of mind or body for faithful service. The thing we are wont to call God is but a force or principle started somewhere in the center of misshapen, chaotic matter, and by some unexplainable law which set evolution going, it has worked itself out into laws and definite principles by which we are governed, and of which we being inseparable parts are to be carried up or down according to the swing of the cycle in whose orbit we move.

"If there were a God, a special Providence, a spiritual guide, a kind, loving Father with heart throbs of tender mercy for his dependent offsprings, I say if this were true,

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there would not be this cruel treatment, suffering and death of the innocent. Here I am among unfriendly strangers without a friend. If I were reduced to this because of some overt act, some inhuman desire to rob and plunder the people and bring want and distress upon the poor, I should feel that I had met a just retribution, and I would bend to whatever should come without protest.

"But the reverse is true of my humble mission. I am here to do my part, as I see it, to make men morally, mentally and religiously better, and the murder of my friend is my reward." She continued to walk the floor with frequent, deep moans, which seemed to come from a soul struggling in the throes of death.

"After all," continued she, "after all is the negro deserving of what he has cost individuals and the general government? Is it not for myself and thousands of others a needless waste of time, means and peace of mind expended on the negro, from which no profitable results will ever come? Is it a fact, as some say, that the negro is cursed and eternally doomed to occupy the lowest place in the scale of nations and peoples? Is it true, as some say, that the negro is a born coward, in the fact that he willingly bent his back to the lash for ten generations without striking an effective blow for a better condition of life? Is a freedom worth having that is obtained without sacrifice and labor? Others had to fight for theirs, why should the negro beg for his?"

She was trying hard to force herself to a decision, whether to stay longer in the South or abandon all and go home. That very week she had made preparations to return to ———, and finish the work she had left seven months before.

It was late in the night, and she was worn out with grief. She threw herself across the bed merely to calm herself for a few minutes, when she intended to get up and write to Colonel Nelson and request him to take charge of the

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school-building and complete it and draw on her for the necessary money, that she was sick and had gone home.

But once on the bed and quiet, she knew no more until nine o'clock next morning—three hours later than her usual time to rise.

It was one of the South's most beautiful October mornings. Three frosts had nipped and seared the foliage and cotton stalks and leaves. The cotton bolls were in process of opening, and the white staple gracefully hung from their brown pendants harmoniously blending with the warm tints of the rich, autumn landscape and imparting a soft, purple hue and a subdued, hazy, dreamy prospect to the eye, for which the Southern climate is distinguished in Autumn.

The negro cotton pickers were in the field dragging after them long sacks which hung from the shoulders, into which they put the cotton as it was picked.

The neighborhood was enlivened by the plantation songs of those childlike, happy people, who live for to-day and all the pleasure it brings, and are unconcerned about the responsibilities of tomorrow.

The mocking-bird also sang from the topmost branch of the elm, and now and then dipped down, cutting his graceful evolutions in the air with a click-clack of his bill, as he picked up the wobbling, lazy butterfly and other winged insects suited to his taste. There were flowers and fruits on every hand filling the air with a mellow, sweet fragrance, and adding a variety of lights, shades and tints, which gave the whole scene a charm that outrivalled the artistic genius of the most masterly touch.

On the left of the mansion, a half mile distant, was the great steam gin from whose hundred-foot smoke stack curled volumes of black smoke which rolled away and vanished into sightless atmosphere. The buzzing and singing of the gin saws, which stripped the lint from the seed and sent it flying like snow before a cyclone into the baling

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department, presented a scene of life and activity which was of particular benefit to Maudelle at the time of her physical collapse.

Again she had mistrusted the Providence of a God a few hours before, but as she looked out upon the fields, she saw God in every sunbeam, in every leaf, flower, insect and bird. She saw God, not as a frowning, displeased Judge with uplifted hand to condemn her for her folly, but she saw Him through smiling nature as a kind, loving Father, with outstretched arms inviting her back to the great heart which had never lost an iota of love for her.

As she stood looking through the window, she felt the influence of the God of her childhood coming back to her as a sweet, restful and hopeful at-one-ment with the physical and spiritual laws of divinity—laws which she neither made nor could she hope to modify, change or control to benefit herself and hers. She began to reason that disappointments are sometimes suggestive of unfoldments of new and happy phases of something better for the future.

While thus soliloquizing, a dream, a peculiar dream, from which she had just awaked, flashed across her mind, and she began to recall and carefully marshal into line the many strange elements which composed that dream. Not that she was in the habit of giving credence to dreams, but the dream of last night was more than an ordinary dream. Its sharply drawn outlines filled in with scenes of an active, creative mind acting, as it seemed, under the influence of some supernatural power, which furnished imaginative material for the outpicturing of human destiny, especially of America.

Says she, "I seemed to stand on a high eminence, which brought the entire North American Continent under my vision, with its people of the present, past and future. The continent seemed to be one vast stage put in readiness for a great drama. There was a densely black curtain which

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stretched across the continent from East to West, and was made fast to the two oceans, (Atlantic and Pacific), and reached upward to the clouds. There came a vivid flash of lightning, a tremendous gong sounded, and the curtain slowly lifted. I saw thousands of people of which history makes no mention. These people towered up from eight to ten feet in height, and had large heads and strong limbs. Their only dress was an apron of animal skin tied about the waist. Their color was a dark copper, their eyes were black and their thick, curly hair was left to take care of itself.

"They seemed to have no method of industry except to hunt and fish, as fancy or want might dictate, and this was carried on not by traps or weapons but by throwing stones from the hand or by fleetness of foot.

"The climate was tropical, which produced an abundance of all kinds of food stuff. Birds, animals, reptiles and insects grew to enormous size. These people lived and ruled for ages, until finally the climate changed and they and all life were swept off.

"Ages passed again, and then another people came on the stage. These people were not so large and strong as the first, but what they lost in size was gained in genius.

"These people partook very much of the same features and color as the others, but had better kept hair. The climate being colder required some kind of shelter, and preparations for change of seasons, hence an advance in industry.

"Ages passed again. Then came on a people of great intellectual power. They were progressive, aggressive and warlike, their color was white and their hair straight.

"They drove the copper-colored races off, built cities, ships and railroads, became powerful in wealth and learning. But from an avaricious desire for more wealth and less labor for themselves they brought into the country an inferior, ignorant race, whom they not only reduced to

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vassalage, but amalgamated with them and thus weakened themselves morally before other nations of the world.

"Again, I saw these white and black people continually, fussing, clashing and killing one another. I saw good Christian men and women offering themselves as a sacrifice for peace between the two races. But the great majority of the less-considerate blacks and whites seemed determined to fight it out.

"I heard a tremendous rumbling in the East, as though half of the world had gone down in an earthquake. This continent felt the vibrations and the earth was thrown into spasmodic convulsions. People rushed from their homes, panic-stricken, children screamed, women fainted, men gasped, dogs howled, horses and other animals ran wild with fright.

"There arose on the Eastern horizon a black cloud in the exact shape of a man's hand with its fingers extended westward. The hand stretched thousands of miles right and left. From the fingers there played vivid flashes of lightning which sprang from the finger tips and shot westward with terrific report.

"The American people stood with upturned faces as though inquiring of Heaven's King for the reason why. They all realized the approach of a great revolution. Just then there came a great puffing of steam, splashing of water and a deafening hurrah from hundreds of millions of men. At the same time there came into view hundreds of thousands of ponderous war-ships and floating crafts of every description, black with grim, vicious-looking soldiers armed from tip to toe. The two great oceans were literally covered with machinery of warfare all heading toward America. These fighters were made up of the yellow, black and Latin races, comprising an army of invading crusaders of nine hundred ninety-five million of men. Africa poured in her three hundred million, and millions of other black

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peoples along the route fell into line. It was evident that no nation, or combination of nations could withstand the onslaught of this invincible host. Notwithstanding the tremendous odds, the American nation rose in its might and usual spirit of patriotism, flew to arms, put her navy in motion, manned her forts and waited for the challenge.

"The American black people occupied a position apart from the whites on one wing of the army. White generals were addressing the negro soldiers and exhorting them to be as true and brave in this war as they had been in the wars from Bunker Hill to the Philippine Islands. A large, black man wearing the uniform of a captain mounted a high eminence on the seashore, which overlooked the ten million negroes who were gathered about him. Said he, 'Sons and daughters of African descent, hear me. You have faithfully allied your patriotism with that of the American white people since March 5, 1770, when Crispus Attucks fell as the first martyr of American independence. From that time to the present, every battlefield on which the American people have fought, at home or abroad, has its quota of the blood and bones of black soldiers.

" 'You served your country very often for less pay per month and without any promise of promotion, with but little or no protection for your family at home. And when the several wars ended, the soldier was again forced back into his usual, humiliating condition. If we are to judge of the future by the past, the negro's condition will always be the same, or worse, no matter what sacrifice or service he may render to the country.

" 'This country is now brought face to face with a crisis, which if not averted at once will end its life. Will it be wise for the ten million negroes to throw themselves into the boiling, and bubbling vortex between the white and yellow races to save this country which the white man has always claimed as all his own? Or will they ally themselves

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with the yellow and Latin races and thus take their chance with them for better or worse? The fact is, should the governing power of this continent pass from the white to the darker races, it would involve the negro in no serious risk, should he throw his influence to the latter without a national betterment of his condition by the choice.

" 'Because he would still have about the same chance for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness he now has, with a strong probability and possibility of something better.

" 'I have no desire to influence you, my long-suffering countrymen, against your will. You must decide and act individually by the authority of your own judgment, and if you make a mistake, you can bear it with more willing fortitude than you would by following the advice of others. As for myself, I confess I can not, I will not, wait longer for equal justice at the hands of the white man.

" 'We have long since rounded off two hundred years of patient waiting, and the distance between the negro and anything better than the present seems to be rapidly widening out into a revengeful, merciless, frigid and impassable zone between the two races.

" 'Better we part than live with our fingers on each the other's throat.'

"With this the captain ended his speech, and ten million negro throats open with thundering applause. I saw," continued she, "a peculiar flag run up by black hands on a very high staff which stood on the seashore. I saw one of the same pattern displayed from a tremendous war-ship of the yellow race. I saw those huge monsters clear for action. I saw the negroes man the forts in their lines along the sea. I saw the American war ships also prepare for defense, but those which lay between the enemy at sea and the shore batteries manned by the negroes were in a dangerous position. The negroes held the ocean front for several hundreds of miles, which I saw would enable the

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invaders to make easy landings after that portion of the American navy which lay between the two fires had been destroyed. I heard harsh, sharp commands all along the lines. I saw men fly to their guns with hands raised ready to touch fire to powder. I dreaded the shock. I closed my eyes, put my fingers in my ears, for I believed the mountains would tumble down and the earth would be kicked from its orbit when the crash came. As I cried aloud, 'Dear God, save the country which gave me birth,' I awoke rejoiced to find that I had only dreamed."

Heretofore a dream to Maudelle had no significance, it was nothing more than a shadowy phantom with which the mind played in the hours of sleep. But the dream of last night was something more than a thin, shapeless nebula flitting across the horizon of the mind. The scenes had followed one another in wonderful, realistic order without a halt or diversion of the actors in their strange role of nations.

VIRTUE'S REWARD.

SOMEHOW, following the dream of the night there came to the mind of Maudelle a quiet, restful ease for which she could not account under the trying circumstances.

Because on the night before she had about decided to abandon her work in the South and return to Boston, but the morning had brought to her another decision, on which she now determined to act.

It will be remembered that she had left an unfinished school-building in ———, several months before, because of being suspected of rescuing a negro boy from a mob.

Those who composed the mob, kept up a quiet, vigilant watch for evidences against her during her absence.

The boy unfortunately wrote her from Chicago thanking her for her kindness in saving his life, and giving the

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names of persons who informed him it was she. The letter was intercepted and the mob had all the proof they wanted, but kept everything a secret.

On her return she was welcomed by Colonel Nelson and Major Warne. Others who had given her savage looks before were now pleasant and civil, as though the past had been forgiven and forgotten. She reopened contracts and pushed the work with all possible speed in order to complete everything by the Spring season, so that she might go North before the hot Summer set in.

Four and a half months had passed, which brought her to the middle of March, and within ten days or two weeks of the finishing touches of her work.

Although both Colonel Nelson and Major Warne had time after time cautioned Maudelle to be on her guard and not to take smiles for friendship, and to stay within doors after night, she would go to the post-office and other places where business made it necessary, whether night or day.

The last mail was due at seven o'clock at night, and came much later in bad weather, as it was carried by hack. Seven or eight o'clock in March is well along in the night.

On one of these late evenings as she came from the post-office, on passing a dark alley back of a livery stable, two men heavily masked stepped from the alley in front of her and covered her with guns.

"One word and we will kill you," said they, in positive, stern voices. They took her into the alley, tied her hands behind her back, and threw a long, black gown over her face which also covered her entire person.

She was led through what seemed to be dark, back streets, because they neither met nor heard anyone along the way. After travelling thus for twenty or thirty minutes, turning sharp corners and stumbling upon piles of trash, etc., they led her into a building and climbed rickety steps to a second story. Here she was led into a small room at the end of

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a large hall—or at least it seemed so to her, from the fact that there were a great many men there who were discussing a subject on which it seemed difficult for them to agree. Others were continually coming in through the room in which Maudelle sat, and joining in the discussion. As the door was kept carefully closed between her and the hall, she could not catch a word. When the hall door opened to admit new comers, a dense fog of sugar, smoke, mixed with the odor of whiskey, poured in upon her and produced a dizzy, sickening sensation.

Three hours or more slowly passed away while she waited for her doom without speaking a word or being spoken to. At last the wrangle in the hall ended by a vote, and all seemed to be satisfied with the decision. What that decision was will never be publicly known, except it is guessed by what followed. It was evident to Maudelle that her case was the topic of discussion, and whether she was to be put to death on the spot and her body burned or buried beneath the building, were questions which passed rapidly through her mind. She knew that she was helpless in the hands of a desperate people, whose social, political and even religious training was to oppose everything and everybody which had for their object the elevation of the negro to the standard of an independent, thinking being. But she knew that her case was more aggravating to the Southern mind than the mere simple, friendly work of trying to elevate the negroes.

She had gone defiantly into the mob, taken a negro from their hands and freed him; and he had escaped beyond recapture. For this she expected harsh treatment, but she had made up her mind to ask for no quarters, come what would.

As the men filed out of the hall and passed her, she distinctly heard cambric gowns rustling which each one seemed to wear.

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"Come," said the harsh voice of a man, who put his hand on her shoulder. She rose to her feet with the readiness of one going on a pleasure trip.

With a man on each side of her she was led down the steps and put on the back of a horse, between two mounted men who led her horse along in a procession, it seemed, of fifty or more horsemen, which moved as quietly and solemnly as a funeral. This slow march was kept up for at least an hour, without a word to break the monotony of the muffled tramp of horses.

At last they seemed to turn abruptly from the road, and enter the timber, as was evident to her from the stir of dry leaves and breaking of bits of brush under the tread of the horses. They halted three or four hundred yards into the woods, and she was taken from the back of the horse, led forward a few steps, and seated on a log.

They struck a light in front of her, as she discovered through the covering over her face. Like a flash the covering was jerked from over her head and she saw herself surrounded by fifty or sixty men in frightful disguise. The effect was not what they expected. They thought she would be struck with terror and cry out for mercy. But while they stood staring into her face like misshapen monsters from a world of lost spirits, she looked on in silent contempt. Maudelle was no foolish, scary, giddy girl. Horns and masks and glass globe eyes and red rags and painted gowns and leather pouches for stomachs did not alarm her.

The spokesman of the mob had lengthened his height to more than seven feet by a device on his head and his dress was the most hideous imagination could invent.

He stepped from the ranks and faced her, and shook a twelve-inch artificial finger in her face, and in a rough, guttural voice said, "Madam, you are charged with interfering with the affairs of the white people of this community.

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and we are delegated to see to it that you answer for your offense. We want you to understand that this country belongs to the white people, and they will control it to suit themselves. We will not have you Yankees come here and spoil the niggers by making them believe they are as good as white people. I say you are the one who released a nigger on this very spot, who was going to be punished for burning our compress, and thousands of dollars worth of cotton. You know you did it."

Maudelle sat looking steadily in his face without saying a word or as much as moving a muscle.

Stung by her silent, contemptuous gaze, he made a vicious, threatening advance toward her, and growled out, "Answer me, woman," The clan also growled like angry tigers.

"No, I did not release the negro who burned your compress," said she.

"You did," said the man, and the mob joined in the accusation.

"Yes, you did," said they.

"I did no such thing," said she, sharply. "I released an innocent man from the clutches of a cowardly mob who would have killed him for a crime of which he was as innocent as anyone of you are."

"What right had you to meddle with our business?" said the spokesman.

"The same right that anyone with a human soul would have to rescue another innocent soul from the hands of wilful murderers," said she.

"All right, madam. We will show you that we have the right to teach you a lesson of what it costs to be a Yankee nigger-lover," said the man excitedly.

"You have no such right, sir, you may have the unmanly, brutal power to abuse a woman whom you have bound with cords and dragged into this forest, you say, to teach a lesson. Whatever that may mean, there is one thing of which

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you may all be sure. You have either mothers, sisters wives or daughters yet unburied, and a just God will return to them full measure for measure in swift retribution for your conduct to-night," said she in a voice full of intense meaning.

"Whatever may come to us or ours, is no business of yours, and your silly predictions will in no way deter us from doing our duty to those of our people you have so rudely insulted.

"We propose to give you fifty lashes on your bare back, and then give you twenty-four hours to leave the state," said the leader.

"Is it possible that you are specimens of the boasted, chivalric knights of the South, that it takes fifty or sixty to chastise one woman bound with cords? Cowards!! loose my hands, give me either a sword, pistol or rifle, and you may take the same kind of weapon and make your own choice as to distance and come one at a time, and I will fight the entire mob," said she, with her eyes flashing the fire of vengeance.

The Klan gave a hideous groan.

"It is very evident to me that your moan of derision is your only excuse to cover your cowardice," said she.

"Woman, we have had talk enough, it is now to business in short order," said the leader, while at the same time he ordered two of his men to prepare her back for the lash.

The men stepped forward, took off her hat, tossed it on the ground, and began to unfasten the bosom of her dress.

Just then one of the mob, a tall, commanding figure, stepped out of the ranks, and raised his hand.

"Captain," said he, "I want to interrogate this woman before you proceed further."

"All right," said the leader.

"Madam," said the interrogator, "you have acknowledged that you released a negro eight or ten months ago

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from his captors, who was to have been hung to a tree only a few feet from where you now sit. Why did you do that?"

"I did it because I have proof positive that he was innocent of the charge," said she.

"Would you do the same thing under similar circumstances?"

"Yes, I would liberate black, white, rich or poor every hour of my life, if I knew them to be innocent," said she, while her face lit up with animation from an earnest soul.

"What proof have you that the negro is innocent?" said the interrogator.

"I have more than a hundred witnesses, teachers and pupils, that the boy was in school that night long before and after the fire. Allow me to explain that the colored people have a Sunday night school, where moral and religious instruction is given, and the boy was a faithful member of the school."

"Then," said the man, "I suppose, madam, you believe it would be unjust to punish you for freeing the boy."

"I do," said Maudelle.

"Do you want protection?" said he.

She made no answer, but merely looked up and seemed to regard his question as tantalizing mockery.

He stepped to her side, put his hand on her shoulder, as though to arouse her from a dream. The touch of his hand was so gentle that it sent a thrill of confiding hope to her soul. But before she could translate the meaning of the question, and the trustworthiness of his hand on her shoulder, he said, "I say, young woman, do you want protection?" His voice was tremulous with emotion so that it sank almost to a whisper.

"I do," she said simply, as her head dropped on her bosom and she broke into sobs, overwhelmed by the unexpected proffer of friendship by one of the mob.

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As quick as a flash he tore off his mask and dress of disguise, and there to the astonished gaze of all present stood Lieutenant Nelson in full uniform. He cut the cords from her hands, placed a small, silk, American flag on her shoulders, then stood at her side with sabre in one hand and navy six in the other, and said, "Madam, in the name of our God, in honor to woman's virtue, in profound respect for my dead mother, and by the authority of the country I serve, you shall have protection."

Facing the mob he continued thus, "Gentlemen, no doubt some of you are my personal friends, for whom I would make any reasonable sacrifice. But I cannot forget that a woman was my first and best friend, and the highest tribute I can now pay to her is, that I will stand sponsor for one of her sex, cost me what it may. Beware, gentlemen, I will kill the man who dares put the finger of violence on this woman."

One of the mob threw off his disguise, stepped to the side of the Lieutenant, and cried out, "By heavens! Lieutenant, I am with you against the world." In less than three minutes the entire mob had disrobed and lined up with Nelson in defense of Maudelle, and every man would have died willingly in his tracks for her.

To the great surprise of all present, there arose from ambush eight or ten old Confederate heroes of high rank, who came stepping forward, sword in hand, in all the grace and dignity of their profession.

Said Major Warne, "Boys, we are here to join you in defense of woman."

These old, gray-haired soldiers had followed the mob, and by some stratagem known only to soldiers, had come up unobserved within fifty feet of the scene, and there secreted themselves to wait and watch developments.

These men had always stood for peace and fair dealing with black and white, and for this they were respected, honored and loved by both races.

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They knew of the feeling and ill-designs against Maudelle, and they had determined to save her from embarrassment, and the state and community from disgrace.

Colonel Nelson, (who was one of the old soldiers referred to), did not know his son was taking any interest in Maudelle, until they met in the forest that night. The young man managed to keep himself informed of the movements of her enemies, and on the night of her capture, he disguised himself and fell in line as the mob filed out of town, and was thus on hand to act his part.

Some one proposed three cheers for Lieutenant Nelson, "our brave sailor boy," which was given with a shout.

The gallant old army officers proposed three cheers for the brave, little Yankee girl. The forest resounded with a hearty echo.

Another proposition was to burn on the spot the masks and shrouds of men and horses, as a sacrifice to peace and good-will toward all law-abiding citizens, without regard to race or condition. The forest was soon lit up with the blaze which licked up the last vestige of mob violence in that part of ———.

Everyone shook hands with Maudelle and assured her of their friendship ever after.

"Miss Morroe," said Colonel Nelson, "Bettie is also out here under saddle waiting for you."

"I thank you, Colonel Nelson, very much for your thoughtful kindness," said she. It will be remembered that "Bettie" was the little, pacing mare which Maudelle rode on the night she released the negro.

The no-longer mob, but friends, bade her a warm good-night, mounted their horses and galloped homeward.

Of course Lieutenant Nelson rode back to town by the side of Maudelle.

Bettie tossed her head up and down, as though greatly enjoying the privilege of carrying Maudelle on her back.

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Maudelle waited for an opportunity to thank Lieutenant Nelson for his kindness to her, but it seemed he had something to say about everything else except the occurrence of the present night. Finally, however, the conversation turned on her work and whether she would leave the state when she had completed the school-building.

"Yes, it is my intention to return to Boston just as soon as I am through here," said she.

"I certainly cannot blame you for desiring to leave us," said he, in a tone of regret. "But," continued he, "we are not all as bad as you may think. Our people are impulsive and sensitive, but when you know them as I do, you will find some warm, large-hearted people among them."

"Yes," said she, "that has been demonstrated to-night, in connection with my trouble, which at first assumed very ugly proportions, and then smoothed out into happy results. And for these results I am greatly indebted to you," said she, as she turned and looked the Lieutenant in the face.

"I am very sorry, Miss Morroe, that such a thing should have occurred. I found out several weeks ago, that a certain class were bent on giving you trouble. I made no open protest against them, but thought it well to let them develop their scheme, and then do my best to defeat its execution, and that would end it.

"Perhaps I am taking the risk to incur your dislike, when I tell you that I have kept a close watch over you for several weeks. I knew that you were going to be attacked in some way, so I never have been far from you to assist you. When you were captured to-night, I was only twenty yards off. In the hall, I was in the adjoining room and overheard all they had to say. When they adjourned, I let myself down from the back window by a rope, disguised, and mounted my horse and fell in with the crowd.

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"I did not know my father was also taking an interest in you, until he appeared on the scene. My father is a grand, old man, God bless him!"

Maudelle extended her hand, and said, "Lieutenant, I have no words sufficiently expressive of my many obligations to you for the very kind interest you have taken in my welfare. A brother could not have done more; I shall always be your debtor. Perhaps I should have been more prudent, and thus have given you less trouble, but my training has been to do right and fear no one."

"Miss Morroe," said he, "I know that all I may say will not change your mind or free you from your deep sense of obligation to me for the part I have taken in the unpleasant affair to-night. But please do not mention it after to-night, it will only embarrass me, because it was a very pleasant duty for me, in fact, it is a part of my education at home, and as a soldier, to protect those who need protection."

"A very noble calling indeed," said she, as she turned her face toward his, but the cruel darkness veiled the sweet smile and modest blush back of the word, "noble calling."

"At your request I will try not to mention my indebtedness to you after to-night, but I assure you of one thing, that you will always live in my heart as one of my best friends," said she.

"Then," said he, "I shall always be happy to know that I am so fortunate as to live in a heart so brave and true."

Both were silent for several seconds, until Maudelle broke the silence by speaking to the little mare. Patting her neck, she said, "Dear Bettie, we have gotten on nicely together, and I hope you will live to a good, old age." The mare tossed her head up and down, seemingly in answer to what was said to her.

"I believe she understands you," said the Lieutenant.

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Maudelle told him of the mare's human intelligence manifested on the night she rode her to the forest when she rescued the negro.

"I do hope, Miss Morroe, that you will not hurry off to Boston. I would be glad to go out horseback riding with you. Father tells me you are a fine rider and manager of a horse."

Maudelle laughed. "I fear," said she, "that your kind father has given me a reputation I cannot maintain when riding with a trained soldier. However, nothing can give me more pleasure than to go with you at your convenience."

"Any day for the next six or seven months will be convenient for me, or until our ship is ordered to sea," said he.

As the next day was Saturday, and Maudelle would be busy with the workmen at the building, an engagement was made for the following Monday afternoon.

SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY.

It is a matter of simple justice to the Southern people to say that they stand out above all other people of America for their kind, generous and hospitable disposition. When once the stranger has shown himself worthy of their friendship, the best they have is willingly shared with him, not for pay, because it is a thing much too cheap to exchange for Southern friendship.

The Northern man is honest, upright and just in his dealings, but very sparing with the things that do not promise commercial return. Climate may account for this difference. Men are very much like the soil on which they grow. The primary difference between a hill of potatoes, a blade of grass or a fruit tree and a man is, one has speech and locomotion, while the other has not.

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The soil of the Northern farm is from four to six inches deep, which must be fertilized in exchange for food stuff; thus the farmer pays the ground for its products, and the stranger whom he feeds and houses for a night, must pay him. The Southern soil is from ten to thirty feet deep, and is never fertilized, and never fails to yield bountiful crops, with a fair season and but little outlay of labor for everything except to produce, harvest and dispose of cotton, which requires from twelve to fifteen months.

It is true that Maudelle had sustained many indignities, because her mission was very unpopular, and she was not understood. But when it was discovered that she was an honest, upright woman, who had not come South for dishonorable gain, but on the other hand, was spending tens of thousands of dollars of her own personal means for the benefit of the ignorant negroes, the spirit in which it was done gained for her many friends, while they honestly disagreed with the purpose.

On the night after the sequel in the forest, as Maudelle sat in her room meditating on the humiliating occurrence through which she had passed, she heard soft, sweet notes from a violin, which seemed to be attuned and touched by supernatural fingers sent especially from the upper world to woo the soul away from the earth. When that master of all musical instruments had stolen its way through the first measure, the bass viol and other accompanying instruments stepped into their respective places, until the evening air vibrated in answer to ten strings and brass pieces.

Mrs. Major Warne, with whom Maudelle boarded, ran into Maudelle's room. "O Miss Morroe," said she, "dress as soon as you can, and look pretty. That is a serenade in honor of you. O, I am so glad! You will meet the best of our people to-night." She kissed Maudelle's forehead, and hurried downstairs to be on hand to welcome the company.

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By the time three selections had been played, Maudelle had dressed and gone to the parlors to assist Mrs. Warne to receive the company.

As the ladies and gentlemen entered each one carried a package in his hand. It was evidently an old-fashioned surprise party.

The spacious, double parlors of the Warne mansion were crowded with the elite of the city in full evening dress. The ladies had prepared a high, classical programme as much to bring out the mental attainments of the "Yankee girl" as for their own enjoyment.

Maudelle established her reputation as a finished scholar of high rank. After the literary exercises ended, came the hop, in which old and young took an enjoyable part.

At eleven o'clock the guests were conducted to the elaborately-arranged refreshment table.

Maudelle never showed to better advantage. She was not allowed to have one idle minute. Her native modesty carried with it a wonderful power, and coupled with her tremendous store of knowledge and her matchless brilliancy, when called out, made her the idol of the gentlemen and coveted associate of the ladies.

Lieutenant Nelson, evidently the hero of the occasion, could get in only a hurried word at long intervals. But he seemed to be content to give her up to other admirers for the evening, because he was happy in the thought, that on Monday afternoon he would have her all to himself.

After this introduction into Southern society, Maudelle was made to feel the warmth and friendship of the Southern people, every token of which she promptly and gladly reciprocated.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IT IS BLOOD THAT WINS.

PROMPTLY at the hour appointed on Monday afternoon, Lieutenant Nelson called at the Warne mansion to go riding with Maudelle. The servant had brought the mare Bettie for Maudelle, while the Lieutenant rode his fine trotting animal.

Said Major Warne, in his usual jocular style, "Look out, Harrison, my boy, don't make your visits too frequent over here. I want the other boys to have a chance. The fact is, I expect it is about time for you to go back to your ship anyway."

"O, I have six months yet," said the Lieutenant.

"The deuce you have!" said Major Warne, as he waved his hand to the young couple starting off.

As they rode slowly up the avenue which led into the country, pleasant smiles and friendly salutations met them on every hand. Those who knew the circumstances which had led to their acquaintance, felt assured that a more sacred and closer relationship would be the ultimate outcome.

Although the forest episode was to have been strictly kept from public notoriety, by some means it got out, and it became current that Maudelle had challenged the entire mob. This gave her the reputation of an extraordinary woman of daring. And when it was learned that she had been thoroughly trained in the science of handling the sword, pistol, rifle and the fist, they readily understood that the challenge was no joke. Again, gossip had it, that since Nelson was a trained soldier, he naturally would become

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attached to one skilled in the tactics of his profession. But such skill imputed to Maudelle was a new thing to Southern society, and it was determined by some of the ladies to get proof of what was claimed for the Yankee girl by some innocent method.

The Lieutenant and Maudelle returned after a three hours' outing of exhilarating exercise. They had speeded their horses for short distances at a time. Mr. Nelson was rather quiet and meditative. He was a hard student and a close, consecutive reasoner. It was seldom he met with a mind in woman that measured up to his ideal, and when he did, he openly and fearlessly acknowledged his admiration for her talents.

The afternoon's interview and interchange of thought with Maudelle, convinced him that he had found her not only to be all he had pictured a woman should be, but even more than a reasonable man could expect. She was not only an easy, fluent conversationalist, a scientist, a philosophical thinker, a skilful manipulator with pencil and brush, as well as a charming pianist, but in addition to her skill with the sword and firearms, etc., she had been trained to manage boats and horses, to swim, skate, and other physical culture exercises, as has been mentioned in the chapter under the heading of "Beginning a New Life."

Returning home they gave their horses rein for a mile or more, and the two animals poked along half asleep. The Lieutenant made it convenient to fall behind Maudelle in order to see how she carried herself in the saddle. Her position was as easy and graceful as a trained knight. He raised his eyes heavenward. "My God! this woman is to be my wife," he whispered. Just then Maudelle looked back to see why he had gotten behind. She noticed a broad smile on his face. "What is the matter with you now?" said she, while her sharp, black eyes bespoke instant resentment.

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"Miss Morroe, I cannot tell you now why I smiled, but believe me until I can tell you. I only can say now, that the thought which provoked the smile was the most pleasant of all my life. You shall know it at a time not remote. Somehow I never have been popular with ladies. It may be I am a chronic crank, and expect more of a woman than a sane man has any right to expect. Mere girlish giggle and town gossip cannot entertain me. I always try to give my company something more than that, and I believe I have the right to expect something in exchange, to add to my little store of knowledge, but without that something I am robbed of my valuable time. This three hours' ride with you has led me out into the great domain of thought, where we have had one continual evolutionary unfoldment of real, rich, original and newly-created ideals all our own. I truly thank heaven for the opportunity which brought us together, and for the new impulse our short acquaintance has given to my life. It seems to me I must have been born old, because that which entertained boys of my age was mere foolishness to me. I never sowed what is known as wild oats, and therefore have none to reap. Of course I was called old granny, recluse and sober-sides, etc. But I found my early habits of inestimable value in the naval school where nothing counts but brain and character. But I must not forget that all I am, or ever expect to be, must go to the credit of my good mother, no boy ever had a better. She and my father made me their confidential companion. I lived in their bountiful love, which supplied every need. When my mother died, although I had reached ripe manhood, half of my life died with her. My father being spared to me, I buried the other half of my life in his love."

While he conversed with warmth and animation, Maudelle was a silent, attentive listener. When he had finished, she said, "Your epitomized history of your boyhood and

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youth is interesting from the fact that you have made it a plain, open book."

By this time they were only a block from the Warne mansion, where they would part.

"I hope," said the Lieutenant, "I may have the pleasure of taking you driving very soon?"

She assured him that she would be pleased to go. The engagement was made for Thursday of that week.

As he lifted her from the saddle, he said, "This day will be the beginning of a new life for me, and I owe it all to you, Miss Morroe."

The warmth of a slight blush passed over her face as she said with an earnestness which left no doubt of its truthfulness, "I assure you I never enjoyed a ride more than I have this afternoon."

They parted. As he rode home, he hung to that word, "I have never enjoyed a ride more than I have this afternoon." There seemed to be a charming revelation about the word he could not give up. But he could not reduce it to the meaning he most desired with the one word "ride" in the way. Had she left that out, he might have taken credit for being the sole contributor to her pleasure. But **with** the word "ride" to interfere the animal shared the credit.

Colonel Nelson met his son at the gate. "Well, Harrison," said he, "how do you like the Yankee girl?"

"She is the best-informed and most thorough and well-rounded woman I have ever met," said the son.

"I think just as you do," said his father. Continuing, the Colonel said, "When she came to me eight or ten months ago, and explained her plans to rescue the negro from the mob, I did not discourage her, but I really believed that she would lose courage and back out when the time should come to execute her scheme. Because I thought it was decidedly too daring for a woman to undertake. However,

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I promised to do my part. I was on hand in disguise as one of the mob, and there was no way for her to know me from the others.

"She had to take a hazardous chance on my word. But undaunted, God bless her soul! she performed her part promptly and well, and saved herself by a dash of horsemanship."

"Father," said the son, "I have not concealed anything from you, and I owe my success in life to that fact. In this way I have had the benefit of your good judgment and mature experience to supplement such common sense as I may have. I want to explain to you some private, personal and delicate matters relative to Miss Morroe, and your opinion will govern my actions regardless of my own notion. When I came home a few weeks ago, and saw her so actively engaged superintending her work with so much business tact and promptness, I began to like her, and when you told me that some of our people were bent on giving her trouble for what you and I considered was a noble act, I made up my mind to help her out. I took the pleasant task to be near her whenever I thought she was in danger of mistreatment. Of course that explains why I was prepared to take the part I did in the forest. But when she challenged the entire mob without knowing that she had a friend within miles of her, it showed so much courage and unusual bravery that my former admiration for her became at once intense love. I would have undertaken to have fought the world for her. It is not affection simply born of sympathy, but it is a touch of the divine spirit that seems to inform me that she was born especially for me and I for her. What I want to know is, shall I follow up my first impression and win her if I can?"

The old gentleman drew his handkerchief across his forehead—a usual custom of his when under a mental strain—and held it there a few seconds, as though struggling

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with his great, manly heart to give up the last and only living child in the world. He knew it was his duty to yield, and he intended to do so. He had anticipated such a crisis, and had tried to hold himself in readiness to meet it. But it came from a quarter against which he had not fortified himself. Or in other words, he did not expect to be made arbitrator of a contract to which he was one of the parties concerned.

Again, there are but few parents who can, on the turn of a moment, acknowledge the righteous claim of a stranger to all the affections, careful rearing and watchful training of a child.

"Harrison," said the father, "I was trying to find a way to let the girl in between us, that is if you can make her agree to come. She is in every sense worthy of you. You can never find a better companion. Go, Harrison, and win her if you can in an open, truthful, manly way. You have both my sanction and congratulation for your good judgment in making such a choice. She is a rare gem, and you must be the counterpart of that."

The conversation then turned on the possibilities and probabilities in case of marriage, whether the son would resign his commission in the navy and come home. "I would take her with me," said he. "She is used to the water, can manage and sail a boat."

"Do what, sail a boat?" said his father. "Plague take the little monkey! what is it she cannot do?" said the old gentleman, who threw his head back and laughed at his uncouth expression. "After all, do you know I like a woman of that kind, one who can face danger and not faint and fall at the very time when they need calm reason for self-defence," said the old gentleman.

While father and son were pleasantly outlining a future home and life for Maudelle, she was at the same time planning to avoid a repetition of a Crondell episode. She saw

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very plainly that Lieutenant Nelson was liking her, and that she felt an unavoidable pleasure in his company, and somehow a little restless when he was not present. She knew the meaning of this, and determined to end it by placing a thousand or more miles between them at once. "I will go driving with him on Thursday, as I have promised, and on Monday I will take the train for Boston," said she, and, seemingly relieved, she sat down to write her decision home. But she had written only a half a dozen words, when there came over her such a sad feeling of regret, she rose from the desk and strolled back and forth across the room in deep meditation about nothing in particular. The letter lay on the desk unfinished. She tried to do some packing, but that too, was in such a careless, half-hearted way, that it too was abandoned. She sat down to read, but despite her efforts her flagging spirits, this work also ended in failure.

She was surprised to find herself rather impatient at the apparently slow approach of Thursday, and her desire to hasten the expected pleasure of the drive with Lieutenant Nelson.

Thursday came at last. The day was cool and bright—as May days generally are in the South, which gave a keen edge and clearness to thought and an easy flow to the current of expression, which is always charming in those who possess that rare gift. As the last hour began wasting away, and the time was drawing near for Lieutenant Nelson to call, she could not keep away from the window. "I am really ashamed of myself," said she to herself. She turned from the window and sat down determined to wait until he called. But when the lazy minute hand of the clock crept through the last five minutes, she rose and went back to the window, controlled by an influence too strong to resist the pleasure it afforded.

On the very minute, two fine, black horses hitched to a buggy, came dashing up to the mansion, and drew up to the

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front gate. "That is he," said she, as she quickly stepped back behind the folds of the damask curtains and waited for him to ring the bell. At the tap of the bell her pulse quickened, and a thrill of joy filled her heart. The servant brought her the Lieutenant's card, and the next minute she came down stairs ready to go.

"You are as prompt as a soldier," said the Lieutenant.

"Yes," said she, "time has its value as well as other commodities. I see that you are also on the minute."

"O yes, that is a part of my schooling. To delay a second to execute a command might cause a loss of thousands of lives," said he.

Before they took the buggy Maudelle asked if she might speak to the horses.

"Certainly," said he, "if they will allow it."

She patted them on their necks, and then on their cheeks and their faces. They held their heads down and appeared greatly to enjoy the caressing.

"Well, well!" said the Lieutenant, "that is the first time those horses ever had the hand of a woman on them. I expected they would protest, but they seemed to like it."

"A horse is as intelligent as he is noble. He can appreciate kindness as readily as a human being. The fact is, I am an uncompromising friend of all kinds of animals, and they seem to know it," said she.

The drive on the pike for ten miles out was delightful. The evenly-matched team swept along under tight reins like proud, black phantoms. The conversation at first took a wide range, embracing the origin and growth of nations, the establishment of their governments, literature, religion, science, art, civilization, etc., and finally narrowed down to the Southern people and their notions as contrasted with those of the Northern people.

"How do you like our Southern people, since you have become better acquainted with them?" said the Lieutenant.

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"I have never met a more open-hearted and whole-souled people anywhere," said she. "And I assure you," continued she, "I shall miss their warm, genial association when I go away."

"I hope," said he, "it will be a long time before you leave us."

"Not very long," said she. "Perhaps next Monday."

He turned in the seat and looked her in the face. "Certainly, Miss Morroe, you are only jesting," said he.

"No; not jesting," said she. "I have finished my work here, made friends with the people, and it will be wise to go before I exhaust their valuable friendship."

"It may be I am selfish," said he. "But if I am, it is a selfishness born of honor and pure intentions. I have been hoping that you would stay here at least as long as I do, that is four or five months. I suppose by that time my ship will be ready to go to sea for a three years' cruise."

In a playful manner Maudelle said, "You see, Lieutenant, my furlough has run out, and my people are expecting me at home according to my promise, and I must not disappoint them."

Then both were silent for a few minutes. It was evident from the serious expression on his face, that he was marshaling the courage of his life to say to her what he had never said to any woman before.

With a deep and long breath, as though he had reached a decision, formulated a resolution, and on that he would stake his destiny, whatever that was to be. Looking into her face he said, "Miss Morroe, circumstances have brought me to a point in life I have never before experienced, and somehow I hesitate and feel a keen sense of embarrassment to explain myself."

Maudelle sensibly felt and readily translated his meaning before it was expressed, and wished she could have vanished

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into nothingness and have been spared the pain of assuming the defensive. They were a long way from home, and the horses were allowed to creep along under slack traces over the seven or eight miles, which prolonged the return home to several hours, which the team could have made in forty minutes.

"You remember," continued he, "that you caught me smiling at you on the day we were horseback riding, and I promised then to tell you to-day. It was this. I dropped behind you to see how you carried yourself in the saddle, to which soldiers are trained, and greatly admire you as an easy, graceful rider. Your training must have been thorough, because you are absolutely perfect in the art. Of course I was pleased with that, but there was a thought back of that which gave rise to a powerful, involuntary consciousness of the relation we are to sustain to each other. But our short acquaintance seemed not to warrant me in expressing all I felt, but as I said to myself, you were to be my wife, just then you looked back and caught me smiling. I felt it then, I feel it now. It is not merely boyish admiration which is common and unstable. It is love, first, the only and purest of all love. Miss Morroe, I know I embarrass you, but I am certainly sharing the embarrassment with you. It is not my fault that I love you. God has done it. He has made you for me, and me for you. Though born and reared a thousand or more miles apart, we unintentionally have gravitated together, and circumstances have made it necessary for me to tell you this much sooner than I otherwise would have done.

"It may seem strange to you as it is to me, that I have loved you always, have loved you when but a dependent child, just as soon as I could recognize one face from another. I thought and dreamed of my little girl-wife when I was but a little boy hanging about my mother's neck, and living on her love for the time.

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"I have waited all these thirty-six years for you, and I have been faithful to you in that I neither offered my affection to any woman, nor have I asked any woman for her love, because I knew you would come sometime. When in my teens and when my boy associates of that age were flirting with girls, I drew a mental picture of you, and to that picture I was strictly loyal. It was a picture created not of desultory parts and outlined by fanciful, short-lived notions to be dissolved when brought before new forms and faces, but my first ideal has lived with me unchanged until I have found you, its original."

At times his voice faltered under the pathetic emotion of his soul. Continuing, he said, "I have said all this without the least evidence that you could ever like a plain, blunt man like me. I confess I never had any particular lady friend, therefore I am a novice in the art of courting, and I may frighten you away from me before you understand me."

"No," said Maudelle, "I am no longer a chit in her teens, thirty-one years ought to give a woman some sense, if she is going to have any at all. I like your frank, open manner. All that old, conventional style, when a man was expected to say pretty, memorized words on his knees at a woman's feet, has gone with the other foolish nonsense of the past."

"You have confessed you like me, and I assure you there is no one for whom I have greater respect than I have for you."

Said he, "I am glad my conduct merits your approval. If you respect me, why can we not be friends for life? The fact is, Miss Morroe, I do not see how I can ever get along without you. I have never met a woman in all my travels (which have been extensive), whose mind and thoughts and taste were so much a part of my own as are yours." By this time they were only a few hundred yards from home, and had a chance for only a word or two more.

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He engaged her company for a walk to the city park on the next evening. "Now," said he, "can you not give me one little word of hope on which to live until tomorrow night?"

She looked into his face, but could not trust herself to attempt an answer, but she merely nodded her head in the affirmative as he lifted her from the buggy, and they parted for the evening.

TRYING TO MASTER THE INEVITABLE.

WHEN Maudelle went to her room that night and recalled the interview of the day, she found herself less fortified against the proposals of Lieutenant Nelson than those of any other man she had ever met. She felt down deep in her heart that every word he had said was true. Said she, "I felt the truth of his confession of love for me vouched for by the attestation of my own soul. I love him as I never loved before. I thought I loved Lawrence, and I would have married him had not fate taken him from me. But I must put down the thought of love for—Harrison. O, how that name thrills my soul with delight! Yes, I will wall in the thought of love. I will chain it in the darkest cell of my heart, and starve it to death. It must not live beyond to-day. If I must, I will murder it to keep it down. O God! Did I say—murder love? that creative soul power, that divine influence which has come to me on a mission of the most noble and purest trust which heaven ever vouchsafed to the human soul? No; I will not strangle that part of God and myself. I will not turn cruel monster as a way out of my difficulty. I will face it like a woman. I will not betray the man who loves me. I will refuse his offer, of course, and I will tell him who I am, and thus make the sacrifice for his good.

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"If I must, I will truthfully acknowledge I love him, in justice to him for his affection for me, but beyond that I will never go. I am now ready to meet and master what seemed to be the inevitable."

THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENED.

ON the next evening, at half-past seven o'clock, Lieutenant Nelson and Maudelle were seated in the park, under the spreading branches of an arbor vita, which had been artistically trained after the fashion of a Japanese umbrella.

"Will you really leave us Monday?" said the Lieutenant.

"Yes, Monday," said Maudelle. He was silent a few seconds, picking at his beard.

Here sat two human souls really created for each other, of which they were uncertain, except by a faint whispering of a far-off sub-consciousness. There hung between them and the consummation of all that two souls could hope for, an impenetrable drop curtain, which would be lifted within the next twenty minutes and bring into full view the unexpected.

Raising his head, and looking her in the face he said, "Miss Morroe, I shall miss you, and no one on earth can fill your place. If you will go, you must allow me to come and find you again sometime. There is one thing I am anxious to know, yet I know it may appear to be selfish in me, but it is really a sense of justice I owe to my fellowman. Are you obligated to any suitor? For I will not try to be happy at the expense of another's pain. I promise you I will keep the secret for you."

"I am neither engaged nor am I in any way obligated to any man," said she.

"Then let me say," said he, "that, with you, God and myself present, I love you as dearly as one soul can love

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another, and I feel to-night more of that higher, spiritual life which leads up to that great Source of all love. A higher life has been my aim from the lap of my mother to this day, and I believe when paired with the one I love, that my every-day life will reflect more and more of the great, original love. Love adds new elements to faith, new resolutions to hope, increases energy and effort, and adds new powers to the spiritual, mental and physical strength. Love turns doubt to trust, failure to success, sorrow to gladness, want to plenty, fear and timidity to daring bravery, the earth into a paradise, and woman is its hallowed, central figure. Love is a safeguard against temptation, a panacea for hatred, malice, ill-will, vice and every species of sin.

"Miss Morroe, if you love me the least bit, now or ever can, it is no sin or sign of weakness to tell me so, and let me know the best or worst you have to say."

She dropped her head, toyed with her gloves, then summoning up the womanly courage of her life, she said, "Lieutenant Nelson, you have been plain-spoken and, I know, truthful with me. For this I admire you, but for your own manly self, I truly love you. God knows I do." Her voice broke into sobs, as she leaned forward and covered her face with her hands. He was heard to say, "O Father of heaven and earth, make me and keep me worthy of Thy gracious gift."

He attempted to embrace her, but she put up her hand, pushed him back, and said, "Wait awhile. I have more to say." After drying her tears, continuing, she said, "My dear friend, my acknowledgment that I love you and those tears are all I have to give you for your kindness and your love for me."

"My dear Maudelle—It is now no longer Miss Morroe nor Lieutenant but I am to you plain Harrison, and you to me will be the sweetest of all names, Maudelle—then I say, dear Maudelle, tears are sacred, but tears will not satisfy

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the thirty-six years' soul hunger—nothing, no nothing but your own dear self as a helpmate, a companion to go hand in hand with me through life; without that I will be the most miserable of all men. Why can it not be thus? If you have a good, valid reason why, I can but bend to my fate, and wait patiently for relief through a soul translation, where neither marriages nor giving in marriage are had."

"Then," said she, "dear Harrison, my hero, my protector and rescuer from the hands of vicious men, that name Harrison will always have the warmest place in my soul. You are too noble and too kind to suffer by my deception. Now prepare yourself to hate me. But be that as it may, you shall know the truth, and I will patiently carry your hatred to the end of life. I have colored blood in my veins, which came to me through my mother, who served in the place of wife to Senator George Morroe, my father. I have said nothing about this before, because I could not have prosecuted my work so well. I have told you the truth for your sake, because I love you, but I am now ready to part with you for life. Good-bye," said she, as she rose to her feet to go.

He caught her by the hand and said, "My own dear little friend, wait just a minute, and let me show you the visible hand of God, which has brought us together.

"My dear mother was also a colored woman, who sustained to my father the same relation that your mother did to yours."

He threw his arms around her, and pressed a kiss upon her lips and said, "I claim you as my dear, intended wife, and I shall be the husband of the dearest and best woman on earth, who has been won not by love and tears alone, but by the affinity of racial blood. Now," said he, "come, go with me to my father, and get from his own lips the secret which no living soul knows except he and I. I want you

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to do this for me, that you may have no doubt as to my peculiar history."

As they reached the Nelson mansion, and began to ascend the steps to the front door, Maudelle felt her courage flagging, and hesitated to enter the house. Said she, "It has too much the appearance of my being the aggressor. I will take your word for all you have told me."

"No," said he, "please me just that much. Let my father tell you before I have any chance to prompt him, and there will never be any doubt in the future. I want to stand fair, upright and honest before my wife."

Just then the door swung back, and Colonel Nelson appeared with hat in hand. "Well, well! my children, I am so glad you have come to pay the old man a visit."

Maudelle tried to beg off with the excuse that she did not want to prevent him from going out.

"No, no, not a bit of it, not a bit of it. Come in," said he, as he took her by the hand, led her into the house and seated her.

Turning to his son, he said, "Harrison, it was not necessary to invite you in. I thought you would be likely to follow."

Twenty minutes or more passed in general conversation about nothing in particular.

Then the son turning to his father, said, "Miss Morroe will leave us on Monday morning."

"Do what?" said his father. To Maudelle he said, "My dear child, I cannot have you go from us so soon, and let us not even entertain such a thought for a moment."

She assured him that she had promised her people, and could not disappoint them.

Said his son, "There is one favor, father, I want you to do for me, and when that is done, I will satisfy you that you have made no mistake."

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"I never have denied you any reasonable request. What is it you would have me do?" said his father.

"I want you to tell Miss Morroe the history of my life. Who my mother was, and all the circumstances connected with the case," said his son.

The old gentlemen looked straight into the face of his son, while his lips twitched, and his countenance took on and threw off expressions which showed it was the trying hour of his life, to unbosom a secret which had been closely guarded for thirty-six years. What made it still worse, was to give that secret to a white woman, as he supposed, which would end in social ruin to his son. After a minute or more of silence, with faltering voice, he said, "Harrison, do you know what you want—do you realize the meaning of your request? The leap is dangerous; beware. You may in this dig your own social grave."

"I am willing to take the risk," said his son.

The old, indulgent parent leaned forward, covered his face with his hands, and was in silent tears.

The young man saw the struggle going on in the bosom of that loving, old, faithful parent, and he felt that he must do something to relieve his intense suffering.

He went to his father, stroked back the gray locks from his forehead, upon which he pressed a kiss. "Father," said he, "trust me as you have heretofore. I have never deceived you and never will."

By this time the picture had assumed a character of such distressing pathos, too tender and touching for the Christ-like heart of woman to carry it longer without a response in tears for tears.

Maudelle burst out in sobs, and rising to her feet, said, "O, let me go; I have caused all this; I cannot stand it longer."

The old gentleman rose to his feet, put his hand on her shoulder and said, "Sit down, my dear, sit down, don't leave me now; the struggle is over, and all I ask of you is,

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that you will keep the secret, and save my boy from a social death."

She put her hand in his, and said, "Colonel Nelson, your secret will be kept, and it shall die with me, except to share it with my foster-parents."

He then told her that the mother of Harrison was a colored woman. He told her how that his wife and the colored woman gave birth to children at the same time, but that his wife and her child died, but it was reported to the public, and so understood, that the colored woman's child, (Harrison), died, and she was given the white's woman's child to nurse, "which you see," said he, "was Harrison, her own child, so now you have it just as it is."

"Now," said the son, "you have won for me a wife in the person of Miss Morroe, by giving her the history of my life. Now prepare yourself for a greater surprise. Miss Morroe's mother was also a colored woman, and on condition that I satisfied her of my identity with the colored race, she would be mine."

The old gentleman with a look of surprise on his face, stared Maudelle in the face. Maudelle laughed.

"O it is true," said she. "My father," continued she, "was Senator George Morroe of Kentucky."

"God love your soul!" said the Colonel. "I knew the Senator when he was in the Senate."

The old gentleman rose to his feet, took his son by one hand and Maudelle by the other, joined their hands, put his arms around the two, and said, "Harrison, the father of this dear little woman was not only the most wealthy, but also the most learned and prominent man in Kentucky. My son, be true to his daughter, for I believe deep down in my heart that you two were born for each other. May the God of heaven bless you. You also have not only my blessing in words, but all my material worth shall be yours, when I am no more."

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Maudelle took the train on Monday for Boston. Four months from then Maudelle and Lieutenant Nelson were married at the Gillispie mansion in Boston. Colonel Nelson, Major Warne and other close friends from —————, were at the wedding. On the same morning, the bride and groom stepped aboard the gallant war cruiser, which steamed away to circumnavigate the world.

THE END.







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